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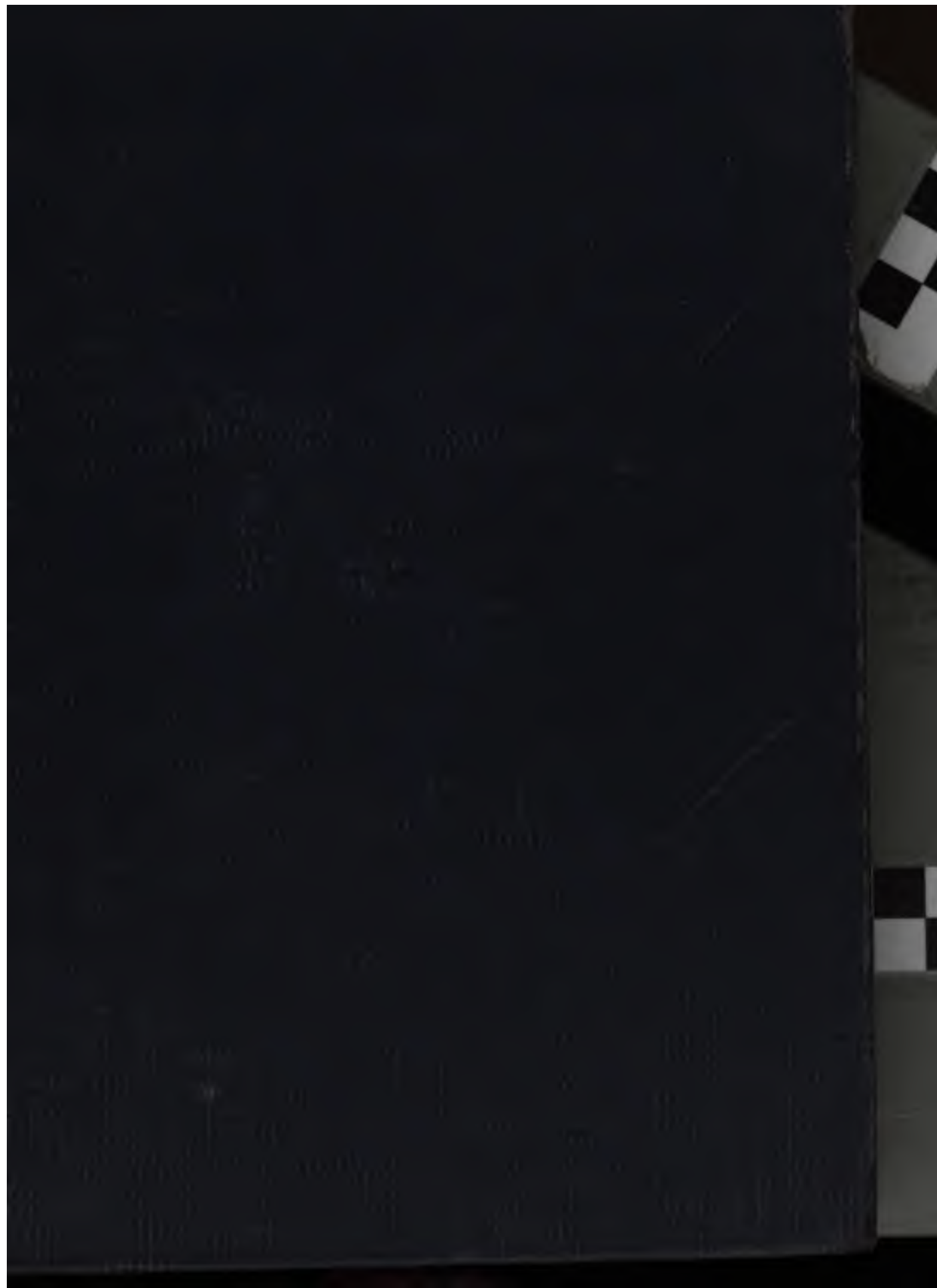
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THE
COMPLETE WORKS
IN
PROSE AND VERSE

OF

Francis Quarles

*NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED AND EDITED:
WITH MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION, NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,
PORTRAIT, EMBLEMS, FACSIMILES, &c.*

BY

THE REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D., F.S.A.

ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.



IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.—PROSE.

MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION—ENCHYRIDION—OBSERVATIONS ON PRINCES AND STATES—
JUDGEMENT AND MERCY, TWO PARTS—THE LOYALL CONVERT—THE NEW
DISTEMPER—THE WHIPPER WHIPT—NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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To
THOMAS CONSTABLE,

AUTHOR OF 'ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND HIS LITERARY CORRESPONDENTS.'

QUARLES, THOUGH THY NAME BE DIMM'D, YET IN TIMES OLD
THE WISEST, NOBLEST WELCOMED THY QUAIN'T WAYS
O' PUTTING THINGS IN PROSE AND VERSE. OUR DAYS
WISER ARE THEY, OR NOBLER? THE AGE OF GOLD
SHINES IN THE PAST, NOT NOW. SO THAT ENROLL'D
'MONGST ENGLAND'S WORTHIES THEN, I DARE TO RAISE
MY VOICE STILL FOR THEE, NOR WITH STINTED PRAISE.
'A BRAVE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN'—THOUGH TOLD
E'EN MEAGRELY—THY LIFE ENNOBLES THEE.
THY BOOKS THOUGHT-PACK'D; AND RICH AND FINE THY SPEECH
TO EARS UNSEAL'D TO HEAR, AND EYES TO SEE;
AND THOU SOMETIMES TO THE 'HIGHER STRAIN' DOST REACH:
MY FRIEND, ACCEPT THE PROFFER'D GIFT, NOR HEED
THE SLANT-BROW'D FOOLS WHO WOULD NOT HAVE THEE READ.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

THOMAS COXWELL

THE HISTORY OF THE COUNTY OF LINCOLN

IN THE REIGN OF KING JOHN

AND THE REIGN OF KING RICHARD FIRST

AND THE REIGN OF KING RICHARD SECOND

AND THE REIGN OF KING EDWARD FIRST

AND THE REIGN OF KING EDWARD SECOND

AND THE REIGN OF KING EDWARD THIRD

AND THE REIGN OF KING RICHARD THIRD

AND THE REIGN OF KING HENRY FIFTH

AND THE REIGN OF KING HENRY SIXTH

AND THE REIGN OF KING EDWARD FOURTH

AND THE REIGN OF KING RICHARD THIRD

AND THE REIGN OF KING HENRY FIFTH

AND THE REIGN OF KING HENRY SIXTH

AND THE REIGN OF KING EDWARD FOURTH

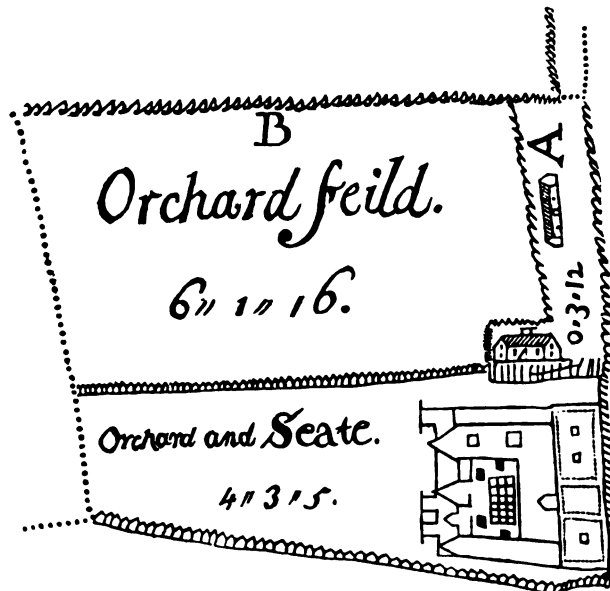
AND THE REIGN OF KING RICHARD THIRD



O

MEMORIAL-INTRODUCTION.

I.—BIOGRAPHICAL.



(See APPENDIX A. to this Introduction, on this plan-sketch of Stewards, QUARLES's birthplace.)

IN the '*East Anglian*'—cheu! now defunct—for 1867-8, there appeared several papers on 'The Quarles Family.' The first, by GEORGE W. MARSHALL, Esq., brings together, from various manuscript and printed authorities, not a few new and interesting *data*. It was followed up by four matterful and reliable papers, by E. J. SAGE, Esq., of Stoke Newington; than whom few or none know more thoroughly the entire '*Annals*' of Romford and its surroundings. Prior to

these, the pedigree of our Worthy was chaos; *e.g.*, with reference to the opening account by Mr. Marshall, Mr. Sage wrote—'It adds to the value of your correspondent's note, that all the accounts of the family hitherto published are more or less incorrect—some ludicrously so. One, for example, makes Francis Quarles the grandfather of his brother, Sir Robert.¹ Another confidently

¹ 'In Romford Church are registered the deaths of his grandfather Sir Robert Quarles, and his two wives and daughters, and

asserts that he was the son of James Quarles, of Romford, *ob.* 1642, quoting the Romford register in proof of the fact. It unfortunately happens, however, that this gentleman was nephew, not father, of the poet. Another grave biographer favours his readers with a poetical epitaph inscribed on a monument which, he says, was erected by Francis Quarles over the grave of his wife Ursula—the wife, who not only survived him, but lived to edit, years afterwards, several of his works, and to write the pathetic story of his life and death' (E. A. November 1867.)

When I state that the second offender was no less than the Rev. ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT, in his charming, if too often careless 'Lives of the Sacred Poets,' it will be conceded that it is about time the facts were correctly given. Even in a recently-issued topographical book, yclept, 'Memories of Old Romford and other Places within the Royal Liberty of Havering-atte-Bower. By George Terry, B.A., Lond. (Robinson, Romford, 1880)'—there are co-equal blunders about Quarles; *e.g.*, 'He published a poem called The Loyal, or Royal Convert,' while the book evidently meant, but wrongly entitled, was one of three political-theological tractates! After that, it is scarcely to be wondered at that Mr. Terry enumerates CHRISTOPHER HARVEY's 'School of the Heart,' among Quarles's Works.¹

FRANCIS QUARLES, in his quaint 'Memorials vpon The Death of Sir Robert Quarles, Knight,' his 'dearely loving, and as dearely beloved Brother' (1639), claims a high antiquity for his family, thus:—

'His family,
If Antiquity may challenge honour;
receiv'd it

James Quarles, his father, who died Nov. 16, 1642.' This astounding statement, by which it appears that Francis Quarles was grandson of his own brother, and son of his own nephew, is taken from a pretty volume of Portraits entitled '*The Worthies of Essex, Norfolk, and Suffolk.*'

¹ The third Biographer animated on by Mr. Sage is the 'English Churchman' (1843, p. 32). The second, as above, was Willmott in both editions of the 'Lives.'

before the martiall Drum
of the victorious *Norman*
left
to beat his conquering marches
in this glorious Island.¹

So truthful a man as our Poet must have had satisfying evidence before he made this claim; but we have to content ourselves with a less remote, though still venerable, 'antiquity.' The Pedigree by Mr. Sage—fetched from authentic sources²—thus runs, *i.e.* of the Romford Quarleses, the Norfolk and other branches being merely referred to as found in the *Visitation* at the Herald's College:—

WILLIAM QUARLES, of Ufford, in Northants, temp. Henry V., father of Thomas Quarles, of Ufford, father of Henry Quarles and John Quarles, of Ufford, gent, who married Amy Plumsted, and had by her:—

1. George Quarles, of Ufford, Esq., his heir.
2. William Quarles.
3. Henry Quarles, a priest.
4. Elizabeth, married John Norsike.
5. Marg[aret], married Richard Wingfield, of Upton, co. Northants., Esq., and died there 4 Feb. 1575.

GEORGE QUARLES, of Ufford, Esq., Auditor to King Henry VIII., married Margaret, daughter of Thomas Browne, of Walcot, co. Northants, by whom he had:—

1. Francis Quarles, of Ufford, Esq., son and heir.
2. John Quarles, draper, of London. (See *Visitation.*)
3. Alice, ux. William Cope, of Ashton, co. Oxford.
4. Dorothy, wife of Mat[t]hew Cornaschall.

¹ See Vol. III. p. 29/1, 2.

² 'I have examined,' says Mr. Sage, 'all the authorities named by Mr. Marshall. I have also had the advantage of consulting the original pedigree of the Quarles family, in the College of Arms, certified by Sir Robert Quarles in the year 1634; the Funeral Certificates at the College of Arms; the Romford Registers; the Quarles and other wills at Doctors' Commons, and many other authentic and important records. My Quarles pedigree has had also the great advantage of the supervision of George Rogers Harrison, Esq., Windsor Herald, who on this and many other occasions has kindly opened the entire series of records at the Herald's College to my inspection' (E. A. November 1867). I gratefully enter myself heir, by Mr. Sage's kindness, to all this. Curiously in all the late Joseph Hunter's huge *Chorus Vatum* there does not appear one line on Quarles!

FRANCIS QUARLES, of Ufford, Esq., buried there 28 Nov. 1570, married first, Cecilia Crukherne; married second, Bridgett Brampton, who was buried at Ufford, 30 June, 1591. By his first wife he had issue :—

1. George Quarles, of Ufford, buried there 17 June 1585. (See *Visitation* for issue.)
2. John Quarles, of Norwich. (See *Visitation*.)
3. Francis Quarles, of London.
4. Robert Quarles, died *s.p.*
5. Thomas Quarles, of Norwich. (See *Visitation*.)
6. Bryan Quarles.
7. Alice, married Humphrey Welby.

FRANCIS QUARLES, of Ufford, by his second wife, Bridgett Brampton, had issue :—

1. James Quarles, of Stewards, in Romford, Clerk of the Green Cloth to Queen Elizabeth, and Purveyor of the Navy. Bought Stewards in 1588. Died 25th September, 1599, and was buried in Romford church, on the 4th of October following. He married Joan, daughter and heir of Edward (or Eldred) Dalton, of Mores place, Hadham, co. Herts, Esq. She was buried 9 October 1606, at Romford.
2. Humfrey Quarles, ob. *s.p.*
3. Charles Quarles, married Magdalen, daughter of John Bourne, of London. (See *Visitation*.)
4. Jonas Quarles, of Portsmouth. (See *Visitation*.)
5. John Quarles, died *s.p.*
6. John Quarles, married and had issue. (See *Visitation*.)
7. Lucy, married Lawrance Lee. (See *Visitation*.)
8. Isabel, married Humfrey Bogg.
9. Mabel, married Richard Whittingham.
10. Alice, married Humphrey Pole, and second married — Lloyd.

Now we reach our Worthy's own household.

JAMES QUARLES, of STEWARDS, Esq., by Joan Dalton, his wife, had issue :—

1. Sir Robert Quarles, of Stewards, Knight, son and heir, M.P. for Colchester: he was aged 19 in 1599. Buried 2d February 1639, at Romford.
2. James Quarles, alive in 1599, ob. *s.p.*
3. **Francis Quarles.**

4. Arthur Quarles, bapt. 11th April 1599, at Romford; was of Camwell Hall, co. Herts, ob. *s.p.*
5. Martha, married Sir Cope Doyley, Kn^t, of Chislehampton, married at Romford, 26th May 1597; ob. 1618, leaving issue. He died in 1633.
6. Mary, bapt. 22d May, 1594, at Romford; married John Browne of Tolthorpe, Esq. Buried at Casterton Parva, 22d May 1634. He died in 1633, aged 46.
7. Frances, another daughter.
8. Priscilla, first wife of Sir John Dryden, Bart^l of Canons Ashby, uncle to John Dryden, the poet, who was son of his brother, Erasmus Dryden. Married at Romford, 8th October 1605; died *s.p.*

SIR ROBERT QUARLES'S marriages and families are similarly detailed; but I relegate them to a foot-note,¹ that we may more

¹ Sir Robert Quarles, of Stewards, Kn^t, married first, Hester, daughter of Sir Edward Lewkner, Kn^t, of Danham, co. Suffolk; buried 9th September 1612, at Romford. They had issue, albeit Mr. Sage annotates—'From the peculiar construction of the Quarles' pedigree, in the Herald's College (C. st. *Visitation of Essex*, 1634), it would appear [to be] doubtful, whether there was any issue by the first wife of Sir Robert Quarles. Upon this question there is a division of opinion even among the Officers of Arms. As, however, it is stated in the pedigree signed by Sir Robert Quarles, that his eldest son James was aged about 30 in 1634; and as the first wife died in 1612, when, according to this statement, James was eight years old, we may with tolerable certainty regard him as the son of the first wife, Hester Lewkner; and Edward and Susan, his brother and sister, must be assigned to the same mother.

1. James Quarles, of Stewards, in Romford, Esq., son and heir, buried 16th Nov. 1642, at Romford.

2. Edward Quarles, alive 1637.

3. Susan, wife of Richard Cotton, of Hornchurch, in Essex, son and heir of Nicholas Cotton, Esq., of Romford.

Sir Robert's second wife was Anne, daughter of Wm. Brewster, of Castle Hedingham, and widow to Sir Thomas Seckford, of Seckford Hall. She was born in 1579, and was buried at Romford, 12th Nov. 1616. They had issue only Anne, bapt. 5th October, 1616, and buried 14th same month, at Romford.

Sir Robert's third wife, was Mary, daughter of Henry Parvish, of London, merchant, and of Ruckholts, in Layton, co. Essex, by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of Ralph Colston, of Layton, afterwards married to Sir Michael Hicke, Knight. Married at Layton 6th May 1617, buried at Romford, 3rd March 1665; by her Sir Robert had issue :—

1. Gabriel Quarles, of Camwell Hall, co. Herts, bapt. April 19, 1618, at St. Peter le Poor, London, buried 28th January 1690, at Romford.

2. William Quarles, of Sleaford, co. Lincoln; married to Ann Vernon, widow, of Islington, co. Middlesex: marriage license dated 11th Nov. 1642, he then aged 22.

3. Elizabeth, under age in 1637, unmarried in 1644, mentioned in the Will of her uncle Gabriel Parvish, Esq., 1647. I entercalate here that Joshua Sylvester devotes an 'Acrostic Sonnet'

speedily get out of this smothering genealogic dust, and back to our main object (or subject) Francis Quarles.

From these 'endless genealogies,' as I fear the Apostle should have designated them (cf. 1 Timothy i. 4), it is seen that Francis Quarles was the third son (and child) of James Quarles of Stewards. He was born at the 'manor-house' of Stewards in 1592. In the Romford Register his baptism is thus recorded :—

1592, May 8. Baptizatus fuit Franciscus [*sic*]
filius magistri Jacobi Quarillus.¹

As son of JAMES QUARLES, and JOAN DALTON, our Poet was, in a modest sense, well-born, and his Widow was warranted in her pathetic Memoir, entitled 'Short Relation of the Life and Death of Mr. Francis Quarles, by Vrsula Quarles his

to 'Master Henry Parvis' and a considerable 'Elegie.' He was father of Sir Robert's second wife. See Works in Chertsey Worthies' Library, Vol. II. pp. 321-8.

James Quarles, of Stewards, Esq., eldest son of Sir Robert Quarles, *ob.* as above, 1642, married Anne Mordaunt of Hempstead, co. Essex, and by her had Hester Quarles, daughter and sole heir, unmarried at the time of her father's premature death; afterwards the wife of William Holgate, of Walden, gent. and of Sidney College, Cambridge, *ob.* 1672. She re-married John Turner of St. Andrews, Holborn, and was alive in 1684, when she administered to the estate of her son John Holgate. Her eldest son, William Holgate, of Walden, Esq., married and had issue. He sold the Stewards estate in the year 1708, and died in 1717, aged 46. In the *East Anglian* for May 1868 there is an elaborate list of Quarleses Wills for 1578 to 1651. See also Biore's *Rutland* for a summary of the Will of Mary Quarles ux. John Browne, sister of Francis (1634). The Will of Sir Robert Quarles is also given *in extenso* in *East Anglian* for April 1868, and that of his son James in May 1868. The latter made our Francis heir to the family estates in the event of the early death of his daughter Hester; but she married and bore off the family-property.

¹ *East Anglian*, May 1868. Thither I must refer the 'curious reader' for multiplied baptismal and marriage Quarles entries from the Romford Registers. Mr. Terry (as before) has neglected to utilise these and other abundant materials in his 'Memories.' In respect of Stewards, Mr. Sage notes—'It should be stated that the house at Romford called Stewards, is not that which was known as Stewards in the time of the Quarleses. The manor house of Stewards, with its extensive gardens, was separated from the other part of the estate, and sold about a hundred years ago, and has since been known as Romford Hall' (E. A. Nov. 1867). Mr. Sage thought that the present large red brick house called Romford Hall might be identical with the ancient manor-house of Stewards. This is, unfortunately, not the case. See Appendix A.

Sorrowfull Widow' (prefixed to 'Solomon's Recantation . . . 1645), in describing him as 'a Gentleman both by birth and desert: descended of an ancient Family, and yet (which is rare in these last and worst times), he was an ornament to his Ancestors' (p. 2). Consequently, I daresay had she chanced to have heard of it, the good 'Relict' had resented the Matriculation-entry of their son John, at Exeter College, Oxford, as 'Plebeian.'¹ As for Quarles himself he held mere 'descent' for little, as witness in the 'Memorials' of his brother Sir Robert—

'But
birth nor blood,
nor what his Ancestors have done,
can challenge ought
in him
that might redeeme his Name
from dull oblivion,
had not
his undegenerate actions
out-spoke his long-liu'd Genealogie.'

(III. p. 29/2).

It was into a 'home' of comfort and refinement young Francis came. His father had, if not 'broad acres' in patrician meaning, yet 'fair estates'—as his Will shows. From his post at Court news would be brought down to Stewards of 'great Queen Bess,' though, we may be sure, no rank scandal. But it was our Worthy's misfortune to lose his father when he was only in his seventh year. On September 25th, 1599, he died. The following is his Funeral Certificate (from I. 16, fo. 57, College of Arms: E. A. February 1868):—

'James Quarles, Esq., Clerke of the Green Cloth of the Queen's Ma^{ties} household, and Surveyor Generall of the Victualling her Ma^{ties} Navy, deceased the 20 (21st) daye of September 1599, att his house neere Rumford, in the Countye of Essex. He was the fifth sonne of Frauncys Quarles, of Ufford, in com. North., esq., and eldest sonne by Brydgett Brampton, his second wife, w^h James maryed Joane, daughter

¹ *East Anglian* 1642-3, Feb. 9. John Quarles, *et.* 18, son of Francis Quarles, of Co. Essex—Plebeian.

and sole heire of Eldred Dalton, of Moore place, near Haddam, in the Countye of Hertford, gent., and by her had yssue att the tyme of his Death Lyving Robt. Quarles his sonne and heire, of the age of nineteen, or thereabouts; James, 2d sonne, Francys, 3d sonne; Arthur, fourth sonne; Martha, mar. to Cope Doylye, sonne and heire of John Doylye, of Chislington (*sic*) in the Countye of Oxford, esq.; Priscilla and Mary unmarried. His Funeralls were, according to his degree, solemnized att the Church of Romford, where his body lieth interred, the 4th of October following. The Chiefe mourner was Robt. Quarles, his sonne and heire, assisted by Mr. Charles Quarles and Mr. Jonas Quarles, brothers to the Defunct. The pennon borne by John Quarles, sonne of John Quarles, halfe brother to the defunct. The officers that directed the Funerall were Nicholas Haddy, Lancaster herauld of Arms, and Deputy to Clarenceux King of Arms, Robt. Treswell, herald of Arms. In Wytness of the truth of this Certificatt, Wee have hereunto subscribed our Names the daye and yeare above wrytten.

Francis Quarles.
Jonas Quarles.
Robt. Quarles.

Robert Treswell,
Somerset.

As a fitting accompaniment of this Certificate, Mr. Sage (as before)—who was indebted for the Inquisition to our mutual friend Colonel Chester—further enables me to give his Will and Inquisition, briefly annotated:—

WILL OF JAMES QUARLES.

'In the name of god Amen. I, James Quarles, Esquier, although sick in bodie, yett of good remembrance, thanks be to god, doe make and ordeine this my last will and Testament in forme following. And first, I Commend my soule into the hands of All-mightie god. And touching such Lands and tenements as god hath blessed me withall first, I give to my Welbeloved Wief all my Mannours, Lands, tenements, and hereditaments lieing and being in the parrishe of Hornechurche and Rumford for term of her lief. And I give to my Sonne ffrancys one annuytie or rentcharge of fiftie Pounds a yeare going owte of my Lands, Tenements and hereditaments in Rawsey (*sic*), in the Cowntie of Essex. And I giue to my Sone James, one annuytie or rentcharge of fiftie Pounds a yeare going owte of my Lands and Tenements lieing and being in Stanford Ryvers, in the said Cowntye of Essex. And I giue to my Sone

Arthur All my Copiehoulde Lands lieing and being in Hadham, in the Countie of Hertf. according to the Custom of the Mannour there, w^{ch} ys to descend to the Yongest. And I giue to my daughter Priscilla the some of fiftene hundred Powndes. And I give and bequeath to my daughter Marie the Some of one thousand Pownds. And I nomynate and apointe my Loving wief Johan Quarles, Executrix of this my last Will and Testament. And my Sonne D (*sic*) Cope Doylie supervisor of the same. Item I giue to Marten Doylie, my daughter's daughter, Two hundred powndes. And this was published for his last Will and Testament, the one and Twentieth daye of September, One Thowsand fife hundredth nynetie and nyne, in the presence of the witnesses hereunder named.

ffrauncis Rame,
Raife Wilkenson,
Cope Doylie.

'Proved 9th September, 1600, by Joan Quarles, widow and executrix, in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury. Registered *Wallup*, 57.

'By an Inquisition *post mortem*, taken at Chelmsford, 31 July, 42 Elizabeth (1600), before John Williams, Esq., Escheator, it was found that James Quarles, Esquire, died holding the following described premises: the Mansion House and capital Messuage in Romford, called Stewards, and divers Messuages, lands, and tenements in Romford, called Tanner's Crofts, Cote-field, Great Bradnocks, Little Bradnocks, Aldwyns *alias* Albynes, Skynner's Crofts, Stewards Closes, and Barbars Lands, also a messuage called Pinchbacks, and four acres of land next Harrold's Wood, in Hornchurch, all of which were held of the Queen, as of her manor of Havering at Bower, at the aggregate annual rental of £30: also, a messuage or tenement called Heathcocks *alias* Squerrells Heath, in Hornchurch, then or late in the occupation of George Frith or his assigns, which was also held of the Queen at the annual rental of 26 shillings: also, certain parcels of land called Crowlands Snellings Meadows, Crowlands Wood *alias* Crowlands Grove, Crowlands Kingslands, Great Crowlands, and Little Crowlands, in Hornchurch and Havering at Bower, containing by estimation 60 acres; also, a parcel of land in Hornchurch, adjoining Great Crowlands on the west, and another on the east of Great Crowland Wood, containing by estimation 60 acres; also, 3 acres in Romford, formerly John Watton's, or his assigns, and one acre next adjoining; all of which were also held of the Queen, at an aggregate annual rental of £6, 13s. 4d.; also, divers parcels of land in Hornchurch, called Dovers Ryden, Lylands Meade *alias* Lye Hake Meade, and Lye Lands *alias* the ten

acres adjoining the said croft, called Lyland's Mead and Nycholls' Ryden, all being at Harrold's Wood, and containing by estimation 30 acres, and together of the annual value of £3, but how or of whom held was not ascertained; also, a messuage or tenement in Hornchurch, with 6 acres of land and 4 acres of marsh in Havering marsh, in Hornchurch, which were held of William Ayliffe, Esq., as of his manor of Brittons in Havering at Bower,¹ and were of the annual value of 26s. 8d.; also, two messuages or tenements in Romford, then or late in the occupation of Emanuel Martin and Isaac Reynolds, or their assigns, the former being held of George Hervey,² as of his manor of Markes, at the annual rental of 10 shillings, and the latter of Anna Cooke, widow,³ as of her manor of Gyddy Hall, at the annual rental of 6s. 8d.; also, a messuage, &c., called Shepote Hawe, in Collyrowe, in the said parish of Hornchurch, then or late in the occupation of John Butterfield, or his assigns, and containing by estimation 16 acres, which was held of the Queen, and was of the annual value of 33s. 4d.; also a messuage, &c., in Hornchurch, called Oldberyea, then or late in the occupation of John Hare, or his assigns, which was also held of the Queen, and was of the annual value of £3, 6s. 8d.; also, two messuages and 12 acres, called Potters Roses, and Hodges Crofts, in Hornchurch, then or late in the tenure of Francis Rame, Esq.,⁴ Agnes Watts, and William More, or their assigns, which were held of the Warden, &c., of New College in Oxford, as their manor of Hornchurch Hall, and were of the annual value of 40 shillings; also, a tenement, &c., in Dagenham called Heard *alias* Heard's Stream, then or late in the tenure of Christopher Perte, or his assigns, and divers parcels of land in Dagenham, called Edolls Hatches, Sparkes, and Huntshawe, with one croft, containing by estimation 3 acres, then or late in the occupation of said Christopher Perte, one grove, containing by estimation 4 acres, and one croft, containing 2 acres, said lands altogether containing by estimation 20 acres, concerning which, the Escheator reported that the parcel called Edwall Haches (*sic*) was held of the Queen, as of her manor of Barking, and was of the annual value of 6s. 8d., but how or of whom the other parcels were held was not ascertained, and that

the annual value thereof was 40 shillings; also, a messuage called Stewards, in Stanford Rivers and other lands there called Highfields, which were held of the Queen, as of her manor of Stanford Rivers, and were of the annual value of £5; also, two other messuages, called Raymonds *alias* Sandella, and Dallamers *alias* Dalymers, with other houses, lands, tenements, &c., in Rawreth and Whiteford *alias* Wickford, the former of which was held of the manor of Rawreth Hall, at an annual rental of £4, and the latter of (blank) Barker, Esq., as of his manor of Bowershall, at the annual rental of £3, 6s. 8d.; also, a capital messuage and tenement, called Nockholts *alias* Hockholts *alias* Cleres Farm, in Great Haddam, co. Herts, which was held of the Bishop of London, and was of the annual value of £3, 6s. 8d.; also, a messuage called Oldhall, in Great Haddam, and 3 crofts, called Hyde's Field, Dame Croft, and Woolfe Pinde, with the bottom or the meade plot, which were held of Paul Pope Blunt, Esq., as of his manor of Tytenhanger, and were of the annual value of 46s. 8d.; also, a parcel of land, &c., called Huntswood, in Little Haddam, co. Herts., which was held of the Bishop of Ely, as of the manor of Little Haddam Berry, and was of the annual value of 3s. 4d.

'It was also found that said James Quarles and Johanna his wife were seized of one messuage and tenement, &c., in Great Haddam, aforesaid, then or late in the tenure of William Dalton, or his assigns, which was held of the Queen as of her manor of Meltby, and was of the annual value of 10 shillings.

'The said James Quarles made his last will and testament on the 21st day of September, 41 Elizabeth (1599), a portion of which is in these words:—

“And touching such lands and tenements as God hath blessed me withall first, I give to my well beloved wife all my manors, lands, tenements, and hereditaments, lying and being in the parish of Hornchurch and Romford, for term of her life.”

'The said James Quarles died on the said 21st day of September, 41 Elizabeth (1599), said Johanna his wife surviving, and Robert Quarles, Gent., was his son and next heir, and was aged 19 years on the 12th day of May preceding the date of the Inquisition, viz., Anno, 1600.'

There was another Inquisition taken at Stratford Langthorne, co. Essex, before the same Escheator, on the 27th November, 43 Elizabeth (1600), which refers only to the Grove and the parcel of land called Sparkes, in Dagenham, before mentioned, when the Escheator again reported that how or of whom the said premises were held could not be ascertained.

'*Escheats*, 42 *Eliz.* part 2, old numbers, 37 and 106.'

¹ Brittons—long the seat of the Ayliffs—is situate in the south part of the parish of Hornchurch, four miles from Havering Atte Bower. William Ayliffe died, as Sir William Ayliffe, in 1607.

² George Hervey died, as Sir George Hervey, in 1605.

³ Widow of Richard Cooke, Esq., of Gyddy or Gidea Hall. She died in 1617.

⁴ Francis Ram, a person of great local importance, was of Hornchurch. He attested the will of James Quarles. *Ob.* 1617.

It is to be noted that Master Francis (ffrancys) was bequeathed 'one annuytie or rent-charge of fiftie Pownds a yeare going owte of my Lands, Tenements, and hereditaments in Rawsey, in the Cowntie of Essex.' That was equivalent to £300 to-day doubtless. It is pleasant to be able to infer from what Francis tells us of his eldest brother's education, that he himself had similar advantages. He thus puts it:—

"His youth
Had all advantage of education
which
Carefull parents could contrive to give
and
a sweete ingenuous disposition could take.'
(III. 29/2.)

We may assume that his first School was in Romford; and one small legacy by the good 'Parson' of the Parish, leads us to conclude that he had taken a special interest in Master Francis. In an extract from 'the Will of William Tichbourne, Chaplain of Romford, dated April 10th, 1605,' which is printed in the *East Anglian* (May 1868), we read:—

'I doe geve vnto my speciall and most kinde freinde Mistris Quarles, my Clocke now standinge in her howse, and twentie shillings in money to bestowe vppon a bible. And to Mistris Doyley, her daughter, fyeteene shillings to bestowe vppon a bible. And to Mistris Priscilla, her daughter, tenn shillings to bestowe vppon a bible. And to Master James and Master francis Quarles; her sonnes, each of them Sixe shillings and eight pence, to buye eyther [i.e. each] of them a booke withall. And to her twoe youngest Children, each of them a Testament. Item, I bequeathe to Mistris Katherine, my very kinde freinde, a bible of fyeteene shillings. . . . Item, I doe geve and bequeathe to everie man servant whiche shall be dwellinge in howse with the my salde kind freinde Mistris Quarles, att my decease, twentye shillings a peece. And to euerie Maide servant which shal be then dwellinge in howse with her, fyeteene shillings a peece, to be payed within one yeare nexte after my decease.'

From this two things seem to be suggested inevitably (a.) that 'William Tichbourne'

was partially resident at Stewards. One queries whether it was as 'Chaplain' Teacher or 'Teacher-chaplain to the 'household,' and especially the young Quarleses? (b.) that the 'man' and 'maid' servants are declarative of a 'stately house,' and so all manner of culture and 'gentle breeding' for its inmates. I for one should gladly know more of this Mr. Tichbourne. For I have an impression that he was of the old stock of 'godly Puritans,' and that it was from him our Poet derived his religious principles, if not also the colour of his piety. All Mr. Terry (as before) tells us of him is this:— 'William Tichbourne succeeded to the chaplaincy of Romford about 1595. He left his wife a farm in Sussex, and one also to his daughter Mercy, besides copyhold lands in Romford. Books, which at that time were valued as expensive luxuries, figure prominently in Mr. Tichbourne's will, and his library forms the subject of the following devise:— 'I doe give to my said sonne Samuell all my books, both printed and written, in hoope he will dispose himself to studye divinitie, as my heartie desyre is that he should.' . . . He was buried at Romford on the 3d of May, 1605, and succeeded by Mr. Perrin (p. 143).' Le Neve's *Fasti Ecclesiae Anglicanae* similarly fails us.

Speedily another broad shadow fell across the Stewards household—in the death of the widowed mother in 1606. Her Will has also been preserved and printed; and as it yields glimpses of our Francis must here be furnished *in extenso* from *East Anglian*, April 1868:—

WILL OF MRS. JOAN QUARLES.

'This is the laste Will and Testament of me, Johan Quarles, of Romford, in the county of Essex, widdowe—made, subscribed, sealed and published the second day of October, one thousand six hundred and six. Imprimis, I comend my soule to Almighty God. Item, I nominate and appointe my sonne Robert Quarles my sole Executor of this my will, hartely and earnestly desiringe that he will willingly and

Chearefully take vppon him the faithfull execution of the same according to my true meaning therein. Howsoever, if it please God shortly to call me out of this life, the estate w^{ch} I shall leave him wherewith to performe the same will admitt noe surplussage or benefitt to come vnto him after my will performed. But yet I the rather Challenge and expect it from him in respect, I comcane (*sic*) I haue alreadie delt liberallie with him. And also at my greate Charge I have cleared such accomptes with his Mat^{tie} as otherwise his estate must haue by (been) charged with. Item, where (as) my late husband maister James Quarles, did by his will give to our two sonnes, James and Francis Quarles, vizt., to ech of them one Annuitye of fifty poundes yearly out of certaine ffarmes in the said will mentioned, as by his said will maie appeare, which said Annuitye haue not been whollie paid them, but onely out of the same they haue bene allowed by me yearly towards their education, fifteene poundes a peece till the last yeare past, that ther settlinge at the vniuersitie hath forced me to allow them out of the same forty pounds a peece. Soe as my said sonne Robert Quarles, either as my Executor or tennante of the ffarmes, after my decease, maie be charged to my two sonnes James and ffancis, or their executor, with the residue and overplus of there said seuerall Annuities vn timer paid. Now my will is and I doe hereby giue and bequeath to my said sonne Robert Quarles, all those my landes, Tenements and hereditaments, called or knowne by the names of Porteffields, Camwell Hall and Inksales, together with all the landes, Tenements and hereds or profits to them or any of them belonging or appertayninge or vsed, occupied, taken or enioyed as part, parcell, or member of them, or any of them, To hold the said premises called Porteffields to the said Robert Quarles his heires and assigns for ever. And the said landes, tenements and hereds, and other things called or knowne by the name of Camwell and Inksales, or vsed or enioyed as parte of them or eyther of them to the said Robert Quarles his Executors and assigns, till such tyme as Arthure my sonne shall or mighte, if he should soe longe lyve, accomplishe his full age of one and twentie yeares, to the intent that my said sonne Robert, his heires, Executors and Administrators, maie satisfie themselves by the said severall estates and interests by these presentes devysed or some part of the said Residue and overplus of all such Arrearages of the said severall Annuities in my liffe tyme, and not satisfied or allowed to my said two sonnes as aforesaid. And if my said sonne Arthure should fortune to decease before he shall accomplishe his said full age of one and Twentie yeares, then my Will is that my

said sonne Robert Quarles shall hould the said premises called Camwell Hall and Inksales, with all such of the premises above mentioned as belong or be vsed with the same to him and to his heires for ever. Item, where (as) my said sonne Arthure Quarles is to have divers landes, ten^{ts} and hereds lyinge to or aboute my now dwelling howse in Hadham, after my estate of ffreebench determyned as heyre by the Custome of the said Mannor to my said husband, w^{ch} doe conteyne by estimation fforty and Nyne acres or thereabouts, which said landes and Ten^{ts} cannot without greate inconvenience be severed from the said mansion howse. And therefore my desire is the same should for the consideration hereinafter expressed be assured to my said sonne Roberte Quarles and his heires. Therefore my will and meaninge is, and I doe hereby (for better securitye to my said sonne Robert and his heires of the assurance of the same, according to my true meaning in this my will expressed), give and bequeath vnto my said sonne Robert Quarles (if my said sonne Arthure should fortune to live to his full age of one and twenty yeares), the remainder reversion and interest after such estate therein determined as is before by this my will lymitted to my said sonne Robert, his Executors and Administrators of all my said landes, ten^{ts} and hereds, called or known by the name or names of Camwell Hall, Inksales, with all the landes, ten^{ts}, hereds, and other profitts or things to the same or either of them belonging, appertaining, vsed, or occupied as parcell thereof, or that either of them, To hould to him and his heires for ever, Vppon this condition, nevertheless, that if my said sonne Arthure, yf he shall fortune to lyve till he shall accomplishe the age of one and twenty yeares and sixe monethes over his said age, shall within the said sixe monethes after his said age, at the reasonable request of the said Robert Quarles, his heires or assigns, to be made at the said Mansion howse of Hadham aforesaid, in all such reasonable and sufficient assurance to my said sonne Robert Quarles, his heires or assigns as shal be by him or them, or his or their Councell learned in the lawe reasonably be devised or required of all and singular the said landes, Ten^{ts}, and hereds lyinge to or aboute the said howse at Hadham, that then and from thenceforth this my said will, as to the said Reversion, remainder and interest hereby given or bequeathed to my said sonne Robert from and after such estate as is aboue devised to my said sonne Robert, his Executors and administrators, determyned shal be vtterly voyde and of none effect, and that then and immediately after the said reversion, remainder and interest, shal be to the said Arthure, his heires and assigns for ever. Item,

my will is that my said sonne Robert Quarles, in farther Consideration of the said assurance above mentioned to be made from my said sonne Arthur or his heires, to my said sonne Roberte and his heires as is above mentioned, shall immediately and at the tyme of the said assurance as aforesaid, made from my said sonne Arthur or his heires, give vnto my said sonne Arthur or such persons from whom such assurance shal be taken, such reasonable and sufficient assurances as by such persons from whom the said assurance is taken shall be reasonable deuised and required to pay to him or them within twelue moneths next after the said assurance, and at the said Mansion Howse in Hadham aforesaid, the some of two hundred and fiftie pounds of good and lawfull Englishe money. Item, whereas I haue heretofore made a Deede of gift in trust of certaine Wood, Tymber, or trees, being vppon a ffarme called Thunderly Abbotts, vnto one maister Tuchborne, late of Romford deceased,¹ and to one Isaack Reynolds, of the same towne, as may by the said Deede maye appear, and whereas also there is due vnto me by Pryvi scale from the kinge's Maiestie, the some of Thirty poundes by one Robert Vernon, Esquire, by a bill of fower hundred poundes sealed and dated Quarto of Julij, one thousand five hundred eightie nyne, Two hundred and thirte poundes tenne shillings, which is yet vnpaid. And alsoe, by one ffather Goles, of Hadham, £30 for Rent of his ffarme called Cleeres ffarme, being due for the tyme next before my sonne Robert his entrance into the said ffarme, which being fiftie poundes per ann., be paid but Twentie poundes thereof. And whereas also I haue made heretofore an other Deede of guifte, Dated the Thirtieth of Septemb^r, one thousand sixe hundred and sixe, vnto my brother Erasmus Driden, maister Andrewe Willmore, and Issack Reynolds, of dyveres thinges therein mentioned, to the intent that after some other sommes and portion therein mentioned, raysed and paid, the said parties should deliaer to my said sonne Robert such money as might be raised of such thinge as are to the said Deede graunted or sould. And whereas also there is Due vnto me by my Tennaunts and ffarmers of such landes as I hould for terme of my lyffe, there severall rentes due at the feast of Michaell last past, w^{ch} are all vnpaid except Goodman ffirith and Goodman Benson and also Goodman Hales, their rentes My will and mynde is that with the same my said sonne Robert shall as farre as the same will extend, leaving sufficient and necessarie woodes, Timber, and Trees vppon the said ffarme, to make it tenentable, satisfie & pay first, to my brother Dryden, one Maister

Stapleford, and to my servantes for their wages, and all other such somes of money and dueties as are due to them or any other by me, and shall not or cannot be satisfied by vertue of the said Deede of guifte made to the said Erasmus Dryden, Andrew Willmore, and Isaack Reynolds, Dated the thirtieth of September, 1606, and after those satisfied, that then my said sonne Robert shall paye and satisfye to the said Arthur or such persons as shall make the said assurance in further consideration of assurance of the said landes above mentioned to my said son Robert and his heires the some of £250, as the said is above mentioned, to be paid or the said assurance of the said landes from the said Arthur.

'This will was read in the presence of the within named Johan Quarles, and by her sealed and published as her will, the second daie of October, one thousand sixe hundred and sixe, in the presence of Edward Harris, John Benson, Samuell Collynes, Isaack Reynolds, Robert Burle.

'Proved 10 Feby. following by Robert Quarles, son and Executor. Registered *Huddleston* 20.'

I would accentuate the specific references to Francis and James's 'annuities' and education in their mother's will:—'Item, where [as] my late husband maister James Quarles, did by his will give to our two sonnes, James and Frauncis Quarles, vizt., to ech of them one Annuitye of fifty poundes yearely out of certaine ffarmes in the said will mentioned, as by his said will maie appeare, which said Annuitye[s] haue not been whollie paid them, but onely out of the same they haue bene allowed by me yearely towards their education, fiteene poundes a peece till the last yeare past, that ther setlinge at the vniuersitie hath forced me to allow them out of the same forty poundes a peece. Soe as my said sonne Robert Quarles, either as my Executor or tennante of the ffarmes, after my decease, maie be charged to my two sonnes James and ffrauncis, or their executor, with the residue and overplus of theire said seuerall Annuities vnpaid.'

Summarily of our Worthy's education his widow says (as before):—'His education was suitable to his birth; first, at schoole in the Countrey, where his school-fellows will say, he surpassed all his equals; afterward

¹ Doubtless this was William Tichborne of Romford, *ed.* 1605, as before.

at Christ's College in Cambridge, where how he profited I am not able to judge, but am fully assured by men of much learning and judgement, that his Works in very many places doe sufficiently testifie more then ordinary fruits of his University studies' (p. 2).

In the Will dated in 1606, the expression 'the last yeare' informs us that the brothers were together at the University (of Cambridge) in 1605, or when Francis was only in his 14th year—then no uncommon age for proceeding to the University.

Unhappily the earlier Registers of Christ's College (Cambridge) have perished (as the present distinguished Master regretfully informs me), so that we have no *data* as to Master Francis's career at the University. Willmott (as before) had to state, 'whether he took any degree, I have not been able to discover with certainty;' but it seems very certain that had he proceeded to any degree his title-pages should have borne it. He continues—'He was a resident member of the University in 1608.' He gives no authority for this. If it be accurate then his mother's death had not interrupted his University studies. From 1605 to 1608 was as long as many lay-students remained.

From Cambridge he passed to Lincoln's Inn. 'Last of all,' says his widow, 'he was transplanted from thence [University] to Lincoln's Inne, where for some yeares he studied the Laws of England; not so much out of desire to benefit himself thereby, as his friends and neighbours (shewing therein his continuall inclination to peace) by composing suits and differences amongst them' (p. 2).

'Some years' advance us from 1608 to possibly 1612/3, or his 21st year. As men then reckoned, and the Law still, he had now reached 'maturity,' whereof his widow again writes—'After he came to maturity, he was not desirous to put himself into the world,

otherwise he might have had greater preferments then he had: He was neither so unfit for Court preferment, nor so ill beloved there, but that he might have raised his fortunes thereby, if he had had any inclination that way. But his mind was chiefly set upon his devotion and study; yet not altogether so much but that he faithfully discharged the place of Cup-bearer to the Queen of *Bohemia*'¹ (p. 2).

The latter circumstance reminds us that the prevalent conception of our Worthy as 'a grim sour Puritan,' not to say 'of the vulgar,' is ludicrously mistaken. Throughout he was a man of cultured manners and habits and sensibilities, and to my vision stands out as the very type of 'the fine old English gentleman all of the olden time.' There is no light to determine when the 'post' of Cup-bearer was held. The Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I., was married to Frederick, Elector-Palatine, on 14th February 1613; and if the widow speaks proleptically he may at that date have entered on his duties. But this favourite of the Nation—like her brother the lamented Prince Henry—did not become Queen of Bohemia until 1619. Willmott (as before) indulges (allowably) his 'Pleasures of Imagination' in thus expatiating upon the Princess:—'Quarles may have been an actor in the splendid pageant prepared by the members of Lincoln's Inn, in honour of the nuptials of the Princess, and which is said by Winwood to have "given great content;"' and again—'The fancy of the youthful poet could hardly fail of being fascinated by one who was beautiful enough to win the heart, and accomplished and amiable enough to retain it. Her name

¹ Mr. Terry (as before) courageously informs us that he remained in her service 'four years,' and then continues—'On her death he became secretary to Usher, Archbishop of Armagh.' Surely a 'B.A.' of London University (as his title-page bears) ought to have known the not very recondite fact that the ex-Queen of Bohemia only died 13th February 1662, or eighteen years after Quarles himself.

was dear to all the poets of the age. That lovely *Canzo* of Sir Henry Wotton, beginning "You meaner beauties of the night," was composed to grace "this most illustrious Princess;" and Donne, when he visited her in Holland, derived 'new life' from the contemplation of the happiness of 'his most dear Mistress.' How long Quarles continued with the Queen is unknown. Chalmers (*s. n.* in *Biogr. Dict.*) conjectures that he left her service on the ruin of the Elector's affairs. I think this improbable. For whereas Frederick lost all by the battle of Prague on the 8th November 1620, and was thereafter proscribed and deposed by the Emperor, rousing such indignation against our James I., as made the blood of all England, gentle and simple, hot, we find our Quarles in 1618 taking unto himself a wife. So that I imagine his 'Cup-bearer' office was earlier, probably on the marriage in 1613. It is certain however that he accompanied the 'royal pair' to the Continent. For in his epistle-dedictory of the 'Feast of Wormes' to Robert Lord Sidney, he specifically acknowledges that nobleman's 'undeserved Favours and Honourable Countenance' on his passage thorow Germany' (II. p. 5).

I have the good fortune to be able to authenticate the marriage by two records:¹

(a.) *Marriage license*: Bishop of London's Registry.

1618, May 26. Francis Quarles, Gent, of Romford, co. Essex, bachelor, aged about 26, and Ursely Woodgate of St. Andrew's, Holborn, Spinster, about 17, daughter of John Woodgate, of the same parish, Gent, who consented: to marry at St. Andrew's, Holborn.

(b.) *Marriage*: Registers of St. Andrew's, Holborn, London.

1618, May 28. Francis Quarles and Ursula Woodgate.

In 1620 appeared his first and in certain

¹ From Colonel Chester, London, my always helpful friend, and Mr. Sage, as before.

elements most characteristic of his poetical productions, to which he gave the somewhat misleading title of 'A Feast for Wormes.' He deprecates dislike of the title—"I haue heere sent the [Reader] the first fruits of an abortiue Birth. . . . Wonder not at the Title (A Feast for Wormes:) for it is a Song of Mercy: what greater Feast than Mercy? and what are Men but Wormes?" (II. p. 5).

I shall have more to say onward (II. Critical) of this 'Feast.'

Kindred with the 'Feast' followed 'Hadassa, or the History of Queene Ester,' which he dedicated in cunningest phrasing to the King. More of it also in the sequel.

In 1621 he was in Dublin. He dated his 'Argalus and Parthenia' 'Dublin, 4th March 1621.' This strangely and sorrowfully neglected poem is full of 'brave translunary things'—as shall appear onward. As his Widow informs us that he filled the office of 'Secretary to the Reverend and Learned Lord Primate of Ireland' (p. 2), we may safely set down his appointment thereto in 1621-2. At this date the illustrious Ussher had just returned to Ireland on his elevation to the See of Meath. That the Poet was fully occupied in some public function is incidentally confirmed in the Epistle to Argalus and Parthenia; which poem he describes as 'the fruit of a few broken hours.' We do not learn how long he continued Secretary to Ussher. The most pleasant 'memorial' of our Quarles's service with the great Archbishop is found in the son (John's) 'Elegie' on his (Ussher's) death (1656), by which the residence of the Quarles family under the episcopal roof, and more, are incidentally revealed:—

'That little education I dare own
I had, I'm proud to say, from him alone.
His graue advice would oftentimes distill
Into my ears, and captivate my will
The example of his life did every day
Afford me lectures.'

In the correspondence of Ussher (in Parr's

Life of the Archbishop, p. 484) with Vossius, he makes 'honourable mention' of his Secretary:—*'Ut autem intelligas quibus in Locis Cottonianum Libri primi et tertii Chronicon a vulgato differat; Florentinum Wigorniensem nunc ad te mitto, quem Francisci Quarelesii Opera, qui mihi tum erat ab Epistolis (vir ob sacratiorem poesin apud Anglos suos non incelebris) cum illo conferendum curavi ad annum DCCCC. Dionysianum a quo quatenus prius missus initium duxit.'*

His successive books are practically almost the only land-marks in his public life during the remaining years. In 1624 appeared his *'Iob Militant: with Meditations Divine and Morall,'* and *'Sions Elegies wept by Jeremie the Prophet and Periphras'd;'* and in 1625, *'Sions Sonets sung by Solomon the King and Periphras'd.'* Between 1625 and 1630 there were various *'Elegiac Poems'*—notably in 1625 his *'Alphabet of Elegies vpon the much and truly lamented death of . . . Dr. Ailmer.'* His *'Elegiac Poems,'* we shall discover, contain many exquisite things, soft as tears, yet imperishable as diamonds.

In 1631 appeared his *'Historie of Samson'* with a golden epistle before it to Sir James Fullerton, one of the tutors of the youthful Ussher; and in 1632 his *'Divine Fancies,'*—a more thought-laden and vivid book than your modern skipper of our elder literature dreams of.

1634-5 was made memorable by the publication of *'The Emblems,'* to which in 1637 was added *'Hieroglyphickes'*—the former dedicated to Benlowes, the latter to Mary, Countess of Dorset. On both of these a good deal anon (II. Critical).

In 1639 he was 'appointed' to the office of 'Chronologer' to the City of London. Willmott (as before) was the first to confirm his Widow's somewhat indefinite statement—as thus:—

'In all the notices I have seen of Quarles, he is said to have remained in Ireland until the breaking out of the Rebellion in 1641, and then to have fled for safety to England. The following extract from the journals of the Court of Aldermen, kindly furnished to me by the City Remembrancer, will correct this mistake. "February 4, 1639. Item, This day, at the request of the Right Honourable the Earl of Dorset, signified unto this Court by his letter, This Court is pleased to retain and admit Francis Quarles to be the Cities Chronologer; to haue, hold, and enjoy the same place with a fee of one hundred nobles [a noble = 6s. 8d.] per annum, during the pleasure of this Court, and this payment to begin from Xmas last."

He held this office until his death, and 'woulde have given that City,' says his Widow, '(and the world), a testimony that he was their faithfull servant therein, if it had pleased God to blesse him with life to perfect what he had begun' (p. 2). Doubtless the *'Pageants'* and *'Speeches'* of the period exercised our Worthy's 'ingeny,' but it is idle to endeavour at this late day to trace them.

Whatever the long-since abolished office of 'City Chronologer' imposed on its occupant, Quarles did not slacken in his own authorship. The year 1639—when he entered upon his duties—was overshadowed by the death of his eldest brother, Sir Robert, and the *'Memorials'* were prepared. In 1640 his noticeable *'Sighes at the contemporary deaths of [three] incomparable Sisters'* followed. Then in the same year and in 1641 was published his first prose work—*'Enchyridion.'* This was succeeded by *'Observations concerning Princes and States, Peace and Warre'*—mainly gleaned from *'Enchyridion;'* and in 1643 by the *'Loyall Convert'*—of which I shall immediately speak in relation to the three collected tractates of 1645 entitled *'The Profest Royalist.'* Finally, in 1646 appeared his pricelessly consolatory book *'Judgment and Mercy for Afflicted Soules,'* including the prior (1644), *'Barnabas and Boanerges.'* In the same

year (1646) was published 'The Shepheard's Oracles' following up a tentative 'Eglogue' that appeared in 1644. These 'Shepheard's Oracles,' are biographically and historically and every way remarkable—as also shall appear.

Returning upon the 'Profest Royalist,' its authorship as by Quarles is now certain. For fortunately, in the Library of Trinity College, a set of the three collected tractates has been preserved, wherein is found prefixed the following epistle-dedicatory:—

'To the sacred Majesty of King Charles, my most dear and dread Sovereign.

'Sir, Be pleased to cast a gracious eye upon these three Tracts, and at your leasure (if your Royall Employments lend You any) to peruse them.

'In Your Three Kingdoms You have three sorts of people: The first, confident and faithfull; The second, diffident and fearfull; The third, indifferent and doubtfull.

The first are with You in their *Persons*, *Purses*, (or desires), and *good wishes*.

'The second are with You neither in their *Purses* nor *good wishes*, nor (with their desires) in their *Persons*.

'The third are with you in their *good wishes*, but neither in their *Persons*, nor *Purses*, nor *Desires*.

'In the last, entituled the Whipper Whipt, these three sorts are represented in three *Persons*, and presented to the view of Your Sacred Majesty.

'You shall find them as busie with their Pens as the Armies are with their *Pistols*: How they behave themselves, let the *People* judge: I appeale to *Cæsar*. Your Majesties Honour, Safety, and Prosperity, The Churches Truth, Unity, and uniformity, Your Kingdom's Peace, Plenty, and Felicity, is the continued object of his Devotion, who is,

'Sir,
Your Majesties most Loyall Subject,
'Fra. Quarles.'

This Epistle settles all doubts, and, it must be added, only confirms the initials, etc., of other copies that are extant, e.g. in 'The Loyall Convert.' With 'The New Distemper' of Oxford 1645,¹ in the British Museum, the

title-page has 'By F. Q.' while in that of 'The New Distemper,' also 1645, but by Thomason contemporarily dated 'Novemb. 20th 1644,' there is this, 'Written By the Author of the Loyall Convert.'¹ It would thus appear that the Epistle-dedicatory, and even the initials, were subsequently suppressed. This suppression misled the usually accurate Thomason, the Bookseller, to assign the 'Loyall Convert' to Dr. Henry Hammond; which mis-assignation has fructified into endless blundering in the past by Bibliographers and Biographers.

One pathetic passage in his Widow's little Memoir contains a reference to a 'Petition' against him that one argument in the 'Loyall Convert' explains—as we shall see anon.

Of the private life of our Poet the outstanding FACTS are mainly the successive births of no fewer than eighteen children.² Says his Widow, 'He was the husband of one wife, by whom he was the father of eighteen children.' I know not that it much concerns us to trace these numerous children. Save John—whose poems reward study spite of glaring defects—none became famous. They must have been born in various places. Apparently the following entries from the Parish Register of Roxwell, co. Essex, were of the number:—

BAPTIZED.

1633, June 17, Joanna.	} Children of Mr. Francis Quarles.
1634, June Robert.	
1635, July 20, Edward.	
1637, July 6, Philadelphia.	

BURIED.

1636, Robert Quarles, an infant.
1638, March 26, Edward, son of Mr. Francis Quarles.
(*East Anglian*, May 1868.)

¹ B. Museum copy, E 17 King's Library.

² Mr. J. Payne Collier (Bible Cat. s.s.) perpetrates the small pleasantry that Quarles was 'author of eighteen children.' The late Mr. Yeowell, impervious as Sydney Smith's mythical Scotchman to a joke, gravely assumes that the word 'author' is a 'curious misprint.' What penetration!

¹ 'Oxford, Printed by Leonard Lichfield, Printer to the University, 1645.' In British Museum exemplar (4105 a a a) p. 1, penult, l. '[one] party' is filled in in contemporary m.s. and at p. 11 at bottom, above Hampden, there is a 'hand' and 'this is false.'

It is traditionally stated that his 'Loyalty' or 'Royalism'—from which he never swerved—led to 'reprisals' and 'phundering,' more especially of his books and manuscripts, and that the loss of the latter hastened if not occasioned his death. It may or may not have been so. My conception of him is of a man made of 'sterner stuff' than to be so 'hastened' of the 'lean fellow, who beats all conquerors.' His Widow seems rather to assign the mortal wound to a (now) unknown Petition on the (in his case grotesque) ground that he was a Papist. More of this onward. Francis Quarles died on the 8th day of September 1644.

For the present—until in my next section I 'weigh' the man and the author—I know not that I can do better than recall the Widow's pathetic estimate and narrative, in the little Memoir, so repeatedly and inevitably quoted from. I leave the 'story' absolutely untouched from beginning to close, not valuing least the appended letter from that saintly, great-brained and venerable man NEHEMIAH ROGERS, some of whose gracious books have been recently and worthily revived. Here is the Narrative:—

'In all his duties to God and Man he was conscientious and orderly: He preferred God and Religion to the first place in his thoughts, his King and Country to the second, his family and studies he reserved to the last. As for God, he was frequent in his devotions and prayers to Him, and almost constant in reading or meditating on his Holy Word, as his *Divine Fancies* and other parts of his Works will sufficiently testify. For his Religion, he was a true sonne of the Church of England; an even Protestant, not in the least degree biassed to this hand of superstition, or that of schisme, though both those factions were ready to cry him down for his inclination to the contrary. His love to his King and Country in these late unhappy times of distraction, was manifest, in that he used his pen and poured out his continual prayers and tears to quench this miserable fire of dissention, while too many others added daily fewell unto it. And for his family, his care was very great over that, even then, when his occasions caused his absence from it. And when he

was at home his exhortations to us to continue in vertue and godly life, were so pious and frequent; his admonitions so grave and piercing; his reprehensions so mild and gentle, and (above all) his own example in every religious and morall duty, so constant and manifest, that his equall may be desired, but can hardly be met withall.

'Neither was his good example of a godly life contained only within his own family: others as well as we have (or at least might have) made good use of it. For he was not addicted to any notorious vice whatsoever: He was courteous and affable to all; moderate and discreet in all his actions: And though it be too frequent a fault (as we see by experience) in Gentlemen whose dispositions incline them to the study of Poetry, to be loose and debauch'd in their lives and conversations; yet was it very far from him: Their delight could not be greater in the Tavern, then his was in his Study; to which he devoted himself late and early, usually by three a clock in the morning. The fruits thereof are best tasted by those, who have most perused his Works, and therefore I shall be silent in that particular. For though it had been necessary in any other, to have spoken somewhat of his writings; yet I hope it will not be expected from me, seeing that neither the judgement of my sex can be thought competent, nor (if it were) would the nearness of my relation to him suffer me to praise that, as commendations whereof from others, I have often blushed.

'I shall therefore rather desire leave to speak a word or two concerning the blessed end of my dear husband, which was every way answerable to his godly life; or rather (indeed) surpassed it. For, as gold is purified in the fire, so were all his Christian vertues more refined and remarkable during the time of his sickness.

'His patience was wonderfull, inasmuch as he would confesse no pain, even then when all his friends perceived his disease to be mortall; but still rendred thanks to God for his especiall love to him, in taking him into his own hands to chastise, while others were exposed to the fury of their enemies, the power of pistols, and the trampling of horses.

'He exprest great sorrow for his sins, and when it was told him, that his friends conceived he did thereby much harm to himselfe: he answered, *They were not his friends, that would not give him leave to be penitent.*

'His Exhortations to his friends that came to visit him were most divine; wishing them to have a care of the expence of their time, and every day to call themselves to an account, that so when they came to their bed of sickness, they might lie upon it with a rejoicing

heart. And doubtlesse such an one was his : Inso-much as he thanked God, that whereas he might have justly expected, that his conscience should look him in the face like a Lyon, it rather looked upon him like a Lamb : and that God had forgiven him his sins and that might sealed him his pardon : And many other heavenly expressions to the like effect. I might here add what blessed advice he gave to me in particular, *still to trust in God whose promise is, to provide for the Widow and Fatherlesse, &c.*, but this is already imprinted in my heart ; and therefore I shall not need here again to insert it.

‘ His charity was extraordinary, in freely forgiving his greatest enemies, even those who were the cause of his sickness, and by consequence of his death. For, whereas a Petition full of unjust aspersions, was preferred against him by eight men, (whereof he knew not any two, nor they him, save only by sight) the first news of it struck him so to the heart, that he never recovered it, but said plainly, *it would be his death*. And when his friends (to comfort him) told him that Mr. J. S. (the chief promoter thereof) was called to an accompt for it, and would goe near to be punished ; his answer was, *God forbid, I seek not revenge, I freely forgive him, and the rest ; only I desire to be vindicated from their unjust aspersions ; especially that, [that for ought they know I may be a Papist,] whereas I never spake word to any of them in my life.*¹ Which imputation, how slanderous it was, may easily be discovered by a passage in his greatest extremity, wherein his discretion may (perhaps) be taxed by some, but his religion cannot be questioned by any. For, a very able Doctor of the Romish religion, being sent unto him by a friend, he would not take what he had prescribed, only because he was a Papist.

‘ These were the most remarkable passages in him during his sickness : The rest of the time he spent in Contemplation of God, and meditating upon his Word ; especially upon Christ’s sufferings, and what a benefit those have, that by faith could lay hold on him, and what vertue there was in the least drop of his precious blood : intermingling here and there many devout prayers and ejaculations ; which continued with him as long as his speech ; and after, as we could perceive by some imperfect expressions. At which time a friend of his exhorting him to apply himself to finish his course here, and prepare himself for the world to come ; he spake in Latin² to this effect

¹ *Vide* Psal. 32. vrr. 7. and so. I have hated them that hold of superstitious vanities : and my trust hath been in the Lord.

Let the lying lips be put to silence : which cruelly, disdainfully, and despitefully speak against the righteous.

² *O dulcis Salvator mundi, sint tue ultima verba in*

(as I am told :) *O sweet Saviour of the world, let thy last words upon the Crosse, be my last words in this world : Into thy hands Lord I commend my spirit : And what I cannot utter with my mouth, accept from my heart and soul.* Which words being uttered distinctly, to the understanding of his friend, he fell again into his former Contemplations and Prayers ; and so quietly gave up his soul to God, the eight day of September 1644, after he had lived two and fifty years, and lyeth buried in the Parish Church of S. Leonards in Foster-Lane.

‘ Thus departed that blessed soul, whose losse I have great reason to bewaile, and many others in time will be sensible of. But my particular comfort is in his dying words, that *God will be a Husband to the Widow* : And that which may comfort others as well as me, is (what a reverend Divine wrote to a friend concerning his death) that *our losse is gain to him, who could not live in a worse age, nor dye in a better time.*

‘ And here again, I humbly beg the Readers pardon. For I cannot expect but to be censured, by some for writing thus much, and by others for writing no more. To both which, my excuse is, my want of ability and judgment in matters of this nature. I was more averse (indeed) from meddling with the Petition, then any other thing I have touched upon ; lest (perhaps) it should be thought to savour a little of revenge ; but God is my witnesse I had no such intention. My only aim and scope was, to fulfill the desires and commands of my dying husband : Who wished all his friends to take notice, and make it known, that *as he was trained up and lived in the true Protestant Religion, so in that Religion he dyed.*

‘ URSULA QUARLES.’

‘ A LETTER from a Learned Divine upon the news of the death of Mr. QUARLES.

‘ My worthy Friend Mr. Hawkins.

‘ I received your Letter joyfully, but the news (therein contained) sadly and heavily ; It met me upon my return home from Sturbridge ; and did work on myself and wife, I pray God it may work kindly on us all. We have lost a true friend ; and were the losse only mine or yours, it were the lesse, but thousands have a losse in him ; yea, the Generations which shall come after will lament it. But our losse is gain to him, (who could not live in a worse age, nor die in a better time) let us endeavour like good Gamesters to make the best we may of this throw, cast us by the hand of God’s

Cruce, mea ultima verba in luce : In manus tuas Domine commendo spiritum meum. Et qua ore meo fari non possint, ab animo et corde sint à te accepta.

good Providence, that it may likewise prove gain to us ; which will be, if in case we draw neerer unto him, and take off our hearts from all earthly hopes and comforts ; using this world as if we used it not ; so shall we rejoyce as if we rejoyced not in their using, and mourn as if we mourned not in the parting with them.

ESSEX.
Sept. 12. 1644.

Your assured Friend,
NEHEMIAH ROGERS.

Two things belonging to this little Memorial by the Widow must be briefly noticed.

(a) The 'Petition . . . full of unjust aspersions' and having for sting this allegation 'for aught they know I might be a Papist.' It is unfortunate that it has not been preserved. The suspicion was singularly misdirected ; but inasmuch as in the 'Loyal Convert' he out-and-out defended the unhappy King's alliance with the Papists (in army, etc.) it is perfectly understandable when that King was acting so treacherously and dubiously as against the national cry (in no vulgar sense) of 'No Popery.'

(b) He is stated to have been buried in 'the Parish Church of S. Leonard's in Foster Lane.' It is a singular lapse on the part of the Widow, but it seems certainly a mistake. For Colonel Chester found in the Parish Register of St. Olave's, Silver Street, the entry of the burial of 'Mr. Francis Quarles, 11^o. September 1644.' It is not to be conceived either (1) That there could be two of the names contemporaneously dead, or (2) That the entry would or could have been made at St. Olave's, and Quarles buried at St. Leonard's. The Biographers, and Mr. Sage (as before) could not have seen the

St. Leonard's (Foster Lane) Registers, seeing that they perished in the Great Fire. It must be added that all the churches in question were near each other. Foster Lane runs northward into Noble Street. At the corner of Noble Street and Silver Street, stood the Church of St. Olave's. Mr. Sage writes me—'I should think that Quarles died in St. Olave's Parish, and that he was buried from thence in St. Leonard's.' But Colonel Chester counter-states, that, in such case, the entry in St. Olave's must have recorded the burial elsewhere. The Widow makes several 'slips' in her little Memoir ; and it seems to me clear this mis-remembrance of the name of the church is one of them.

The Administration—dated 1644—of our Poet—was published in the Camden Society's volume of Wills. In the margin of the Administration Calendar he is designated 'poor.'

Of his posthumous Works—verse and prose and a Comedy—I shall necessarily speak in my Estimate and Criticism.

I ask the student-reader at this point to turn to the Portrait (prefixed to title-page of Vol. I.), and 'ponder' it.

So much for the 'Life' in its outward Facts. The more's the pity that, though so very much fuller than any prior Memoir of him, we have to regret the utter disappearance of all mss., even letters. As it is—may our little 'labour of love' incite to further research. No one will more rejoice in fresh discoveries and recoveries than myself. Turn we now to

II. CRITICAL.

Having told 'the short and simple annals' of the outward story of FRANCIS QUARLES's life, it seems no superfluous service for me as Editor—and so necessarily more familiar with him and his works than most—to try to give materials at least for a more adequate estimate of the WRITINGS for the first time

in these volumes brought together, and of the MAN as reflected in these Writings.

I hold many pleasant guerdons and sanctions of similar efforts in relation to preceding Worthies in this Chertsey Worthies' Library ; and there is no reason for making an exception in this case.

There are seven heads (as we parsons are used to say) of 'discourse' that offer themselves for presentation and discussion :—

- I. THE POEMS.
- II. THE PROSE.
- III. THE BIBLIOGRAPHY.
- IV. NOTICEABLE THINGS.
- V. WORDS AND PHRASES, WITH SHAKESPEAREANA.
- VI. THE MAN AND HIS PLACE.
- VII. OUR EDITION.

I. THE POEMS.—As in the Bibliography (III.) will be seen, the Poems of Quarles throughout, passed with most note-worthy swiftness, and indeed instantaneousness of welcome, from edition to edition. In no single instance—so far as I am aware—was there failure of response from his fellow-countrymen. Even when he was gone from among men, and his memory was associated with a 'losing cause,' books that bore his name made their way. Under the conditions and circumstance of the period covered by these Writings—verse and prose—I think such a palpable success, such a sustained *grip* and mastery of men's allegiance, is imperatively worthy of being pondered by your contemptible as contemptuous dismitter of this body of Poetry and Prose, with the sneer of crassest ignorance, not knowledge. It was not an age of small but of large men all round, wherein our Poet held his own against all comers, even supreme names; nor was there lack of other books to compete with his claim to be heard, nor of events to pre-occupy attention. In the face of all obstacles and countervailing remoras (as he himself would have perchance put it), these poems and prose writings of our Worthy were demanded in ever-increasing editions. The man, be he who he may, writes himself down an ass as truly as ever Bottom did, who does not pause in his off-hand condemnation and seek to get at the

secret of the problem. That secret is to myself an 'open' and easy one. I am not careful to disguise my conviction that WITH EVERY POSSIBLE ABATEMENT Francis Quarles is a true Poet and a penetrative and fine thinker.

ANTHONY A-WOOD (*Athenæ*, s.n.) describes him as the 'sometimes darling of the plebeian judgments,' and your hasty reader runs away with the word 'plebeian,' and imports its (superficial) meanness into his conception (or misconception) of the Poems. Up go the supercilious nostrils, and he forsooth will not trouble himself with what is only attractive to 'plebeian judgments'! And yet historically, there never has been a book that has become the 'darling' of the 'people' (the 'commonalty') that has not lived, nay more, that has not won over the 'gentle' to the side of the 'simple's' verdict. But Anthony a-Wood was only semi-accurate. For as matter-of-fact, as the Poet himself was well-born and from his youth upward the associate of the 'upper ten,' so contemporaneously with his popularity among 'plebeian judgments' was a like popularity among the cultured and the scholarly. I know of no contemporary Author whose books are so invariably found in the 'stately homes' of England wherever anything pretending to an 'ancient' hereditary Library exists. So that this twofold recognition—and recognition against many influences that went to make it unlikely—further claims review of modern disparagements—disparagements in every instance born not of critical study but of prejudice and incapacity.

Broadly regarded, I have no doubt that what mainly repels your merely literary critic to-day,—the pervading piety of these Poems,—was the attraction of them to high and humbler in the outset and onward. With the exception of 'Argalus and Parthenia' and his 'Elegies' (in part) and minor poems, his main poetical work was religious. Then

'fair lady' and 'knight' and noble, and 'the people' at large, were not ashamed or afraid to hold in reverence and affection the Bible and its Gospel, or to live under the influence of 'the powers of the world to come,' as conscious of day-by-day moving forward into the everlasting. Hence apart—as we shall find by-and-by—from their real poetic faculty and cunning touch and music, the *aroma* of their sanctity, the honey-comb-like richness of their Bible facts and phrasing, 'familiar in their mouths as household words,' and their guiding, nurturing, quickening godliness, laid hold, and kept hold, of head and heart and conscience. I would therefore re-accentuate my dedicatory-sonnet's words to any Reader of mine who may chance to come to the Works of Quarles with a foregone and oblique conclusion :—

' In Times Old

THE WISEST, NOBLEST welcomed thy quaint ways
O' putting things in prose and verse.'

I abate not by one jot my condemnation of your 'slant-browed fools' who would not have men read FRANCIS QUARLES. Whoever will with insistence of patience master these three massive tomes will never regret it—will, in my judgment, find he has reward for any strenuousness of resolve not to surcease until all is read. He will have many marked places to be returned upon. Emphatically he will not be perplexed over the unquestioned 'popularity' of the books on their first issue, and across as renowned a century-and-a-half as our England owns.

But with all this absoluteness of claim for Quarles, I am free to admit that there are DEFECTS in these Poems that go far to explain the dimming of their fame. *In limine* he is without TASTE. The word is scarcely what I would choose ordinarily; but it will suffice to put my finger on *the* repelling element that any reader of this Poet has to overcome. You can scarcely ever be sure of him. You come on a 'thing of beauty' in the fancy of

it, in the vividness of it, in the epithetic colouring of it, in the charm of it every way; but lo! in the heart of the rose a slug nuzzles and taints. Or you are held by the spell of some magnificent image, a great, strong, passionate conception; and within a line of it you have not commonplace merely but bathos. I shall take occasion to illustrate this onward. I name it now and here that the Reader may be prepared for aggravating alternations, and that he may not suppose the Editor to be an indiscriminate blindfold admirer. But taking this lack of TASTE and its concomitants into account, I nevertheless affirm of Francis Quarles that he is a Maker, with a soul of imagination and music in him. If I may be permitted to change the metaphor, the marble is of Carrara, albeit there are veins and stains in it that 'spoil' its absolute perfection in all too many cases.

One other general observation I would make on these Poems, on one side of it a merit (if the word be not too lukewarm) and another side a fault. I mean his 'moralising' of well-nigh everything. The old Divines were wont to speak of 'improving' public events and deaths and other lights and shadows of circumstance in wider or narrower spheres. Very effective and fitted to thrill human breasts at this hour are many of the Sermons that so 'improved' occurrences. DONNE and RICHARD SIBBES may be taken as representatives. I do not therefore in the abstract, or in relation to the thing by itself, condemn such 'moralising.' But there is 'moralising' *and* 'moralising;' and I must confess that in these Poems the vacuity of thought is not atoned for by their applications to the circumstances of the day. His piety I value, his inevitable aspiration under the stir of Scriptural themes and words I find myself lifted up by. But over and over he says and says, not because he has something to say, but in order to say something. This was almost unavoidable

by the fact that to a considerable extent he gives a 'Periphrase'—as his word is—of Holy Scripture. The wine of the divine Word is watered down to '*werskness*' (*Savick*), and the appended 'improvements' which I have in my thought partake pretty often of the same character. And yet—as I have also indicated—if there be fault there is also merit. Not unseldom, if the Reader persevere, he will discover that after the most meagre and unsatisfying 'Periphrase' there is substantive thinking, unaffected emotion and memorableness of wording in the succeeding 'Meditations' or 'Reflections.' I would single out his 'Historie of Samson'—one of the rarest of his books in its original form—as an exemplification of the finer side of his 'moralising.' In studying it I have been arrested and 'held' by things mint-marked of genius.

Summarily—and again venturing a new metaphor—in the Poems of Quarles the Reader will find in the most golden grain (as in our corn-fields) pestiferous and in-odorous weeds, not to say the full measure of chaff. But there *is* a harvest of 'golden grain' to be gathered, and many a bloom touched of the daisy's red, rather than of the poppy's papal scarlet, and fragrances and dewinesses correspondent with the odours and the freshness of the 'rath primrose' and the sense-taking honeysuckle on the hedgerow, or the sprays of 'the May,' ay, and ever and anon as it were, an up-springing lark palpitating under the 'inspiration' of its song. Finally—these Poems must be read with allowance; and so I clinch my appeal from Horace (A. P. ll. 351-3):—

'Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.'

II. THE PROSE. HEADLEY in his 'Selections' has remarked of the 'Enchyridion'—*'If this little piece had been written at Athens, or Rome, its author would have*

been classed among the wise men of his country.' No one who has really 'studied' the brief Essays and Meditations of the book named, and its companions—for all are of the same type, save the controversial tractates—but must have been struck with the amount and variety of their thought. I do not for a moment claim for them the weight or the inimitable graciousness of Bacon's 'Essays;' but putting these aside as unique and simply not comparable with any others, I know not where to look for so much well-weighed SENSE; and sense in my opinion is only a synonym of 'wisdom.' DR. DIBDIN, in his usual foolish and hasty fashion, traces a resemblance between 'Enchyridion' and the (so-called) 'Essays' of SIR WILLIAM CORNWALLIS, the first edition of which appeared in 1601-2; but there is no resemblance whatever. Cornwallis is diffuse, Quarles is compact; the earlier is commonplace, the later original; the one has simply read, the other has 'pondered;' the knight is pretentious and empty, the commoner is modest and full; in fine, the 'Essays' are righteously forgotten, while 'Enchyridion' and 'Judgement and Mercy' are as *quick* and suggestive to-day as of old—keeping an undisputed companionship with Fuller's 'Good Thoughts in Bad Times' and associates.

It may be that I shall be condemned by your superfine Critics for it, but I must avow my liking of antithesis and word-play. Consequently I estimate the Prose of Francis Quarles at the high rate I do because of its antithesis and quaint playing on words. From Plutarch onward, the freshest and most direct Thinkers have possessed and used this power. To me antithesis is as the facets to the diamond. A thought may be great, deep, strong, or beautiful; but if ill-worded or over-worded it misses even your meditative deliberate reader. Let it be put antithetically, and it flashes forth its message

as the diamond its immaculate light. Similarly with word-play, where it is well done. It is as the flight or whir of the humming bird, that alone reveals the metallic or jewelled exquisiteness of neck, crest, wing. The recurrence of the word, in the change and inter-change of the antithetic thought, compels attention, and things are impressed in the memory that otherwise had either not been noticed at all, or evanescently. These three characteristics of the Prose of Quarles : (a) Sense—common-sense, if you will, or wisdom or wiseness ; (b.) Antithesis ; (c.) Word-play, distinguish him from all contemporary writers of Prose known to me. You have no grandeurs, no 'thunderings or lightnings, or earthquake,' no passion, no pomp and splendour of imagination, no bearing-down power ; but from first to last you feel yourself to be in the society of a grave, somewhat stately, reflective and communicative 'old English gentleman,' who has seen a good deal and pondered a good deal, not without apprehension of the awfulness and mystery and tragicalness of this life and world of ours, neither forgetful of the eternities that enshrine the fragmentariness and failure, the conquering evil and mastering pain, of our hither-side existence. As in his Poems, the 'goodness' of the man comes out in manifold quiet and simple ways. He has his prejudices, his infirmities, his spectacles across his nose, in looking on some men and things, his dislikes, his innocent assumptions ; and his Writings—Prose and Verse alike—reflect and exemplify these. But in the aggregate, this Prose is manly, healthy, inflexible, and o' times infinitely pathetic, with a pathos born of real emotion and pitifulness, and desire to be a Barnabas, even while walking in the footsteps of the Boanerges in stout witness against wrong and pride and cruelty and lying.

I would only notice another characteristic—the APHORISTIC form of many of the 'Thoughts,' 'Meditations,' 'Reflections.'

Quarles was a well-read man in books and men, and he delights in working in 'wise saws and modern instances.' He has ready proverb, fitting adage, pat sentence, effective formula, allusive fact. But over and above these—and not including his patristic readings and gleanings, put at the end of his paragraphs—he has a felicitous way of so tersely expressing a given thought, opinion or principle, that it stands out before you as a maxim, or axiom. That's what I intended by the aphoristic form of much of his Prose. Onward (IV. Noticeable things) I shall—as with the Poems—exemplify all this. But here I would assure the Reader, who does not know the Prose of Quarles, that a very slight acquaintance will satisfy that you have the bullion of thought, not gold-leaf tinsel, you have substantive not ghostly talk, you have self-originated not traditional discussion, and experience not fiction, and all in good firm homely English. Turning to 'Enchyridion' and 'Judgement and Mercy' is to assure (passing) oblivion of the hurry and falsities and vanity and show of the present, and redemption of the past. With these rare old tomes open before one in the sequestered stillness of one's study, or under the tree-shadows of one's garden, we are carried back again to the 'Days of old,' and can realize how true is George MacDonald's delicious bit of word-music, with which I end my say on the Prose of Quarles :—

'Days of old,
Ye are not dead, though gone from me ;
Ye are not cold,
But like the summer-birds gone o'er the sea.
The sun brings back the swallows fast,
O'er the sea :
When thou comest at the last,
The days of old come back to me.'

III. THE BIBLIOGRAPHY.—As already seen (I. Biographical, and II. Critical, I. The Poems), the 'Feast of Wormes' was Quarles's first publication. It appeared in 1620 as a

thin quarto, and bore the name of 'Felix Kyngston' as Printer, and of 'Richard Moore' as Publisher. In the title-page is a woodcut that was repeated variously in a second edition, as well as in the collected 'Divine Poems.' In some copies only (on N. 1), there is a fresh title-page—'Pentelogia: or the Qvintessence of Meditation.' The volume is dedicated to Robert Lord Sydney, and, as we found in the Biography, the Epistle incidentally informs us that the author had been in Germany—doubtless while 'Cup-bearer' to the Princess Elizabeth, 'Queen of Bohemia.' I feel pretty sure that I have seen a second edition bearing the date of 1621 or 1622; but the next to that of 1620 recorded, is of 1626, from the same press and publisher.

'Hadassa; or the History of Queene Ester. With Meditations thereupon, Diuine and Morall,' was published in 1621, and it is noticeable that the same Publisher issued it—showing that he was satisfied with the sale of the 'Feast of Wormes.' On the back of the title-page are the arms of the Prince of Wales gartered.

I am not aware that 'Hadassa' was reprinted until it took its place among the 'Divine Poems' of 1630. It is to be remembered that the types were kept standing, and re-impressions issued again and again, without intimation of this on the title-page. I suspect authors were grievously defrauded by this device.

The next book was in striking contrast with its two predecessors. It was 'Argalus and Parthenia,' 1622. Oddly enough it has no place, printer's name, or date. But according to Mr. W. C. Hazlitt (*Handbook s.n.*), it was printed and published at London in 1622. The prefixed address is dated by Quarles from Dublin 'March 4, 1621, [= 1622]. The difficulty is that nobody seems to know of the existence of this edition (a 12°). Besides, from Arber (Transcript

iv. 209), it would seem that spite of the date, it was not licensed till 'March 27, 1629.' In that year (1629) an edition was published, 'London, Printed for Iohn Marriott, in S. Dunstan's Church yard, fleet street,' (4°). It had the engraved title-page as reproduced in its place. Marriott succeeded Thomas Dewe, who had succeeded Richard Moore; and he remained for years Quarles's publisher. It is satisfying also to know, that when our Worthy was dead, Marriott spoke tenderly of him. 'His person,' he said, 'and mind were both lovely.'¹ It is interesting also to recall, in relation to both Publishers' place of business, that Michael Drayton resided there, 'at the bay-window house, next the east end of St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street.' We shall show that Francis Quarles has been unjustly deprived of the honour of the composition of Drayton's epitaph that men still read in Westminster Abbey (Appendix C.). 'Argalus and Parthenia' was permanently 'popular.' I have examined editions of 1630, 1632, 1647, 1656, 1677, 1684, 1687; and there were others.

In 1624 was published 'Sion's Elegies. Wept by Jeremie the Prophet: and Periphras'd by Fra. Quarles. London, Printed by W. Stansby for Thomas Dewe, and are to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstanes Churchyard (4°).' It is dedicated 'To the Great Example of Honour, Worth and Pietie, William, Earle of Pembroke.' The 'pietie,' not to say the 'Honour and Worth,' were, I fear, of the 'imagination' of the Dedicator; but Pembroke was himself a Poet with a true lyric gift. Only two perfect exemplars are known. A second edition with title within a wood-cut border, appeared in 1625. Again in 1624 followed 'Iob Militant: with Meditations Diuine and Morall.'—'London, Printed by Felix Kyngston for George Winder,

¹ Willmott, from Bromley's Catalogue of Engraved British Portraits, p. 102.

and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstons Churchyard in Fleetstreet' (4°). It was dedicated (in verse) to Prince Charles, soon to be Charles I. Once more, in 1625, came 'Sions Sonets. Sung By Solomon the King and Periphras'd by Fra. Quarles. London Printed by W. Stansby for Thomas Dewe, and are to bee sold at his shoppe in Saint Dunstanes Churchyard' (4°). It was dedicated to 'the Trvly Noble and No lesse Good then Great Lord, Iames Marques Hamleton' [= Hamilton]. This is the only separate edition known. It was included in the 'Divine Poems' of 1630. These 'Divine Poems' contained 'the History of Ionah, Ester, Iob, Sions Sonets, Elegies, An Elegie on Dr. Ailmer, not formerly printed. . . . London 1630' (sm. 8vo.). Prefixed is an 'Emblematical Frontispiece.' This collection was an immediate and sustained success. I possess these editions, 1632, 1633, 1634, 1638, 1642, 1643, 1644, 1669, 1674, 1677, 1680, 1706. They successively pretend to be 'revised and corrected by the Author.' It argues intrinsic worth and vitality that a volume of upwards of four hundred closely printed pages thus continued in demand.

In 1631—outside of the 'Divine Poems'—was published 'The Historie of Samson. . . . London Printed by M. F. for Iohn Marriott,' as before—to whom also belonged the 'Divine Poems.' If the Reader wish to see a model Epistle-dedicatory, let him not go a line further until he has turned to and read the Epistle before 'Samson,' to Sir James Fullerton.

In 1632 another great success was recorded in 'Divine Fancies, Digested into Epigrammes, Meditations, and Observations' by Marriott, as usual (sm. 4°). Other editions followed in 1633, 1636, 1638, 1641, 1652, 1657, 1660, 1664, 1671, 1675, 1679, 1687, in 4° and 12°. (Mr. Hazlitt [*s.v.* in 'Collections and Notes'] mentions that his copy of the 1660 edition had the book-plate of

William, Lord Byron, and on the back of the portrait, the autograph of Charles Colton.)

In 1635 Quarles made his deepest 'mark' in our literature, by his 'Emblemes'—*'Emblemes. By Fra: Quarles. London, Printed by G. M. and Sold at Iohn Marriots shope in St. Dunstons Churchyard fleetstreet. William Marshall sculpsit 1635. (sm. 8°).'* It was dedicated 'To my mvch Honovred, and no lesse truly beloved Friend Edw. Benlowes Esquire'—of whom I shall have more to say in connection with his 'Quarles.' (See Appendix E.)

A second edition—unknown hitherto to Bibliographers—was published in 1639, 'London, Printed by I. D. for Francis Eglesfeild, and are to be sold at the signe of the Marigold, in St. Pauls Churchyard' (sm. 8°). On X 3 occurs another title partly engraved: 'Hieroglyphickes of the life of Man. London, Printed by Iohn Dawson . . . 1639,' which is preceded by a leaf, X 2, containing 'the minde of the Frontispiece' and the Imprimatur. The latter is the second edition of the 'Hieroglyphickes' which was originally printed in 1638. Here in 1639 the two works were first published together, with continuous pagination and signatures. Until the 'Catalogue' of Mr. Henry Huth's Library revealed this second edition of 1639, that of 1643 was described as the second. The 'Hieroglyphickes' was dedicated to Mary Countess of Dorset. There have been well-nigh innumerable editions of the 'Emblems' and 'Hieroglyphickes'! More of them onward (see Appendix D.). For his 'Elegies' and other minor poems I must refer the Bibliographer to their several title-pages and 'Notes' prefixed in the places. These 'Notes' may also be consulted for further details on the title-pages, etc., that I have just described. Similarly the title-pages and relative prefixed 'Notes' will inform on the Bibliography of the Prose. So too with the posthumous Poems and Prose.

With reference to the three controversial tractates under the general title of 'The Profest Royalist: his Quarrell with the Times,' though they bear the words 'Opus Posthumum,' one of them had been previously published by the Author himself in 1643 and again early in 1644, viz., 'The Loyall Convert . . . Oxford, Printed by Henry Hall' (4°). Of these three tractates I have spoken more fully in (I. Biographical) the first half of this Introduction.

Mr. W. C. Hazlitt (*Hand-book s.n.*) registers the following under Quarles—'Midnight Meditations of Death: with pious and profitable observations and consolations. Published by E[dward] B[enlowes], Lond. 1646: 12°.' The following is the more accurate title-page, and shows that all that Quarles had to do with it was to 'peruse' it.

Midnight
Meditations
of
Death:
With
Pious and Profitable
Observations,
and
Consolations:

Perused by
FRANCIS QUARLES
A little before his Death.

Published by E. B.

LONDON,
Printed by John Macock, and are to be
sold at his house, in White Bear Court
on Adling hill. 1646.

In the British Museum exemplar, in a contemporary ms., it is dated Feb. 25, and '6' erased and '5' filled in (*i.e.* 1645 for

1646); before the title-page is the emblem of a quenched candle, and verses explanatory [2 leaves]—and 63 leaves [unpaged]. Another re-issue was made in 1650. It is identically the same book, as a collation shows the same broken letters and wrong pointing, etc., *e.g.*, on Part I. sheet B, two black marks left originally are repeated, and so elsewhere. This re-issue doubtless consisted of the unsold copies with a fresh title-page, as follows:—

Death

Dis-sected;

or,

A FORT

Against

Misfortune

in

A Cordial, compounded
of many pious and profitable
Meditations on Mans
Mortality.

Digested into severall Poems, by T. I.

Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest.

Printed by authority for the use of
the Author.

[On the title-page in B. Museum (1077, b. 39) '1650' is twice filled in in contemporary ms.] The following Epistle-dedicatory was added to this re-issue:—

'To the truly worthy
MR. JOHN FLETCHER.

SIR

If in this age when Sovereignty is no symptome of Security, (and *Majesty* but a new name for *Misery*) I may claime a pious priviledge to present you with the usefull Mirrour of Mortality. I hope these pale imperfect Poems will meet the candor of your Approbation with no lesse welcome then Death (when look'd for at the latter day) findes in the harbour of a quiet Conscience; And although you may challenge the liberty to wonder, why (in these *Times*, when

Witty malice, Holy Ignorance, and Devout Impiety are the prodigious effects of most men's industry) I descant on the old plain-song of Mortality, when you have well considered the (more then ordinary) seasonable necessity, and from these humble Contemplations, collected the *dernall Profit*, I hope you will extend a *pardon* and *protection* to him who conceives it a compleat dignity, if honoured with the happy title of Sir,

Your Humblest Servant,
THEO. JORDAN.'

Thus to THOMAS JORDAN,—a well-known 'hack' of the day,—not to Francis Quarles, this little noticeable volume belongs.

So much for the Bibliography of books in Verse and Prose that I feel (in a manner) proud to have been the first to collect and edit and print.

IV. NOTICEABLE THINGS.—I propose to commence my selection of *memorabilia*, whereby to vindicate my claim for high recognition of the genius—within certain lines—of Francis Quarles, with the lower level of the plain rather than with the mountain heights, *id est*, with the Prose first, and then pass to the Poems. I am strangely mistaken if in this section of my Introduction I do not present superabundant evidence of such intellectual and poetic resource in this too long overlooked old Writer, as must send new Readers to these volumes enshrining his complete Works.

I have characterised 'Enchyridion' (II.) generally. Coming to it in detail, the very opening of the first century (I. c. i.) has within its narrow limits most of the elemental qualities affirmed of the whole. There is surely fine adopting and adapting of Scriptural allusions in it. Let the Reader judge. (Cent. I. c. i.) :—

'Piety and Policy, are like *Martha* and *Mary*, Sisters : *Martha* failes, if *Mary* helpe not : and *Mary* suffers, if *Martha* be idle : Happy is that Kingdome where *Martha* complaines of *Mary* ; but most happy where *Mary* complies with *Martha* : Where Piety and Policy goe hand in hand, there Warre shall be just : and Peace honorable.'

Of a different type is c. x. :—

'Before thou undertake a Warre, let thine eye number thy forces, and let thy Judgement weigh them : if thou hast a rich Enemy, no matter how poore thy Souldiers be, if couragious and faithfull : Trust not too much to the power of thy Treasure, for it will deceive thee, being more apt to expose thee for a Prey, then to defend thee : Gold is not able to finde good Souldiers ; but good Souldiers are able to finde out Gold.'

There is political insight and sagacity in these, c. xxi., and xxx., and xxxiii. :—

'If thou desire to know the power of a State, observe in what correspondence it lives with her neighbouring State : If She make Alliance with the contribution of money ; it is an evident signe of weaknesse : If with her valour, or repute of forces, it manifests a native strength : it is an infallable signe of power, to sell friendship ; and, of weaknesse to buy it : That which is bought with Gold, will hardly be maintained with Steele.'

'That Prince who stands in feare more of his owne people, than strangers, ought to build Fortresses in his Land : But he that is more afraid of Strangers than his owne people, shall build them more secure in the Affections of his Subjects.'

'If a Prince, fearing to be assayl'd by a forreigne Enemy, hath a well-arm'd people, well address for Warre, let him stay at home, and expect him, there : But if his Subjects be unarm'd, or his Kingdome unacquainted with the stroke of Warre, let him meete the Enemy in his Quarters. The further he keeps the Warre from his own Home the lesse danger. The Seate of Warre is alwayes miserable.'

Shrewdness,—whatever of casuistry there also may be in it,—belongs to c. xxxix., and shrewdness with no casuistry to c. lxxiii., and lxxxvi. :—

'He that would reform an ancient State in a free City, buyes convenience with a great danger : To worke this Reformation with the lesse mischief, let such a one keepe the shadowes of their ancient Customes, though in substance they be new : Let him take heed when hee alters the natures of things, they beare at least the ancient names. The common people, that are naturally impatient of Innovations, will be satisfied with that which seemes to be, as well as that which is.'

'If, being the Commander of an Army, thou espiest a grosse and manifest error in thine Enemy, look well to thy selfe, for treachery is not farre off : Hee whom desire of victory blinds too much, is apt to stumble at his owne Ruine.'

'If, like *Manlius*, thou command stout and great things, be like *Manlius* stout to execute great com-

mands : It is a great blemish in Sovereignty when the Will roares, and the Power whispers : If thou canst not execute as freely as thou commandst, command no more than what thou mayst as freely execute.'

I feel sure William Blake would have been charmed with this quaint and dainty 'fancy' in Century II. c. ii. :—

'Charity is a naked childe, giving hony to a Bee without wings : Naked, because excuselesse and simple ; a child, because tender and growing : giving Honey, because Honey is pleasant and comfortable : to a Bee, because a Bee is laborious and deserving : without wings, because helpelesse, and wanting. If thou deniest to such, thou killest a Bee ; If thou giv'st to other than such, thou preserv'st a Drone.'

I greatly like his counsel on the choice of company, c. xxix. :—

'Be very circumspect in the choise of thy company : In the society of thine equals thou shalt enjoy more pleasure ; In the society of thy superiours thou shalt finde more profit : To be the best in the company, is the way to grow worse : The best meanes to grow better, is to be the worst there.'

Penetrative and ingenious is this of 'trembling' in c. xxxiv., of 'doubt' in lviii., and of 'anger' in lx. :—

'To tremble at the sight of thy sinne, makes thy Faith the lesse apt to tremble : The Devils beleeve, and tremble, because they tremble at what they beleeve ; Their beleeve brings trembling : Thy trembling brings Beleeve.'

'If thy Faith have no doubts, thou hast just cause to doubt thy faith ; And if thy doubts have no hope, thou hast just reason to feare despaire : When therefore thy doubts shall exercise thy Faith, keepe thy hopes firme to qualife thy doubts ; So shall thy Faith be secured from doubts : So shall thy doubts be preserved from despaire.'

'Anger may repast with thee for an houre, but not repose with thee for a night : The continuance of Anger is Hatred, the continuance of Hatred turnes Malice. That Anger is not warrantable, which hath seen two Sunnes.'

For companions take c. lxi. of 'Oppressions' :—

'If thou stand guilty of Oppression, or wrongfully possesse of another's Right ; see, thou make Restitution before thou givest an Almes : If otherwise, what art thou but a Thiefe, and makest God thy Receiver ?'

There is more than quaintness in this of 'Apparel' in c. lxxix., and c. III. c. lxvii. :—

'In thy Apparell avoyd Singularity, Profusenesse and Gaudinesse : Be not too early in the fashion ; nor too late : Decency is the halfe way betweene Affectation and Neglect : The Body is the Shell of the Soule ; Apparell is the huske of that Shell ; The Huske often tels you what the Kirnell is.'

'Let thy Apparell be decent, and suited to the quality of thy Place and Purse : Too much punctuality, and too much morosity, are the two Poles of Pride : Be neither too early in the fashion, nor too long out of it, nor too precisely in it : What custome hath civiliz'd is become decent, till then, ridiculous : Where the Eye is the Jury, thy Apparell is the Evidence.'

These must suffice for complete 'Meditations,' albeit I could with care quintuple characteristic passages.

I can only think of Thomas Fuller, in his 'Good Thoughts' and 'Mixt Contemplations,' and Robert Chamberlain in his 'Nocturnal Lucubrations,' as supplying such a number of wise, sententious sayings as ¶Enchyridion,' e.g.—

- I. Page 16, c. lxxxii., 'No matter, whether blacke or white, so the steede be good.'
- .. 16, c. lxxxiv., 'A soft current is soon stopped ; but a strong streame resisted, breakes into many, or overwhelmes all.'
- .. 22, c. xxiv., 'Put off thy Cares with thy clothes.'
- .. 23, c. xxxvii., 'Naturall Anger glances into the breasts of wise men, but rests in the bosome of Fooles.'
- .. 25, c. lx., 'That Anger is not warrantable, which hath seen two Sunnes.'
- .. 30, c. vii., 'The Foole wanders ; the wise man travels.'
- .. 31, c. xiii., 'He that clenches a blot with blotted fingers, makes a greater blurre.'
- .. 32, c. xxxii., 'If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.'
- .. 35, c. lxviii., 'A full tongue and an empty braine, are seldom parted.'
- .. 35, c. lxx., 'The Poore man's Penny is a Plague in the Rich man's Purse.'
- .. 35, c. lxxi., 'Better two Drones be preserv'd, than one Bee perish.'
- .. 37, c. lxxxix., 'In a faire Gale, every Foole may sayle.'
- .. 42, c. xxvii., 'The Idle man is the Devil's hiring.'
- .. 46, c. lxxix., 'The Muses starve in a Cooke's Shoppe, and a Lawyer's Study.'

and so one might go on *ad infinitum*. I take only a single barbed saying from Observations

concerning Princes and States, page 57, Obs. 51 :—' Money is like *Mucke*; not good, unless it be spread.'

Passing to 'Judgement and Mercy' it is scarcely possible to furnish representative quotations without either mutilating the subjects or going to undue length. I would urge my Readers to go to the two treatises themselves.

The 'Oppressor's Plea' (I. p. 72) and the 'Drunkard's Iubile' (I. p. 73) give light on the manners and customs of the period, and may be accepted as typical of the rest:—

1. The Oppressor's Plea.

'I Seeke but what's my owne by *Law*: It was his owne free *Act* and *Deed*: The execution lies for *goods* or *body*, and goods or body I will have or else my *money*. What if his beggerly children pine, or his proud wife perish? They perish at their owne charge, not mine, and what is that to mee? I must be paid, or hee lie by it untill I have my utmost farthing, or his *bones*. The *Law* is just and good, and being ruled by that, how can my faire proceedings bee unjust? what's *thirty* in the hundred to a man of Trade? Are we borne to thrum Caps, or pick strawes? and sell our *livelihood* for a few teares, and a whining face? I thanke God they move mee not so much as a *howling* dog at midnight: I'll give no day if heaven it selfe would bee *securitie*: I must have present money or his *bones*. The *Commodity* was good enough, as wares went then, and had hee had but a thriving *wit*, with the necessary helpe of a good merchantable *conscience* he might have gained perchance as much as now hee lost; but howsoever, gaine or not gaine, I must have my money. Two tedious *Tearmes* my dearest gold hath laine in his unprofitable hands. The cost of *Suit* hath made mee bleed above a score of *Royals*, besides my *Interest*, travell, halfe pints, and bribes; all which does but encrease my beggerly defendant's damages, and sets him deeper on my score; but right's right, and I will have my money or his *bones*. Fiftene shillings in the pound composition? Ile hang first. Come, tell not mee of a good *conscience*, a good conscience is no parcell of my trade; it hath made more *Bankrupts* then all the loose wives in the universall Citie. My conscience is no foole. It tells mee that my owne's my owne, and that a well-cramm'd *bagge* is no deceitfull friend, but will stick close to mee when all my friends forsake mee: If to gaine a good *estate* out of nothing, and to regaine a desperat debt which is as good as nothing, bee the fruits and signe of a *bad* conscience, God helpe the *good*. Come, tell me not of griping and *Oppression*. The world is hard, and hee that hopes to thrive must gripe as hard: What I give I give, and what I lend I lend; If the way to heaven bee

to turn *begger* upon earth, let them take it that like it. I know not what ye call *Oppression*. The *Law* is my direction; but of the two it is more profitable to oppresse then to bee opprest. If debtors would bee honest and discharge, our hands were bound; but when their failing offends my *bagges* they touch the *Apple* of my eye, and I must right them.'

2. The Drunkard's Iubile.

'What *Complement* will the severer world allow to the vacant houres of frolique-hearted *youth*? How shall their free, their joviall spirits entertaine their time, their friends! What *Oyle* shall bee infused into the Lampe of deare societie, if they deny the priviledge of a civill rejoycing *Cup*? It is the life, the radicall humor of united soules, whose love-digestive heate even ripens and ferments the greene *materials* of a plighted faith; without the helpe whereof new-married friendship falls into *divorce*, and joyn'd acquaintance soone resolves into the first Elements of *strangeness*. What meane these strict *Reformers* thus to spend their houre-glasses, and bawle against our harmlesse *Cups*? to call our meetings Riots, and brand our civill mirth with stiles of loose *Intemperance*? where they can sit at a sister's Feast, devoure and gurmandize beyond excesse, and wipe the guilt from off their marrowed mouths, and cloath their surfeits in the long fustian *Robes* of a tedious Grace: Is it not much better in a faire friendly *Round* (since youth must have a swing) to steep our soule-afflicting sorrows in a chirping *Cup*, then hazard our estates upon the abuse of providence in a folish cast at *Dice*? Or at a *Cockpit* leave our doubtfull fortunes to the mercy of unmercifull *contention*? Or spend our wanton dayes in sacrificing costly presents to a fleshly *Idoll*? was not *Wine* given to exhilarate the drooping hearts, and raise the drowzie spirits of *dejected* soules? Is not the liberall Cup the *Sucking-bottle* of the sonnes of *Phabus*, to solace and refresh their palats in the nights of sad *Invention*? Let dry-brain'd *Zelots* spend their idle breaths, my cups shall bee my *cordials* to restore my care-befeble heart to the true *Temper* of a well-complexioned mirth: My solid *Brains* are potent, and can beare enough, without the least offence to my distempered *Senses*, or interruption of my boone companions: My tongue can in the very *Zenith* of my Cups deliver the expressions of my composed thoughts with better sense, then these my grave *Reformers* can their best advised prayers. My *Constitution* is pot-proof, and strong enough to make a fierce encounter with the most stupendious vessell that ever sailed upon the tides of *Bacchus*. My *Reason* shrinks not; my *passion* burnes not.'

I must quote from the 'Humble Man's Depression' for a reason that will appear immediately—'How art thou enclosed in walls of dust, *tempered with a few tears*; a lump of earth, quickened with a span of life.' Compare

'*Tempered with the tears*
Of angels to the perfect form of men'

of Tennyson. Very solemn is the 'Plague-affrighted Man's danger,' and evidently,—like John Davies of Hereford's weird and wondrous verse-pictures,—drawn from personal observation and experience. It was by the Plague of 1625 he was bereaved of his revered and beloved friend Bishop Aylmer, whom he mourned with such 'melodious tears' as make the 'Alphabet of Elegies' dear to mourners still. His own son John fell by a later outbreak of the Plague. Let us now read (I. p. 124) :—

'How is the *language* of death heard in every street, which by continually *Passing-bells* proclaims mortality in every care! How many, at this instant, lie groining in their sick beds, and mark'd for death, whilst others that lived yesterday are now laid out for evening burial! How many that are now strong, and healthfull, and laying up for many years, are destined for the enlargement of the next week's Bill! How many are now preparing to secure their lives by flight, who whilst they runne from the *tyranny* of their fears, flie into the very bosome of danger! What *aire*? what *diet*? what *antidote* can promise safety? What shield can guard the angry Angel's blow? What Rhetorick can persuade the heaven-commanded Messenger to slake the fury of his resolute arm? It is an *arrow* that flies by day; yet who can see it? It is a *terroure* that strikes by night; and who can escape it? It is the Pestilence that walketh in darknesse; and who can shun it? The strength of *youth* is no priviledge against it: The soundnesse of a *constitution* is no exemption from it: The sovereignty of *drugs* cannot resist it: Where it lists, it wounds; and whom it wounds, it kills. It is God's artillery, and like himself, respects no persons. The rich man's *coffers* cannot bribe it: The skilfull *artist* cannot prescribe against it: The black *Magician* cannot charm it. My soul, into what a calamity art thou plung'd! With what an *enemy* art thou beleaguere! What opposition canst thou make? what *Auxiliaries* canst thou call in? How many sad *copies* of thy destruction are daily set before thee! How continually is thy death acted by others to thee! What comfort hast thou in that life, which every minute threatens? What pleasure tak'st thou in that breath, which draws and whiffs perpetuall fears? What art thou other but a man condemn'd, expecting execution? And how is the bitterness of thy death multiplied by the quality of thy fears? Were it a sicknesse, whose distraction took not away thy means of preparation, it were an easie *calamity*; were it a sicknesse, whose contagion dissolv'd not the comfortable bands of sweet society, it

were but half a misery; But as it is, sudden, solitary, incurable, what so terrible? what so comfortlesse?'

I cannot honestly conclude my 'Noticeable Things' from the Prose, without adducing and reprobating certain opinions and sentiments in it. These show the 'seamy side' of Quarles's character and modes of thinking and feeling. As there was this 'seamy side' it would be uncandid only to produce the 'cloth of gold.'

Thus in 'The Loyall Convert' (I. p. 140/2, Par. 6) there is comparison of the guilt of not discerning the Lord's Body and not discerning the Lord's Anointed—such 'Anointed' being the First Charles! Not intentionally or consciously blasphemous, I feel sure, but perilously like it.

In 'The New Distemper' (I. p. 154/1) there is an admirable, most admirable suggestion, 'That the children of that Religion, should be taken from them and educated in the Religion of the Church of England.' Then we should get rid of Wesleyans, Presbyterians, Independents, Quakers, Baptists, and the whole host of Hereticks and Schismatics. I repeat admirable suggestion (ahem!).

Again—at p. 171/2, Reply, we have asserted 'The Divine Right of kings to commit evil without forfeiting the respect or honor of their subjects'!

For myself I must opine that 'Calumniator' has the best of the argument. Endless, alas! are the contrasts between 'Wicked Puritans' and 'Saintly Kings.' Then we read in I. p. 53, Observ. 5 :—'The true Protestant Religion stands like a *vertue* betweene two vices, Popery and Separatisme' [= Nonconformists].

Further—I. p. 78,—'The Hypocrite's Prevarication' :—

'There is no such *stuffe* to make a cloake on as *Religion*: nothing so fashionable, nothing so profitable; it is a *Livery*, wherein a wise man may serve *two* masters, God and the world, and make a gainefull service by either: I serve *both*, and in both, *my selfe*, in prevarication.'

ing with both. Before *man* none serves his God with more severe *devotion*, for which, among the best of men I work my own *ends*, and serve my self. In private I serve the *world*, not with so strict *devotion*, but with more *delight*, where fulfilling of her servant's *lusts* I work my end, and serve my self: The house of *Prayer* who more frequents then I? In all Christian *duties* who more forward then I? I *fast* with those that fast, that I may eate with those that eate: I *mourne* with those that mourne: No hand more open to the *cause* then mine, and in their families none *prays* longer and with louder zeale: Thus when the *opinion* of a holy life hath cryed the goodness of my Conscience up, my trade can lack no *custome*, my wares can want no *price*, my words can need no *credit*, my actions can lack no *praise*: If I am *covetous*, it is interpreted providence; if *miserable*, it is counted temperance; if *melancholly*, it is construed godly sorrow; if *merry*, it is voted spirituall joy; if I be *rich*, tis thought the blessing of a godly life; if *poor*, supposed the fruit of conscionable dealing; if I be *well spoken* of, it is the merit of holy conversation; if *ill*, it is the malice of Malignants; thus I saile with every *winds*, and have my *end* in all conditions. This Cloake in *Summer* keepes mee coole, in *winter* warme, and hides the nasty *Bag* of all my secret lusts: Under this Cloake I walke in *publique* fairely, with applause, and in *private* sinne securely without offence, and officiate *wisely* without discovery; I compasse Sea and land to make a *Proselyte*, and no sooner made but he makes mee. At a *Fast* I cry *Geneva*, and at a Feast I cry *Rome*. If I bee poore, I *counterfeit* abundance to save my credit; if rich, I *dissemble* povertie to save charges. I most frequently *Schismaticall Lectures*.'

These 'Lectures' were the only means whereby 'the commonalty' could hear the Gospel, with surpliced Pagans then in too many of the parish-church pulpits.

Once more—Here is 'The Censorious man's Crimination' with its hits and gibes (I. p. 91):—

'I know there is much of the *seed* of the Serpent in him by his very *lookes*, if his words betray'd him not; He hath eaten the Egge of the *Cockatrice*, and surely hee remaineth in the state of *perdition*; He is not within the *Covenant*, and abideth in the Gall of *bitternesse*; His studied Prayers show him to bee a high *Malignant*, and his *Jesus-worship* concludes him *popishly* affected; Hee comes not to our private meetings, nor contributes a penny to the *cause*: Hee cries up *learning*, and the booke of *Common-Prayer*, and takes no armes to hasten *Reformation*; Hee feares God for his owne *ends*, for the spirit of *Antichrist* is in him. His eyes are full of *Adulteries*, and goes a-whoring after his owne *inventions*: Hee can heare an oath from his superiors without *reproof*, and the heathenish Gods named without spitting in his *face*: Wherefore my soule detesteth him, and I

will have no *conversation* with him; for what fellowship hath light with *darknesse*, or the *pure* in heart with the uncleane? Sometimes hee is a *Publican*, sometimes a *Pharisee*, and alwayes an *Hypocrite*; Hee railles against the *Altar* as loud as we, and yet he cringes and makes an *Idol* of the name of *Jesus*; hee is quick-sighted to the infirmities of the Saints, and in his heart rejoyceth at our *failings*; hee honours not a preaching *ministry*, and too much leanes to a *Church-government*; hee paints *devotion* on his face, whilst *pride* is stamp't within his heart: hee places sanctitie in the walls of a *Steeple-house*, and adores the *Sacrament* with his popish knee; His Religion is a *Weathercock*, and turnes brest to every *blast* of wind. With the pure hee seemes *pure*, and with the wicked hee will joyne in *fellowship*: A *sober* language is in his mouth, but the *poysen* of Aspes is under his tongue: His workes conduce not to *edification*, nor are the motions of his heart *sanctified*; Hee adores great ones for *preferment*, and speakes too partially of *authority*: Hee is a *Laodicean* in his *faith*, a *Nicolaitane* in his *workes*, a Pharisee in his *disguise*, a rank Papist in his *heart*, and I thanke my God I am not as this man.'

So too of 'Schismatics' (I. p. 116):—

'This Vine which heaven's right hand hath planted, is decayed: her Fences broken; her hedge trodden down: her body torn by *Schismatics*, cankered with *Hereticks*, blasted with *fiery spirits*; her branches rent with the wilde *dore*; her Grapes devoured with the wily *Fox*; her Shepherds are turned Wolves, and have devoured her Flocks: Confusion is within her walls, and desolation is near unto her gates: O *Jerusalem*, if I forget to mourn for thee, let my right hand forget her cunning; and if I prize not thee above my greatest joy, let my tongue cleave to my roof.'

Further, I. p. 142, col. 2, par. 10, 'Viperous generation':—

'But, whence proceeds all this? even from a *viperous* Generation (which hath long nested in this unhappie *Island*) and those encreased multitudes of *simple soules*, seduced by their *seeming* sanctitie, who taking advantage of our late too great *abuse* of Ceremonies, are turn'd desperate enemies to all *Order* and *Discipline*, being out of charity with the very *Lord's Prayer*, because it comes within the Popish *Liturgie*.'

Then most malignant and shameless of all, a parade of 'divine judgments' against the illustrious John Hampden and other of England's Worthies (I. p. 144):—

'*Master Hampden*, that first waged *Law*, and then *War* against his own *naturall* Prince, hath not he (since these unhappy troubles began) bin first punished with the losse of *children*, nay, visited to the *third* Generation, to the weakning (if not ruining) of his *Family*, and then with the losse of his own *life*, in the *same place*

where] he first tooke up armes against his gracious *Soveraigne*? was it not remarkable that the Lord *Brook* who so often excepted against that clause in the *Lyturgie*, (*From sudden death good Lord deliver us*) was slaine so suddenly? who was so severe an enemy against *Peace* should perish in the same *Warre*, he so encouraged? Who, so bitterly inveighed against *Episcopall* Government, should be so shot dead out of a *Cathedrall* Church? who labouring to put out the *left eye* of establishd Government, his *left eye* and *life* were both put out together?'

In accord with all this is the superlative adulation of Royalty *qua* royalty, *i.e.* apart from character, *e.g.*:—

'Ovr *God* and *Prince* (whom *God* for ever blesse)
Are both, in *Mercy*, of a *Constitution* :
Both slow, till meere necessity shall presse,
To put their *penall Lawes* in Execution :
And marke, How in a like successe they ioyne ;
At both we *grumble* ; and at both, *repine*.'
(II. p. 227, No. 79.)

'*Four* *Maryes* are eterniz'd for their worth ;
Our *Saviour* found out *three*, our *Charls*, the *fourth*.'
(*Ibid.* p. 243, No. 7.)

Perhaps the best apology that could be made for Charles I. (and indeed James I. and Charles II.) would be a collection of passages like the above, showing the mephitic atmosphere of adulation in which 'Royalty' lived, and I suppose had lived from infancy; not offered by Courtiers only, but by grave, reverend, and pious Divines. It would have required a stronger brain than any Stuart ever possessed to be proof against such constant larding with flattery.

I now gladly break away from these fatuities and incredible mis-statements and enmities of a good though mistaken man, to his Poems; and here we not only leave the level of the plain, but the taint and miasma of the marsh, and ascend to conspicuous and azure-domed heights.

I stake my critical judgment of FRANCIS QUARLES on a single 'Emblem.' If the Reader do not accept it as *demonstration* that he *is* a Poet with a Poet's supremest gift of imagination, I really have no more to say to him. He had better shut up the book and

think no further of our Worthy. The capacity, the feeling, the sympathy must be wanting in any and every one who is unmoved by so splendid conceptions as these of the 'flame-eyed Fury' and the sword of justice swinging from one end of the flaming Universe to the other. They are worthy of John Milton himself.

'O Whither shall I fly? what path untrod
Shall I seek out to scape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God?

Where shall I sojourn? what kind sea will hide
My head from Thunder? where shall I abide,
Untill his flames be quench'd or laid aside?

What, if my feet should take their hasty flight,
And seek protection in the shades of night?
Alas, no shades can blind the God of Light.

What, if my soul should take the wings of day,
And find some desert; if she spring away,
The wings of vengeance clip as fast as they.

What if some solid rock should entertain
My frighted soul? Can solid rocks restrain
The stroke of Justice, and not cleave in twain?

Nor Sea, nor Shade, nor Shield, nor Rock, nor Cave,
Nor silent Desarts, nor the sullen Grave,
Where flame-ey'd Fury means to smite, can save.

The Seas will part; Graves open; Rocks will split;
The Shield will cleave; the frighted Shadows flit;
Where Justice aims, her Fiery darts must hit.

No, no, if stern-brow'd Vengeance means to thunder,
There is no place above, beneath, nor under,
So close, but will unlock, or rive in sunder.

'Tis vain to flee; 'tis neither here nor there
Can scape that hand untill that hand forbear;
Ah me! where is he not, that's everywhere?

'Tis vain to flee; till gentle Mercy shew
Her better eye, the farther off we go,
The swing of Justice deals the mightier blow.

Th' ingenious child, corrected, doth not flie
His angry mother's hand, but clings more nigh,
And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Shadows are faithlesse, and the rocks are false;
No trust in brasse, no trust in marble walls;
Poore cots are even as safe as Princes' halls.

Great God, there is no safety here below;
Thou art my Fortresse, though thou seem'st my fo;
'Tis thou that strik'st the stroke must guard the blow.

Thou art my God; by thee I fall or stand;
Thy Grace hath giv'n me courage to withstand
All tortures, but my conscience and thy hand.

I know thy Justice is thy self ; I know,
Just God, thy very self is Mercy too ;
If not to thee, where ? whither should I go ?

Then work thy will ; If passion bid me flee,
My reason shall obey ; my wings shall be
Stretcht out no further then from thee to thee.

(Vol. III. pp. 75-6.)

The great Singer of ' Dies Iræ ' would have clasped hands with the Singer of that ' Psalm.'

Take as companion to this, a truly magnificent ' picture ' that, venturing to the very edge of the grotesque, escapes it by making that very *grotesquerie* de-mean the ' trembling ' false god. I do not italicise, but invite attention to st. 5, lines 4 and 7. Mark too with what rare cunning the gay frivolities of the opening lead on to the terror and doom of the middle and close. I do not affirm that such representations of the God with whom all men have to do, as in these two ' Emblems,' are what I would make. It is mediæval-papal rather than Christian. But the power, the purged strength, the passion of them, are indubitable :—

' Is this that jolly God, whose Cyprian bowe
Has shot so many flaming darts,
And made so many wounded Beauties go
Sadly perplext with whimp'ring hearts ?
Is this that Sov'raign Deity that brings
The slavish world in awe, and stings
The blund'ring souls of swains, and stoops the hearts
of Kings.

What Circean charm, what Hecatean spight
Has thus abus'd the God of love ?
Great *Jove* was vanquisht by his greater might ;
(And who is stronger-arm'd then *Jove* ?)
Or has our lustfull god perform'd a rape,
And (fearing *Argus*' eyes) would scape
The view of jealous earth, in this prodigious shape ?

Where be those rosie cheeks, that lately scorn'd
The malice of injurious Fates ?
Ah, where 's that pearl Percullis, that adorn'd
Those dainty two-leav'd Ruby gates ?
Where be those killing eyes, that so controul'd
The world ? And locks, that did unfold
Like knots of flaming wire, like curls of burnisht gold ?

No, no, 't was neither Hecatean spite
Nor charm below, nor pow'r above ;
'T was neither *Circe*'s spell, nor Stygian sprite,
That thus transform'd our god of Love ;

'Twas owl-eyed Lust (more potent farre then they)
Whose eyes and actions hate the day :
Whom all the world observe, whom all the world obey.

Se how the latter Trumpet's dreadfull blast
Affrights stout *Mars* his trembling son !
Se, how he startles ! how he stands agast,
And scrambles from his melting Throne !

Hark, how the direfull hand of vengeance tears,
The swelt'ring clouds, whilst Heav'n appears
A circle fill'd with flame, and center'd with his fears.

This is that day, whose oft report hath worn
Neglected tongues of Prophets bare ;
The faithlesse subject of the worldling's scorn,
The summe of men and Angels' pray'r :
This, this the day whose All-discerning light
Ransacks the secret dens of night,
And severs good from bad ; true joyes from false delight.

You grov'ling worldlings, you, whose wisdom trades,
Where light nev'r shot his golden ray ;
That hide your actions in Cimerian shades,
How will your eyes indure this day ?
Hills will be deaf, and mountains will not heare ;
There will be no caves, no corners there,
To shade your souls from fire, to shield your hearts
from fear.

(Vol. III. pp. 62-63.)

In quite a different vein, but gleaming with the celestial light that comes not from the sun, is another ' Emblem.' For touch of fancy, for pathos of sentiment, for felicity of wording—fluent around the thought,—surely it is most ' noticeable ' :—

' My Glasse is half unspent : Forbear t' arrest
My thriftlesse day too soon : my poore request
Is that my glasse may run but out the rest.

My time-devoured minutes will be done
Without thy help ; see, see how swift they run :
Cut not my thred before my thred be spun.

The gain 's not great I purchase by this stay ;
What losse sustain'st thou by so small delay,
To whom ten thousand years are but a day ?

My following eye can hardly make a shift
To count my winged houres ; they fly so swift,
They scarce deserve the bounteous name o. gift.

The secret wheels of hurrying Time do give
So short a warning, and so fast they drive,
That I am dead before I seem to live.

And what 's a Life ? a weary Pilgrimage,
Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
With Childhood, Manhood, and decrepit Age.

And what 's a Life ? the flourishing array
Of the proud Summer meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.

And what 's a Life? A blast sustain'd with clothing,
Maintain'd with food, retain'd with vile self-lothing ;
Then weary of it self, again'd to nothing.

Reade on this diall, how the shades devour
My short-liv'd winter's day ; houre eats up houre ;
Alas, the totall's but from eight to foure.

Behold these Lillies (which thy hands have made
Faire copies of my life, and open laid
To view) how soon they droop, how soon they fade !

Shade not that diall, night will blind too soon ;
My nonag'd day already points to noon ;
How simple is my suit ! how small my boon !

Nor do I beg this slender inch, to while
The time away, or falsely to beguile
My thoughts with joy ; here 's nothing worth a smile.

No, no : 't is not to please my wanton ears
With frantick mirth, I beg but houres, not years :
And what thou giv'st me, I will give to tears.

Draw not that soul which would be rather led ;
That *Seed* has yet not broke my Serpent's head ;
O shall I dy before my sinnes are dead ?

Behold these rags ; am I a fitting guest
To tast the dainties of thy royall feast,
With hands and face unwash'd, ungirt, unblest ?

First, let the Jordan streams (that find supplies
From the deep fountain of my heart) arise,
And cleanse my spots, and clear my leprous eyes.

I have a world of sinnes to be lamented ;
I have a sea of tears that must be vented :
O spare till then ; and then I die contented.'

(Vol. III. pp. 76-77.)

Of firmly-compacted strength, and with
the very touch of RALEIGH, is this other
'Emblem,' which to my ear sounds as with
axe-strokes, in its accusations of the 'false
world' :—

' False world, thou ly'st : Thou canst not lend
The least delight :
Thy favours cannot gain a Friend,
They are so slight :
Thy morning pleasures make an end
To please at night :
Poore are the wants that thou supply'st,
And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st
With heav'n : Fond earth, thou boasts ; false world,
thou ly'st.

Thy babbling tongue tels golden tales
Of endlesse treasure ;
Thy bountie offers easie sales
Of lasting pleasure ;

Thou ask'st the Conscience what she ails,
And swear'st to ease her ;
There 's none can want where thou supply'st :
There 's none can give where thou deny'st.
Alas, fond world, thou boasts ; false world, thou ly'st.

What well-advised eare regards
What earth can say ?
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
Are painted clay ;
Thy cunning can but pack the cards ;
Thou canst not play :
Thy game at weakest, still thou vy'st ;
If seen, and then revy'd, deny'st ;
Thou art not what thou seem'st : false world, thou ly'st.

Thy tinsil-bosome seems a mint
Of new-coin'd treasure,
A Paradise, that has no stint,
No change, no measure ;
A painted cask, but nothing in 't,
Nor wealth, nor pleasure :
Vain earth ! that falsly thus comply'st
With man : Vain man ! that thus rely'st
On earth : Vain man, thou dot'st : Vain earth, thou
ly'st.

What mean dull souls, in this high measure
To haberdash
In earth's base wares ; whose greatest treasure
Is drosse and trash ?
The height of whose inchaunting pleasure
Is but a flash ?
Are these the goods that thou supply'st
Us mortalls with ? Are these the high'st ?
Can these bring cordiall peace ? False world, thou ly'st.
(Vol. III. p. 59, Emblem v.)

I shall return upon the 'Emblems.'

I pass now to 'Argalus and Parthenia.'
Of it in his Epistle to the Reader, the Author
says—' I present thee here with a history of
Argalus and *Parthenia*, the fruits of broken
houres. It was a *Siens* taken out of the
Orchard of *Sir Philip Sidney*, of precious
memory, which I have lately grafted upon
a Crab-stock, in mine own. It hath brought
forth many leaves, and promises pleasing
fruit, if malevolent eyes blast it not in the
bud.' Noting the change from sacred to
secular in the book, he quaintly remarks—
' This Book differs from my former [*Hadassa*
or *Ester*], as a *Courtier*, from a *Churchman* :
But if any thinke it unfit for one to play both
parts, I have presidents for it : And let such

know, that I have taken but one Play-day in six. However, I should beshrew that hand that binds them all together to make one *Volume*' (Vol. III. p. 240). All this is modest. But however much 'the fruits of broken houres,' the Reader will soon find that in 'Argalus and Parthenia' there are very 'noticeable things,' and that the rhyme and rhythm are firm, and now and again almost anticipatory if not of the polish of Pope, of the strength and swing of 'glorious John.' My markings in reading and re-reading prove so numerous that it would require pages to give them all. I am constrained to select only a few, thus. I place headings to each quotation :—

1. *Love-pleading.*

'Why dost thou frown? why does that heavenly brow
Not made for wrinkles, shew a wrinkle now?
Send forth thy brighter Sun-shine, and the while,
O lend me but the twilight of a smile.'

(Vol. III. p. 243/1, l. 8 from bottom).

2. *A fair lady's face when wooed by one unworthy.*

'Have you beheld when fresh *Aurora's* eye
Sends forth her early beames, and by and by
Withdraws the glory of her face, and shrowds
Her cheeks behinde a ruddy maske of clouds. . . .
Such was *Parthenia's* looks; in whose faire face
Roses and Lillies late had equall place.'

(*Ibid.* p. 243/2, l. 15).

3. *Marriage-Blessings.*

'Time with his empty Hower-glasse shall lead
The triumph on.'

(*Ibid.* p. 259/a, l. 7.)

4. *May.*

'When sturdy *March's* stormes are overblowne,
And *April's* gentle showers are slidden downe,
To close the wind-chapt earth, succeeding *May*
Enters her month; whose early-breaking day
Calls Ladies from their easie beds to view
Sweet *Maia's* pride, and the discolour'd hiew
Of dewy-brested *Flora*, in her bower;
Where every hand hath leave to pick the flower
Her fancy likes; wherewith to be possest,
Untill it fade, and wither in her brest.
Now smooth-fac'd *Neptune*, with his gladder smiles
Visits the bank of his beloved *Iles*;
Bolus calls in the windes, and bids them hold
Their full-mouth'd blasts, that breathlesse are controld:
Each one retires, and shrinks into his seat,
And sea-greene *Triton* sounds a shrill retreat:

And thus at length, our *Pinace* is past o're
The barre, and rides before the *Maiden-towre*.'

(Vol. III. p. 268/1, B. III. ll. 1-18).

5. *Dawn.*

'By this the pale-fac'd *Empresse* of the night
Had re-surrendred up her borrowed light,
And to the lower world she now retires,
Attended with her traine of lesser fires,
And early *Hesper* shoots his golden head,
To usher *Titan* from his purple bed;
The gray-ey'd *Ianitor* does now begin
To ope his Easterne portals, and let in
The new-borne *Day*; who having lately hurld
The shades of night into the lower world,
The dewy-cheek'd *Aurora* does unfold
Her purple Curtaines, all befring'd with gold;
And from the pillow of his *Crocian* bed,
Don *Phabus* rouzes his refulgent head:
That with his all-discerning eye survayes
And gilds the Mountaines with his morning raies.'

(*Ibid.* p. 269/1, ll. 7-22.)

6. *The Bridegroome.*

'Forthwith, as if a Second *Sun* had rose,
And strove with greater brightness, to depose
The glory of the first, the *Bridegroome* came,
Usher'd along with Eagle-winged *Fame*,
Whose twice five hundred mouthes did at one blast
Inspire a thousand *Trumpets*, as he past:
His Nuptiall vesture was of Scarlet *Dye*,
So deepe, as it would dazle a weake eye
To gaze upon't; to which, the curious Art
Of the laborious Needle did impart
So great a glory, that you might behold
A rising *Sun*, imboast with purest gold;
From whence ten thousand *trails* of gold came downe
In waved points, like *Sun-beames* from that Sun:
Thus from his chamber midst the vulgar crowd
(Like *Titan* breaking through a gloomy cloud)
The long-expected *Bridegroome* came, and past
Th' amazed multitude.'

(*Ibid.* p. 269/2, ll. 7-24.)

Still more gracious and finely wrought is
one of two minor poems appended to
'Argalus and Parthenia,' and which some-
how have been over and over misassigned
to others, though over and above his name
in the title-page he has carefully added
'Fr: Qu:' at end of each :—

'Like to the Damask Rose you see,
Or like the blossome on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning to the day,
Or like the Sunne, or like the shade,
Or like the Gourd which *Ionas* had;

Even such is man, whose thred is spunn,
Drawne out and cut, and so is done,

The Rose withers, the blossome blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth :
The Sunne sets, the shadow flies,
The Gourd consumes, and man he dies.

Like to the blaze of fond delight ;
Or like a morning cleare and bright ;
Or like a frost ; or like a showre ;
Or like the pride of Babel's Tower ;
Or like the hower that guides the Time ;
Or like to beauty in her prime ;
Even such is man, whose glory lends
His life a blaze or two, and ends.

Delights vanish ; the morne o're casteth,
The frost breaks, the shower hasteth ;
The towre falls, the hower spends ;
The beauty fades and man's life ends.'

(Vol. III. p. 285.)

I trust it may be assumed that Francis Quarles's right of recognition as Poet and not Poetaster, has been sufficiently vindicated. I would now (to adopt an old Puritan title-page) present the Reader with 'A String of Pearls,' *i.e.* of detached 'noticeable things,' with the assurance that almost every page would yield others equally memorable. I again put a heading to each, and here and there briefly annotate :—

1. *God's Bounty.*

'He giues vs from the heape, He measures not,
Nor deales (like *Manna*) each his stinted lot.'

(Vol. II. p. 10/1, ll. 119-20.)

2. *Man's greatness and meanness.*

'Why? what are men? But quicken'd lumps of earth?
A FEAST FOR WORMES; A bubble full of mirth;
A Looking-glasse for griefe; A flash; A minute;
A painted Toombe, with putrifaction in it;
A mappe of Death; A burthen of a song;
A winter's Dust; A worme of fūe foot long.
Begot in sinne; In darknesse nourisht; Borne
In sorrow; Naked; Shiftlesse, and forlorne;
His first voice (heard) is crying for reliefe;
Alas! he comes into a world of griefe;
His Age is sinfull; and his Youth is vaine;
His Life's a punishment; his death's a paine;
His Life's an houre of Ioy; a world of Sorrow;
His death's a winter's night, that findes no morrow:
Man's life's an Houre-glass, which being run,
Concludes that houre of Ioy, and so is dun.'

(*Ibid.* p. 10/1, 2, ll. 135-150.)

3. *The Wind.*

'And now the whistling wind begins to dally
With *Aura's* fanne: Now stronger gusts doe sally.'

(Vol. II. p. 11, ll. 221/2.)

Cf. Milton's 'Aurora's fan.'

4. *The awful slumber of sin.*

'How deepe a Lethargie doth this disease
Bring to the slumbring Soule through carelesse ease!
Which once being wak't, (as from a Golden Dreame)
Lookes vp, and sees her griefes the more extreme,
How seeming sweet 's the quiet sleepe of sin?
Which when a wretched man's once nuzzl'd in,
How soundly sleepes he, without feare, or wit?
No sooner doe his armes infolded knit,
A drowzie knot vpon his carelesse brest,
But there he snorts, and snores in endlesse rest;
His eyes are closed fast, and deafe his eares,
And (like *Endymion*) sleepes himselfe in yeares;
His sence-bound heart, relents not at the voyce
Of gentle warning, neither does the noyse
Of strong reproofe awake his sleeping eare,
Nor lowder threatnings' thunder makes him heare;
So deafe 's the sinner's eare, so numb'd his sence,
That sinne 's no corrosiue, breeds no offence;
For custome brings delight, deludes the heart,
Beguiles the sence, and takes away the smart.'

(*Ibid.* p. 12, ll. 377-96.)

5. *Reckoning.*

... 'Young man, know, there is a Day of doome;
The Feast is good, vntill the reck'ning come.
The time runnes fastest, where is least regard;
The stone that 's long in falling, falleth hard.'

(*Ibid.* p. 17, ll. 859-62.)

Line second sounds to me like the prelude
of one of (I think) Pope's *hits* on 'the
Reckoning' after a feast.

6. *Death.*

'Lord! what is man, but like a worme, that crawls,
Open to danger, every foot that falls?
Death creeps (vnheard) and steales abroad (vnseene)
Her darts are sudden, and her arrowes keene,
Vncertaine when, but certaine she shall strike,
Respecting King, and Begger both alike;
The stroke is deadly, come it soone, or late,
Which once being struck, repenting 's out of date;
Death is a minute, full of sudden sorrow:
"Then liue to-day, as thou maist dye to-morrow."

(*Ibid.* p. 19/2, ll. 1159-68.)

7. *Life's transitoriness and emptiness.*

'Why what are Pleasures? But a golden dreame,
Which (waking) makes our wants the more extreme?
And what is Life? A bubble full of care,
Which (prickt by death) straight empties into ayre:

f

The flowers (clad in farre more rich array,
Then e're was *Salomon*) doe soone decay ;
What thing more sweet, or fairer than a flowre ?
Nath'les, it blooms, and fades within an howre ;
What greater pleasure then a morning Sun ?
And yet this pleasure euery day is dun :
But thou art heire to *Crasus*, and thy treasure
Being great, and endlesse, endlesse is thy pleasure ;
But thou (thou *Crasus*' heire) consider must,
Thy wealth, and thou, came from, and goes to dust.'

(Vol. II. p. 23/2, ll. 1575-88.)

8. *A Prayer.*

'Lord, what I haue, let me enioy in Thee,
And Thee in it, or else take it from mee ;

That little I enioy, Lord make it mine,
In making me (that am a Sinner) Thine.'

(*Ibid.* p. 28, No. 6.)

John Quarles appropriated the latter couplet:—

'What I possess, o make it mine,
In making me that haue it Thine.'

These quotations are wholly taken from 'A Feast for Wormes,' and I remark generally that while the 'periphrasing' of the Bible narrative of *Jonah's* story is far better in the original simplicity of the inspired words, the appended Meditations are invariably good and sometimes felicitous. So with all his 'Divine Poems' from Holy Scripture.

9. *Mors tua.*

'Can he be *faire*, that withers at a blast ?
Or he be *strong*, that ayery Breath can cast ?
Can he be *wise*, that knowes not how to live ?
Or hee be *rich*, that nothing hath to give ?
Can he be young, that's feeble, weake, and wan ?
So *faire*, *strong*, *wise*, so *rich*, so *young* is *man* :
So *faire* is *Man* that *Death* (a parting Blast)
Blasts his *faire* flow'r, and makes him *Earth* at last ;
So *strong* is *Man*, that with a gasping *Breath*
Hee totters, and bequeathes his strength to *Death* ;
So *wise* is *Man*, that if with *Death* he strive,
His wisdom cannot teach him how to live ;
So *rich* is *Man*, that (all his *Debts* b'ing paid)
His wealth 's the winding-sheet wherein he's laid :
So *yong* is *Man*, that (broke with *care* and *sorrow*)
He's old enough to-day, to *Dye to-morrow* :
Why brag'st thou then, thou *worm* of five-foot long :
Th' art neither *faire*, nor *strong*, nor *wise*, nor *rich*,
nor *yong*.'

(*Ibid.* p. 36/1.)

10. *Versè-dedication of 'Hadassa.'*

'TO

THE HIGHEST: HIS HVMBLE
SERVANT

Implores his gracious ayde.

Thou Great Director of the hearts of men,
From whence I propagate what-e'r is mine,
Still my disquiet thoughts, Direct my Pen
No more mine owne, if thou adopt it thine :
Oh, be thy Spirit All in All to me.
That will implore no ayde, no Muse, but thee :

Be thou the Load-starre to my wandring minde,
New rig'd, and bound vpon a new Aduenture :
O fill my Canuas with a prosp'rous winde :
Vnlocke my soule, and let thy Spirit enter :
So blesse my Talent with a fruitfull Loue,
That it at least may render two for one.

Vnworthy I, to take so high a Taske ;
Vnworthy I, to craue so great a Boone :
Alas ! vnseason'd is my slender Caske,
My Winter's Day hath scarcely scene her Noone :
But if the Children's Bread must be deny'd,
Yet let me lick the Crummes, that fall beside.'

(Vol. II. p. 46.)

11. *Battle-field.*

'As when the Haruester, with bubbling brow,
(Reaping the interest of his painfull Plough,)
With crooked Sickle now a shock doth sheare,
A handfull here, and strait a handfull there,
Not leauing, till he nought but stubble leaue :
Here lies a new-falne ranke, and there a sheaue,
Euen so the Persian Host itselfe bestur'd,
So fell great Babel by the Persian sword,
Which warme with slaughter, and with blood imbru'd,
Ne'r sheath'd, till wounded Babel fell subdu'd.'

(*Ibid.* p. 43/2, ll. 35-44.)

12. *The great feast of the King.*

'Partly to make his Princely might appeare,
To make them feare for loue, or loue for feare,
He made a Feast : He made a Royall Feast,
Fit for himselfe, had he himselfe been Ghest.'

(*Ibid.* p. 47/1, ll. 13-16.)

13. *Temperance.*

'A temp'rate Law was made, that no man might
Inforce an vndisposed Appetite :
So that a sober mind may vse his pleasure,
And measure drinking, though not drinke by measure.'

(*Ibid.* p. 47/2, ll. 15-18.)

14. *Evil Example.*

' By *Vashti's* patterne others will be taught :
Thus her example 's fouler then her Fault.'
(Vol. II. p. 49/a ll. 17-18.)

15. *Eve and the true Wife.*

' When God with sacred breath did first inspire
The new-made earth with quick, and holy fire,
He (well aduising, what a goodly creature
He builded had, so like himselfe in feature)
Forth-with concluded by his preservation,
To eternize the worke of Man's creation ;
Into a sleepe he cast this liuing clay,
Lockt vp his sence with drowzie *Morpheus* key,
Opened his fruitfull flanke, and from his side,
He drew the substance of his helpfull Bride :
Flesh of his flesh, and bone made of his bone
He framed Woman, making two of one ;
Thus broke in two, he did anew ordaine
That these same two should be made One againe :
Till singling Death this sacred knot vndoe,
And part this new-made One, once more in two.
Since of a Rib first framed was a Wife,
Let Ribs be Hi'roglyphicks of their life :
Ribs coast the heart, and guard it round about,
And like a trusty Watch keepe danger out :
So tender Wiues should loyally impart
Their watchfull care to fence their Spouses' heart :
All members else from out their places roue,
But Ribs are firmly fixt, and seldome moue :
Women (like Ribs) must keepe their wonted home,
And not (like *Dinah* that was rauish't) rome :
If Ribs be ouerbent, or handled rough,
They breake ; If let alone they bend enough :
Women must (vnconstrain'd) be plyant still,
And gently bending to their Husband's will.
The sacred Academy of man's life
Is holy wedlocke in a happy Wife.

It was a wise man's speech, *Could neuer they
Know to command, that knew not first to obey :*
Where's then that high Command, that ample Glory,
Which for a patterne (left in endlesse story)
Your noble Sexe in former dayes atchiu'd ?
Whose sounding Fame no after-Times outliu'd
What braue Command? How well-succeeding broyles?
What stately Triumphs? What victorious spoyles
Their hands achiu'd? They sway'd their Scepters then
As well in Kingdomes, as in hearts of men ;
And sweet obedience was the lowly stayre
Mounted their steps to that Commanding chaire :
A woman's Rule should be in such a fashion,
Onely to guide her houshold, and her Passion :
And her obedience neuer's out of season,
So long as either Husband lasts, or Reason :
Ill thrives the haplesse Family, that shoves
A Cocke that's silent, and a Hen that crows.
I know not which liue more ungodly liues,
Obeying Husbands, or commanding wiues.'

(*Ibid.* p. 49-50.)

16. *Flowers.*

' As when a Lady (walking *Flora's* Bowre)
Picks here a Pinke, and there a Gilly-flowre ;
Now plucks a Vi'let from her purple bed,
And then a Primerose, (the yeere's maiden-head)
There nips the Bryer, here, the Louer's Pauncy,
Shifting her dainty pleasures, with her Fancy ;
This, on her arme, and that she lifts to weare
Vpon the borders of her curious haire ;
At length a Rose-bud (passing all the rest)
She plucks, and bosomes in her Lilly brest :
So when *Asuerus* (tickled with delight)
Percei'd the beauties of those virgins bright,
He lik't them all, but when with strict reuye,
He view'd *Ester's* face, his wounded eye
Spark'd, whilst *Cupid* with his youthfull Dart,
Transfixt the Center of his feeble heart ;
Ester is now his ioy, and in her eyes,
The sweetest flower of his Garland lyes :
Who now but *Ester*? *Ester* crownes his blisse,
And hee's become her prisoner, that was his.'

(Vol. II. p. 52, Sect. 6, ll. 7-26.)

17. *Chance.*

' Man wants the strength to sway his strong affections,
What power is, is from Diuine directions ;
Which oft (vnseene through dulnesse of the minde)
We nick-name, Chance, because our selues are blinde.'

(*Ibid.* p. 53/1, ll. 3-6.)

18. *God-appointed marriages.*

' Old *Abra'm* wisht, in secret God directed ;
'Twas *Abra'm* vs'd the meanes ; 'twas God effected :
Best marriages are made in heauen ; In heauen,
The heart, in earth the hand is giuen :
First God ordaines, then man confirms the Loue,
Proclaiming that on earth, was done aboue.'

(*Ibid.* 53/1, ll. 15-20.)

19. *Envy.*

' Enuie did ope her Snake-deuouring Iawes.'

(*Ibid.* p. 53/a, l. 35.)

20. *Ignorance.*

' Nor was his fault disguis'd with Ignorance,
(The vnfee'd Aduocate of sinne) or Chance.'

(*Ibid.* ll. 51-2.)

21. *The good King v. Tyrant, and address to
King James I.*

' Of all diseases in a publike weale,
No one more dangerous, and hard to heale,
(Except a tyrant King) then when great might
Is trusted to the hands, that take delight
To bathe, and paddle in the blood of those,
Whom iealousies, and not iust cause oppose :
For when as haughty power is conioynd
Vnto the will of a distemper'd mind,
What e'r it can, it will, and what it will,
It in it selfe, hath power to fulfill :

What Mischiefe then can linger, vnattempted !
 What base attempts can happen, vnpreuented ?
 Statutes must breake, good Lawes must go to wracke,
 And (like a Bowe that's ouerbent) must cracke :
 Iustice (the life of Law) becomes so furious,
 That (ouer-doing right) it prooues iniurious :
 Mercy (the Steare of Iustice) flies the Citty,
 And falsely must be tearm'd a foolish Pitty :
 Meane while the gracious Prince's tender brest
 (Gently possest with nothing but the best
 Of the disguis'd dissembler) is abus'd
 And made the cloke, wherewith his fault's excus'd :
 The radiant beames that warme, and shine so bright,
 Comfort this lower world with heate, and light,
 But drawne, and recollected in a glasse,
 They burne, and their appoynted limits passe :
 Euen so the power from the Prince's hand,
 Directs the subiect with a sweet command,
 But to peruerse fantasticks if confer'd,
 Whom wealth, or blinded Fortune, hath prefer'd,
 It spurres on wrong, and makes the right retire,
 And sets the grumbling Common-wealth on fire :
 Their foule intent, the Common good pretends,
 And with that good, they maske their priuate ends,
 Their glorie's dimme, and cannot b' vnderstood,
 Vnlesse it shine in pride, or swimme in blood :
 Their will's a Law, their mischiefe Policy,
 Their frownes are Death, their power tyranny :
 Ill thrives the State, that harbours such a man,
 That can, what e'r he wills, wills, what he can.

May my vngarnisht Quill presume so much,
 To glorifie it selfe, and giue a touch
 Vpon the Iland of my Sou'raigne Lord ?
 What language shall I vse, what new-found word,
 T' abridge the mighty volume of his worth,
 And keepe me blamelesse, from th' vntimely birth
 (Of false reputed flattery ?) He lends
 No cursed *Haman* pow'r, to worke his Ends
 Vpon our ruine, but transferres his grace
 On iust desert, which in the vgly face
 Of foule detraction, (vntoucht) can dare,
 And smile till black-mouth'd Enuy blush, and tare
 Her Snaky fleece. Thus, thus in happy peace
 He rules, to make our happinesse increase,
 Directs with loue, commands with Princely awe,
 And in his brest he beares a liuing Law :
 Defend vs thou, and heauens thee defend,
 And let proud *Hamans* haue proud *Haman's* end.

(Vol. II. p. 55.)

22. Bees.

As in the winged Common-wealth of Bees,
 (Whose carefull Summer-providence foresees
 Th' approaching fruitlesse Winter, which denyes
 The crowne of labour) some with laden thighs
 Take charge to beare their waxy burthens home,
 Others receiue the welcome load ; and some
 Dispose the wax, others the plot contriue,
 Some build the curious Combe, some guard the Hiue,

Like armed Centinels ; others distrayne
 The purer hony from the wax ; some traine,
 And discipline the young, while others driue
 The sluggish Drones, from their deserued Hiue :
 Thus in this common-wealth (vntaught by Art)
 Each winged Burger acts his busie part ;
 So man (whose first Creation did intend,
 And chiefly poynted at no other end,
 Then (as a faithfull Steward) to receiue
 The Fine and Quit-rent of the liues we liue,
 Must suit his deare indeuour to his might ;
 Each one must lift, to make the burthen light,
 Prouing the power, that his gifts afford,
 To raise the best aduantage for his Lord,
 Whose substitute he is, and for whose sake
 We liue and breathe ; each his account must make,
 Or more, or lesse ; and he whose power lacks
 The meanes to gather honey, must bring waxe :
 Fiue Talents double fiue, two render foure ;
 Wher's little, little's crau'd, where much ther's more :
 Kings by their Royall priuledge may doe,
 What vnbefts a mind to search into,
 But by the force of their Prerogatiues,
 They cannot free the custome of their liues :
 The silly Widdow, (from whose wrinkled browes
 Faint drops distill, through labour that she owes
 Her needy life,) must make her Audite too,
 As well as Kings, and mighty Monarkes doe :
 The world's a Stage, each mortall acts thereon,
 As well the King that glitters on the Throne,
 As needy beggers : Hea'n Spectator is,
 And markes who acteth well, and who amisse.

What part befts me best, I cannot tell :
 It matters not how meane, so acted well.

(Vol. II. p. 57.)

23. Life to be nobly liued.

'To breathe, 's a necessary gift of nature,
 Whereby she may discerne a liuing Creature
 From plants, or stones : 'Tis but a meere degree
 From Vegetation ; and this, hath she
 Like equally shar'd out to brutish beasts
 With man, who lesse obserues her due behests
 (Sometimes) than they, and oft by accident,
 Doe lesse improue the gift in the euent :
 But man, whose organs are more fairly drest,
 To entertaine a farre more noble Ghest,
 Hath, through the excellence of his Creation,
 A Soule Diuine ; Diuine by inspiration ;
 Diuine through likenesse to that pow'r Diuine,
 That made and plac'd her in her mortall shrine ;
 From hence we challenge life's prerogatiue ;
 Beasts onely breathe ; 'Tis man alone doth liue ;
 The end of man's Creation, was Society,
 Mutuall Communion, and friendly Piety :
 The man that liues vnto himselfe alone,
 Subsists and breathes, but liues not ; Neuer one
 Deseru'd the moiety of himselfe, for he
 That's borne, may challenge but one part of three ;

Triparted thus ; his Country claimes the best ;
The next, his Parents ; and Himselfe, the least.
He husbands best his life, that freely giues
It for the publike good ; He rightly liues,
That nobly dies : 'tis greatest mastery,
Not to be fond to liue, nor feare to dye
On iust occasion ; He that (in case) despises
Life, earns it best, but he that ouer-prizes
His dearest blood, when Honour bids him dye,
Steales but a life, and liues by Robbery.

O sweet Redeemer of the world, whose death
Deseru'd a world of liues ! Had Thy deare breath
Been deare to Thee ; Oh had'st Thou but deny'd
Thy precious Blood, the world for e'r had dy'd :
O spoyle my life, when I desire to saue it,
By keeping it from Thee, that freely gaue it.'

(Vol. II. p. 62.)

24. Nurse and child.

'Euen as a Nurse, whose child's imperfect pace
Can hardly leade his foot from place to place,
Leaues her fond kissing, sets him downe, to goe,
Nor does vphold him, for a step, or two :
But when she findes that he begins to fall,
She holds him vp, and kisses him withall :
So God, from man sometimes withdrawes his Hand
A while, to teach his Infant-faith to stand :
But when he sees his feeble strength begin
To faile, He gently takes him vp againe.'

(*Ibid.* p. 75/1, ll. 33-42.)

25. Contrast between Wisdom and Knowledge.

'The Morall Poets, (nor vnaptly) faine,
That by lame Vulcan's help, the pregnant braine
Of soueraign *Ioue*, brought forth, and at that birth,
Was borne *Minerua*, Lady of the earth.

O strange Diuinity ! but sung by rote ;
Sweet is the tune, but in a wilder note.

The Morall sayes, All Wisedome that is giuen
To hood-wink't mortals, first, proceeds from beauen :
Truth's error, Wisedom's, but wise insolence,
And light's but darknesse, not deriu'd from thence ;
Wisdom's a straine transcends Morality,
No Vertu's absent, Wisedome being by.
Vertue, by constant practice, is acquir'd,
This (this by sweat vnpurchas't) is inspir'd :
The master-piece of knowledge, is to know
But what is Good, from what is good in show,
And there it rests : Wisdome proceeds, and chuses
The seeming Euill, th' apparant Good refuses ;
Knowledge deseru's, alone ; Wisedome applies,
That, makes some fooles, this, maketh none but wise ;
The curious hand of Knowledge doth but pick
Bare simples, Wisedome pounds them, for the sicke ;
In my affliction, Knowledge apprehends,
Who is the Authour, what the Cause, and Ends ;
It findes that Patience is my sad reliefe,
And that the Hand that caus'd, can cure my grieve :

To rest contented here, is but to bring
Clouds without raine, and heat without a Spring :
What hope arises hence ? The Diuels doe
The very same : They know, and tremble too ;
But sacred Wisedome doth apply that Good,
Which simple Knowledge barely vnderstood :
Wisdome concludes, and in conclusion, proues,
That wheresoeuer God corrects, he loues :
Wisdome digests, what knowledge did but tast ;
That deales in futures, this, in things are past :
Wisdom's the Card of Knowledge, which, without
That Guide, at random's wreckt on euery doubt :
Knowledge, when Wisedome is too weak to guide her,
Is like a head-strong Horse, that throws the Rider :
Which made that great Philosopher auow,
He knew so much, that he did nothing know.

Lord, giue me Wisdome to direct my wayes,
I beg nor riches, nor yet length of dayes.
O grant thy seruant Wisedome, and with it,
I shall receiue such Knowledge as will fit
To serue my turne : I wish not *Phabus'* waine,
Without his skill to driue it, lest I gaine
Too deare an Honour ; Lord, I will not stay,
To pick more Manna, then will serue to-day.'

(Vol. II. p. 86.)

26. Faith's vision.

'The man, that with a sharpe contracted eye,
Looks in a cleare Perspectiue-Glasse, doth spie
Objects remote, which, to the sense, appeare
(Through helpe of the Perspectiue) seeming neere.
So they that liu'd within the Lawe's Dominion,
Did heare farre off, a Bruit and buzz'd Opinion,
A Saulour (one day) should be borne ; but hee,
That had a Perspectiue of Faith, might see
That long-expected Day of Ioy as cleere,
As if the Triumph had been then kept there.'

(*Ibid.* p. 87/2, ll. 49-58.)

27. Wise-fool or fool-wise.

'A fourth, more sage, more wisely melancholy,
Perswades himselfe, her Deity's too holy,
For common hands to touch ; he rather chuses,
To make a long daye's iourney to the Muses :
To *Athens* (gown'd) he goes, and from that Schoole
Returns vnsped, a more instructed foole.'

(*Ibid.* p. 89/1, ll. 19-24.)

28. Riches.

'The swelling of an outward Fortune can
Create a prosperous, not a happy man.'

(*Ibid.* ll. 41-42.)

29. Curiosity.

'Tis Vertue to flye Vice : Ther's none more stout
Then he that ventures to pick Vertue out,
Betwixt a brace of vices : Dangers stand,
Threatning his ruine, vpon either hand ;
His Card must guide him, lest his Pinnacle runne
Vpon *Charibdis*, while it *Scylla* shun :

In moderation all Vertue lyes ;
 'Tis greater folly to be over-wise,
 Then rudely ignorant : The golden meane,
 Is but to know enough ; safer to leane
 To Ignorance then Curiositie,
 For lightning blasts the Mountaines that are high :
 The first of men, from hence, deseru'd his fall,
 He sought for secrets, and sought death, withall :
 Secrets are vnfit obiects for our eyes,
 They blind vs in beholding : he that tryes
 To handle water, the more hard he straines
 And gripes his hand, the lesse his hand retaines :
 The mind that's troubled with that pleasing itch,
 Of knowing Secrets, hauing flowne a pitch
 Beyond it selfe, the higher it ascends,
 And strives to know, the lesse it apprehends :
 That secret Wiseman, is an open Foole,
 Which takes a Councel-chamber, for a Schoole.

The eye of man desires no farther light,
 Then to descry the object of his sight,
 And rests contented with the Sunne's reflection,
 But lab'ring to behold his bright complexion
 If it presume t' outface his glorious Light,
 The beames bereaue him, lustly, of his sight :
 Euen so the mind should rest in what's reueal'd,
 But over-curious, if in things conceal'd,
 She wade too farre, beyond her depth, vnbounded,
 Her knowledge will be lost, and she confounded.
 Farre safer 'tis, of things vnure, to doubt,
 Then vnderake to riddle secrets out.

It was demanded once, What God did doe
 Before the World he framed ? Whereunto
 Answer was made, *He built a Hell for such,*
As are too curious, and would know too much.

Who flies with *Icarus* his father, shall
 Haue *Icarus* his fortunes and his fall.
 A noble Prince, (whose bounteous hand was bent,
 To recompense his seruant's faith, and vent
 The earnest of his fauours,) did not proffer,
 But wil'd him, boldly, to preuent his offer :
 Thankfull, he thus reply'd, *Then grant vnto me*
This boone, With-hold thy princely secrets from me.

That holy Man, in whose familiar care
 Heauen oft had thundred, might not come too neare :
 The Temple must haue Curtaines ; mortall hearts
 Must rest content to see his Hinder parts.

I care not (Lord) how farre thy Face be off,
 If I but kisse thy Hand, I haue enough.'

(Vol. II. p. 90.)

30. *Elixir-gold.*

'Plaine Bullion pleaseth me, I not desire
 Deare Ingots from th' Elixar's piercing fire.'

(*Ibid.* p. 94/2, ll. 43-44.)

31. *God.*

'The Fountaine of all Arts, Confounding Art ;
 Both All in All, and All in euery part.'

(*Ibid.* p. 95/2, ll. 21-22.)

Pope's Essay on Man shows he had read
 that Quarles whom he traduced.

We have now reached 'Sion's Elegies.'
 Will the reader pause and turn to the follow-
 ing, and 'dwell' upon them ?

Vol. II. p. 105-6, Elegies 2, 11, 19.

„ p. 108, 110, „ 1, 19.

„ p. 111, „ 3, 5.

„ p. 113, „ 17, 19.

„ p. 115, „ 9, 14.

In the 'History of Samson' I find abun-
 dant 'noticeable things'; but I must select
 only a few :—

32. *Thankfulness.*

'A Thankfull heart hath eard one favour twice ;
 But he, that is ungratefull, wants no vice :
 The beast, that only lives the life of Sense,
 Prone to his severall actions and propense
 To what he does, without th' advice of will,
 Guided by nature (that does nothing ill)
 In practicke *Maximes*, proves it a thing hatefull,
 T' accept a Favour, and to live ungratefull :
 But man, whose more diviner soule hath gain'd
 A higher step, to reason ; nay, attain'd
 A higher step then that, the light of grace,
 Comes short of them ; and in that point, more base
 Then they, most prompt and perfect in that rude,
 Vnnaturall, and high sinne, *Ingratitude* :
 The Stall-fed *Oxe*, that is growne fat, will know
 His carefull feeder, and acknowledge too :
 The prouder *Stallion*, will at length espy,
 His Master's bounty, in his Keeper's eye :
 The ayre-dividing *Faulkon*, will requite
 Her Faulkner's paynes, with a well-pleasing flight :
 The generous *Spaniell*, loves his Master's eye,
 And licks his fingers, though no meat be by ;
 But *Man*, ungratefull Man, that's borne, and bred
 By Heaven's immediate powre ; maintain'd and fed
 By his providing hand ; observ'd, attended
 By his indulgent grace ; preserv'd, defended
 By his prevailing arme ; this *Man*, I say,
 Is more ungratefull, more obdure then they :
 By him, we live and move ; from him, we have
 What blessings he can give, or we can crave :
Food for our Hunger ; *Dainties*, for our pleasure ;
Trades, for our busines ; *Pastimes*, for our leasure ;
 In griefe, he is our *Joy* ; in want, our *Wealth* ;
 In bondage, *Freedome* ; and in sicknes, *Health* ;
 In peace, our *Counsell* ; and in warre, our *Leader* ;
 At Sea, our *Pilot* ; and, in Suites, our *Pleader* ;
 In paine, our *Helpe* ; in Triumph, our *Renowne* ;
 In life, our *Comfort* ; and in death, our *Crowne* ;
 Yet *Man*, O most ungratefull Man, can ever
 Enjoy the *Gift*, but never minde the *Giver* ;
 And like the *Swine*, though pamp'erd with enough,
 His eyes are never higher then the *Trough* :

We still receive : Our hearts we seldome lift
To heaven ; But drowne the giver in the *Gift* ;
We tast the *Skollops*, and returne the *Shells* ;
Our sweet *Pomgranats*, want their silver *Bells* :
We take the *Gift* ; the hand that did present it,
We oft reward ; forget the *Friend*, that sent it.
A blessing given to those will not disburse
Some thanks, is little better then a curse.
Great giver of all blessings ; thou that art
The Lord of *Gifts* ; give me a gratefull *Heart* :
O give me that, or keepe thy favours from me :
I wish no blessings, with a *Vengeance* to me.'

(Vol. II. p. 142/a.)

These two lines of Manoah's wife's reward
are quaintly and neatly expressed :—

'And for the toilesome worke that she had done,
She found the wages of a new-borne Sonne.'

(*Ibid.* p. 143/a, last two lines.)

33. *Divine Wisdom.*

'How deepe, and how unsearchable are the Mines
Of his abundant Wisedome !'

(*Ibid.* p. 148/1, l. 6.)

Cf. Cowper :—

'Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill.'

34. *Luxurious living.*

'Could our Fore-fathers but revive, and see
Their Children's Feasts, as now a dayes they be ;
Their studyed dishes ; Their restoring stufte,
To make their wanton bodies sinne enough ;
Their stomacke-whetting Sallats, to invite
Their wastfull palats to an appetite ;
Their thirst-procuring dainties, to refine
Their wanton tastes, and make them strong, for wine ;
Their costly viands, charg'd with rich perfume ;
Their Viper-wines, to make old age presume
To feele new lust, and youthfull flames agin,
And serve another prentiship to sinne ;
Their time-betraying Musicke ; their base noise
Of odious Fiddlers, with their smooth-fac'd boyes,
Whose tongues are perfect, if they can proclaime
The Quintessence of basenesse, without shame ;
Their deepe-mouth'd curses ; New-invented Oathes,
Their execrable Blasphemy, that loathes
A minde to thinke on ; Their obscener words ;
Their drunken Quarrells ; Their unsheathed swords ;
O how they 'd blesse themselves, and blush, for shame,
In our behalfs, and hast from whence they came,
To kisse their graves, that hid them from the crimes
Of these accursed and prodigious times.

Great God ; O, can thy patient eye behold
This height of sinne, and can thy Vengeance hold ?'

(*Ibid.* p. 149/1, l. 6 from bottom, to end.)

35. *Spider.*

'Have thy observing eyes
Ere marked the Spider's garbe, how close she lies
Within her curious webbe ; And by and by,
How quicke she hasts to her entangled Flie ;
And, whispring poyson in his murmuring eares,
At last, she tugges her silent guest, and beares
His hampred body to the inner roome
Of her obscure and solitary Home ;
Even so this snaring beauty entertaines,
Our eye-led *Samson*, tampered with the chaines
Of her imperious eyes ; and he, that no man
Could conquer, now lies conquered by a woman.'

(Vol. II. p. 161/1, Sect. 19, l. 2 from bottom.)

36. *The Sum-total.*

'Wages of Sinne, is death. The day must come
Wherein the equall hand of death must summe
The severall *Items* of man's fading glory,
Into the easie *totall* of one *Story* :
The browes that sweat for Kingdomes and renown,
To glorifie their temples with a Crowne ;
At length, grow cold, and leave their honour'd name
To flourish in th' uncertaine blast of fame :
This is the height that glorious Mortalls can
Attaine ; This is the highest pitch of Man :
The quilted Quarters of the Earth's great Ball,
Whose unconfined limits were too small
For his extreme Ambition to deserve,
Six foote of length and three of bredth must serve :
This is the highest pitch that Man can file ;
And after all his Triumph, he shall die.
Lives he in *Wealth* ? Does well deserved store
Limit his wish, that he can wish no more ?
And does the fairest bounty of encrease
Crown him with plenty ; and his dayes with peace ?
It is a right hand blessing ; But supplie
Of wealth can not secure him ; He must die :
Lives he in *Pleasure* ? Does perpetual mirth
Lend him a little Heaven upon his earth ?
Meets he no sullen care, no sudden losse
To coole his joyes ? Breathes he without a crosse ?
Wants he no pleasure, that his wanton eye
Can crave, or hope from fortune ? He must dye
Lives he in *honour* ? Hath his faire desert
Obtained the freedome of his Prince's heart ?
Or may his more familiar hands disburse
His liberal favours, from his royall purse ?
Alas, his honour cannot soare too high,
For pale-fac'd death to follow : He must dye :
Lives he a *Conquerour* ? and doth Heaven blesse
His Heart with spirit ; that spirit, with successe ;
Successe, with Glory ; Glory with a name,
To live with the Eternity of Fame ?
The progress of his lasting fame may vye
With time ; But yet the Conqueror must dye :
Great and good God. Thou Lord of life and Death ;
In whom, the Creature, bath his being, breath ;

Teach me to underprize this life ; and I
Shall finde my losse the easier, when I dye ;
So raise my feeble thoughts, and dull desire,
That when these vain and weary dayes expire,
I may discard my flesh, with joy, and quit
My better part of this false earth, and it
Of some more sinne ; and for this transitory
And tedious life, enjoy a life of Glory.'

(Vol. II. p. 168, Med. 23.)

'Solomon's Recantation' has numerous 'noticeable things,' and will richly reward prolonged study. Again I am enforced to draw in my hand, and leave it untouched. The 'Divine Fancies' will be studied by all who care for fine thoughts and wise sayings and vivid utterances. With reference to them, the admirable Biographer of Thomas Fuller, John Eglinton Bailey, Esq., F.S.A., was disposed to assign certain Sacred Epigrams that belong to him (*meo judicio*) to Quarles. But I cannot agree with him. There could have been no reason for the non-inclusion of them in one or other of the editions of the 'Divine Fancies' had they been his. As matter-of-fact they are in none. It is a disappointment to me that my waning space will not allow of the very considerable number of these Epigrams (so called) that I had inevitably marked.

37. *On the Needle of a Sun-diall.*

'Behold this needle ; when the *Artick* stone
Hath toucht it, how it trembles vp and downe ;
Hunts for the *Pole* ; and cannot be possest,
Of peace, vntill it finde that poynt, that rest :
Such is the *heart* of Man ; which, when it hath
Attayn'd the virtue of a lively faith,
It findes no rest on earth, makes no abode
In any Object, but his *heav'n*, his *God*.'

(*Ibid.* p. 204, No. 25.)

38. *On the Young Man in the Gospel.*

'How well our *Saviour* and the *landed Youth*
Agreed a little while ? And, to say truth,
Had he had will and power in his hand,
To keepe the *Law*, but as he kept his *Land* ;
No doubt, his soule had found the sweet fruition
Of his owne choyce desires without Petition :
But he must *Sell*, and *Follow* ; or else, not
Obtaine his *heav'n* : O now his *heav'n* 's too hot :
He cannot stay ; He has no businesse there :
Hee 'l rather misse, then buy his *heav'n* too deare :

When Broth 's too hot for hasty hounds, how they
Will lick their scalded lips, and sneake away !'
(Vol. II. p. 206, No. 43.)

39. *On the Plough-man.*

'I heare the whistling *Plough-man*, all day long,
Sweetning his labour with a chearefull song :
His Bed 's a Pad of *Straw* ; His dyet, course ;
In both, he fares not better then his *Horse* :
He seldome slakes his thirst, but from the *Pumpe*,
And yet his heart is blithe ; his visage, plumpe ;
His thoughts are nere acquainted with such things,
As *Griefes* or *Feares* ; He onely sweats, and sings :
Whenas the Landed *Lord*, that cannot dine
Without a Qualme, if not refresht with *Wine* ;
That cannot iudge that controverted case,
'Twixt meat and mouth, without the *Bride* of Sauce ;
That claimes the service of the purest linnen,
To pamper and to shroud his dainty skin in,
Groanes out his dayes, in lab'ring to appease
The rage of either *Buismes*, or *Disease* :
Alas, his silken *Robes*, his costly *Diet*
Can lend a little pleasure, but no *Quiet* :
The vtold summes of his descended wealth
Can give his Body plenty, but not *Health* :
The one, in Paynes, and want, possesses all ;
T' other, in Plenty, finds no peace at all ;
'Tis strange ! And yet the cause is easily shown ;
T' one 's at *God* 's finding ; t' other, at his *owne*.'

(*Ibid.* p. 210, No. 77.)

40. *On Buying of the Bible.*

'Tis but a folly to reioyce, or boast,
How smal a *price*, thy wel-bought *Pen* 'worth cost :
Vntill thy death, thou shalt not fully know,
Whether thy *Purchase* be good cheape, or no ;
And at that day, beleeve 't, it will appeare,
If no extreamely *cheape*, extreamely *deare*.'

(*Ibid.* p. 213, No. 99.)

The last having been found written with text differing only, in gentle young Michael Bruce's Bible, it was too hastily assumed to be his own composition. The author of the 'Ode to the Cuckoo' and 'Elegy on Spring' and the paraphrases, can afford to give back to Quarles this green leaf.

Very airy and graceful is

41. *To my Books.*

'My Little *Pinnace*, strike thy *Sayles*,
Let slippe thy *Anchor* ; The *Winde* fayles :
And Sea-men oft, in *Calmes* doe feare
That foule, and boystrous weather 's neare :
If a robustious *Storme* should rise,
And bluster from Censorious *Eyes*,
Although the swelling *Waves* be rough,
And proud, thy *Harbour* 's safe enough :

Rest, Rest a while, till ebbing *Tides*
 Shall make thee *stanch*, and *breme* thy sides ;
 When *Winds* shall serve, hoyst up thy Sayle,
 And flye before a prosp'rous *Gale* ;
 That all the *Coasters* may resort,
 And bid thee welcome to thy PORT.'

(Vol. II. p. 213.)

42. *On the Sight of a Plague-bill.*

'Five thousand in a weeke, in one poore City ?
 Because it was thy *Pleasure*, 'twas no pity ;
 Why should thou pity vs, Iust God, when we
 Could never finde a time to pity thee ?
 Thou never strik'st without a reason why,
 Nor often, then : We easily cast our eye
 Vpon the *punishment*, but blinde to th' *sin*,
 That farre transcends the *Iudgement* it calls in :
 O, if the weekly *Bills* of our Transgression
 Could but appeare, and make as deepe impression
 In our sad hearts, to make our hearts but know
 As great a sorrow, as our *Plague-bills* doe ;
 No doubt, no doubt but Heav'n's avenging hand
 Would turne a Stranger to our prosperous Land :
 O, if that weekly *Catalogue* of Sin
 Could, with our City *Bills* be brought but in,
 And be compar'd, wee'd think our *Bills* not high,
 But rather wonder there are men, to *dye*.'

(*Ibid.* p. 227, No. 76.)

43. *On Drunkenness.*

'It is a *Theife* ; that, oft before his face,
 Steales *Man* away, and layes a *Beast* in 's place.'
 (*Ibid.* p. 233, No. 36.)

Surely here is a perfect little gem of a poem :—

44. *To Sir Iulius Cesar, Master of the Rolles.*

'The high *Perfections*, wherewith heav'n do's please
 To crowne our transitory dayes, are these ;
Goods well possesse, and not possessing thee :
 A faithfull *Friend* ; equall in love, degree :
Lands fruitfull, and not conscious of a *Curse* :
 A boastlesse *hand* ; a Charitable *purse* :
 A smiling *Conscience* ; A contented *Mind* ;
 A sober *knowledge*, with true *Wisdome*, joynd ;
 A *Brest*, well-temper'd ; *Dyet*, without Art,
 Surfeit, or want ; A wisely-simple *Heart* ;
Pastimes ingenious, lawfull, manly, sparing ;
 A *Spirit* not contentious, rash, but daring :
 A *Body* healthfull, sound, and fit for labour ;
 A *House* well-order'd ; and an equall *Neighbour* :
 A prudent *wife*, and constant to the rooffe ;
 Sober, but yet not sad, and faire enough ;
Sleepe seasonable, moderate, and secure ;
Actions heroicke, constant, blamelesse, pure ;
 A *Life*, as long as faire ; and when expir'd,
 A glorious *Death*, unfear'd, as undesir'd.'

(*Ibid.* p. 251/1.)

The more private and personal 'Elegies' of Quarles are exceedingly soft and sweet and tender, though unhappily mixed with mean things side by side with the beautiful, and even grand. The Plague (as we have seen) carried off Bishop Aylmer, and his 'Elegies' for him 'must ever be numbered,' says Willmott (as before), 'among the most precious tributes of sincere affection to be found in our language.' He gave to these poems the quaint title of 'An Alphabet of Elegies, upon the much and truly lamented death of that famous for Learning, Piety, and true friendship, Doctor Ailmer. A great favourer, and fast friend to the Muses.' The prefixed Epistle is pathetic :—

'*Readers*,—Give mee leave to performe a necessary duty, which my affection owes to the blessed memory of that reverend Prelate, my much honoured friend, Doctor Ailmer : Hee was one, whose life and death made as full and perfect a Story of worth and goodnesse as earth would suffer, and whose pregnant vertues deserve as faithfull a Register, as earth can keepe : In whose happy remembrance, I have here trusted these Elegies to time and your favours : had hee beene a Lampe to light me alone, my private griefes had beene sufficient ; but being a Sun, whose beames reflected on all, all have an interest in his memory ; to which end I recommend these memorialls to the publike, in testimony of my undissembled affection, and true piety that I owe to so great an example of Vertue and Learning.' (Vol. III. p. 4.)

Under the good Bishop's name in the Index of Names (Vol. III.), I give Willmott's words on him. Here and now I must be satisfied with a few short *bits*—like trying to gather Morning's rain-tears, or dew-drops from a rose's red breast :—

45. *The Muses.*

'Bvt stay : (sad *Genius*) How doe griefes transport
 Thy exil'd senses ? Is there no resort
 To fork'd *Parnassus*' sacred Mount ? No word,
 No thought of *Helicon* ? No Muse implor'd ?
 I did invoke, but there was none repli'd ;
 The nine were silent, since *Mecenas* dy'd :
 They have forsaken their old Spring : 'tis said,
 They haunt a new one, which their teares have made :
 Should I molest them with my losse ? 'Tis knowne,
 They finde enough to relament their owne :
 I crave no ayde, no Deitie to infuse
 New matter : Ah ! True sorrow needs no Muse.'

(*Ibid.* p. 5, Eleg. 2.)

46. *Death an Epicure.*

'Death, art thou grown so nice? can nothing please
Thy curious palate, but such Cates as these?
Or hath thy ravenous stomach been o'rprest
With common dyet at thy last great feast?
Or hast thou fed so neare that there is none
Now left but delicates to feed upon?
Or was this dish so tempting, that no power
Was left in thee to stay another hower?
Or didst thou feed by chance, and not observ'd
What food it was, but tooke as fortune carv'd?
'Tis done. Be it or Fortune's act or thine,
It fed the one, whose want made Millions pine.'

(Vol. III. p. 5, Eleg. 4.)

47. *Envy.*

'Envie, now burst with joy, and let thine eyes
Strut forth with fatnesse: let thy Collops rise
Pampr'd and plump: Feed full for many yeares
Vpon our losse: be drunken with our teares:
For he is dead, whose Soule did never cease
To crosse and violate your malicious peace:
He's dead; but in his death hath overthrowne
More vices than his happy life had done:
In life he taught to dye; and he did give
In death a great example how to live:
Though he be gone, his fame is left behinde:
Now leave thy laughing, Envy, and be pin'd.'

(Ibid. Eleg. 5.)

48. *Farewell.*

'Farewell those eyes, whose gentle smiles forsooke
No misery, taught Charity how to looke:
Farewell those cheerefull eyes, that did e'rwhile,
Teach succour'd misery how to blesse a smile:
Farewell those eyes whose mixt aspect, of late
Did reconcile humility and state:
Farewell those eyes, that to their joyfull guest,
Proclaim'd their ordinary fare, a feast;
Farewell those eyes, the load-stars, late, whereby
The Graces sail'd secure, from eye to eye:
Farewell deare eyes, bright Lamps; ô who can tell
Your glorious welcome, or our sad farewell?'

(Ibid. Eleg. 6.)

49. *Earth could not hold him.*

'Had Vertue, Learning, the Diviner Arts,
Wit, judgement, wisdom, (or what other parts
That make perfection, and returne the minde
As great as earth can suffer) been confin'd
To earth; had they the Patent to abide
Secure from change, our *Ailmer* ne'r had dy'd:
Fond earth forbears and let thy childish eyes
Ne'r weep for him thou ne'r knew'st how to prize;
Shed not a teare, blinde earth; for it appears,
Thou never lov'dst our *Ailmer*, by thy teares:
Or if thy floods must needs o'flow their brim,
Lament, lament thy blindness, and not him.'

(Ibid. p. 6, Eleg. 8.)

50. *The End.*

'I wondred not to heare so brave an end,
Because I knew, who made it could contend
With death, and conquer, and in open chace
Would spit defiance in his conquered face;
And did: Dauntlesse he trod him underneath,
To shew the weaknesse of unarmed death:
Nay, had report, or niggard Fame deny'd
His name, it had beene knowne 'twas *Ailmer* dy'd.
It was no wonder, to heare rumour tell,
That he which dy'd so oft, once dy'd so well:
Great Lord of Life, how hath thy dying breath
Made man, whom death had conquer'd, conquer death.'

(Vol. III. Eleg. 9.)

51. *Self-Knowledge.*

'Knowledge (the depth of whose unbounded main
Hath been the wreck of many a curious braine,
And from her (yet unreconciled) schooles
Hath fill'd us with so many learned fooles)
Hath tutor'd thee with rules that cannot erre,
And taught thee how to know thy selfe, and her:
Furnisht thy nimble soule in height of measure,
With humane riches and divinest treasure,
From whence as from a sacred spring, did flow
Fresh Oracles, to let the hearer know
A way to glory; and to let him see,
The way to glory, is to study thee.'

(Ibid. Eleg. 10.)

52. *Sunset.*

'And (like the Sunne) in spight of death and fate,
He seem'd greatest in his lowest state.'

(Ibid. Eleg. 11, last couplet.)

53. *Not Dead.*

'No, no, he is not dead; The mouth of fame,
Honor's shrill Herald, would preserve his name,
And make it live in spight of death and dust,
Were there no other heaven, no other trust.
He is not dead: The sacred Nine deny,
The soule that merits Fame, should ever dye:
He lives; and when the latest breath of fame
Shall want her Trumpe, to glorifie a name,
He shall survive, and these selfe-closed eyes,
That now lie slumbring in the dust, shall rise,
And fill'd with endlesse glory, shall enjoy
The perfect vision of eternall joy.'

(Ibid. Eleg. 13.)

54. *'Idle Tears.'*

'O but the dregs of flesh and blood! how close
They grapple with my soule, and interpose
Her higher thoughts; which, yet but young of wing,
They cause to stoope and strike at every thing;
Passion presents before their weaken'd eye,
Judgement and better reason standing by!
I must lament, Nature commands it so:
The more I strive with teares, the more they flow:

These eyes have just, nay double cause of moane,
They weep the common losse, they weep their own.
He sleeps indeed ; then give me leave to weep
Teares, fully answerable to his sleep.'

(Vol. III. p. 6, Eleg. 14.)

Nearly equal to the Ailmer 'Elegies' is that upon Dr. Wilson. of the Rolles, with whom Quarles had dined, and sat next, on the very day of his awfully sudden death :—

55. *Grief.*

'No Azure dapples my bedark'ned skies ;
My Passion has no April in her Eyes.'

(*Ibid.* i, p. 19.)

56. *Muse.*

'Sorrow can infuse
A spirit without a Muse.'

(*Ibid.* 2.)

57. *A fallen Star.*

'This day a Starre is false, whose golden head
Guilt everie eye with flame ; whose lustre led
The wandering Wisemen of the world to see
The sacred object of a bended knee :
That Starre, by whose faire conduct we address
To view that Babe, new-borne in every brest ;
That gracious Starre, which glorified our spheare ;
That fill'd each eye with object, every eare
With Oracle ; That Starre has lost her light,
And cloath'd our eyes with night.'

(*Ibid.* No. 6.)

58. *A Pillar.*

'This day a Pillour's false, that did support
The holy Rafters of faire *Sion's* Court ;
A great Colosse, whose marble shoulders bore
So large a share, that even the sacred floore
Did startle, and her consecrated wall
Did shake and tremble at the sudden fall :
Our Pillour's downe, that Pillour which became
By day, our Israel's Cloud ; by night her flame :
What eye that loves our *Sion* can behold
Such ruines, and yet hold?'

(*Ibid.* No. 7.)

59. *Life-patents.*

'Patents of humane lifes are short ; and drawne
Without a Clause, and with a secret Date ;
Our day is spent, before it scarcely dawne,
Each Vrn's appointed, come it soon or late ;
The coarse-grain'd Lockrom, and the white-skin Lawne
Are both subjected to the selfe-same Fate :
Fate throwes at all, Death sips of ev'rie blood,
Had she but slain the bad, and spar'd the Good,
Our Quil had spar'd this Inck, our eies had spar'd this
Flood.'

(*Ibid.* p. 25, st. 15.)

60. *Mysteries of death.*

'Quick-finger'd Death's impartiall, and lets flie
Her shafts at all ; but aims with fouler spite
At fairer Markes ; She, now and then, shoots by
And hits a Foole, but levels at the White.
She often pricks the Eagle in the Eye,
And spares the Carcas of the flagging Kite ;
Queens drop away, when blue-leg'd *Maukin* lives ;
Drones thrive, when Bees are burnt within their
hives,
And Courtly *Mildred* dies, when Country *Madge* sur-
vives.'

(Vol. III. st. 16.)

Wordsworth knew that.

61. *Blessedness.*

'Undoubted Peace, and sempeternall Ioy
Rests thy faire Soule in everlasting Blisse ;
Compar'd to thine, how I contemne this Toy,
This life, and all this silly world calls, This !
At all adventures, may those hands convey
My soule, (which carried thine) where thy soule is :
Blest Heire of life, If such a Thing could be,
That Heav'n's pearly Portals should bee close to
Thee,
What should become of Man ! what should become of
mee !'

(*Ibid.* st. 20.)

62. *Summary.*

'Yet one word more : And then my Quill and I
Will woo *Apollo* ; and beg leave to play :
Youth, learne to live ; and deeper Age, to die ;
This heav'n-fled Saint hath scor'd ye both, the way :
Your Rule's above, but your Example's by ;
Heav'n sets not earth such Copies ev'ry day.
Her vertues be your Guide ; They lie before ye ;
So shall ye adde more Honour to her Story,
And gain your selves a Crowne ; and gain her Crowne
more Glory.'

(*Ibid.* p. 26, st. 22.)

63. *Her Epitaph.*

'Wee boast no vertues, and wee beg no teares ;
O Reader ; if thou hast but Eyes and Eares
It is enough ; But tell mee, why
Thou com'st to gaze ? Is it to pry
Into our Cost, or borrow
A Copy of our sorrow ?
Or dost thou come
To learne to die,
Not knowing whom
To practice by ?
If this bee thy desire
Then draw thee one step nigher ;
Here lies a President ; a rarer
Earth never show'd ; nor heav'n, a fairer,
She was—But room forbids to tel thee what ;
Summe all perfection up, and She was That.
Esse sui voluit Monumentum & Pignus Amoris.'

(*Ibid.*)

On the 'Emblems' I may not dwell as I had intended. Onward (in Appendix D.) I shall give certain details. But I must ask my Readers to be 'persuaded' to devote a week of 'quiet evenings' to the 'Emblems' and 'Hieroglyphics.'

64. *The Poet's Inspiration.*

'Snatch thee a Quill from the spread Eagle's wing.
And, like the morning Lark, mount up and sing :
Cast off these dangling plummets, that so clog
Thy lab'ring heart, which gropes in this dark fog
Of dungeon-earth ; Let flesh and bloud forbear
To stop thy flight, till this base world appear
A thin blew Lanskip : Let thy pineons sore
So high a pitch, that men may seem no more
Than Pismires, crawling on this Mole-hill earth,
Thy care untroubled with their frantick mirth ;
Let not the frailtie of thy flesh disturb
Thy new-concluded peace ; Let Reason curb
Thy hot-mouth'd Passion ; and let heav'n's fire season
The fresh Conceits of thy corrected Reason.
Disdain to warm thee at Lust's smokie fires,
Scorn, scorn to feed on thy old bloast desires :
Come, come, my soul, hoys up thy higher sails,
The wind blowes fair ! Shall we still creep like Snails,
That gild their wayes with their own native slimes ?
No, we must flie like Eagles, and our Rhimes
Must mount to heav'n and reach th' Olympick ear ;
Our heav'n-blown fire must seek no other Sphear.

Thou great *Theanthropos*, that giv'st and ground'st
Thy gifts in dust ; and from our dunghill crown'st
Reflected Honour, taking by retail,
What thou hast giv'n in grosse, from lapsed, frall
And sinfull man ; that drink'st full draughts, wherein
Thy Children's leproous fingers, scurf'd with Sin
Have padled ; cleanse, O cleanse my crafty Soul
From secret crimes, and let my thoughts controul
My thoughts : O, teach me stoutly to deny
My self, that I may be no longer I :
Enrich my fancie, clarifie my thoughts,
Refine my drosse ; O, wink at humane faults ;
And through this slender conduit of my Quill
Convey thy Current, whose clear streams may fill
The hearts of men with love, their tongues with prayse,
Crown me with Glory : Take, who list, the Bayes.'

(Vol. III. p. 46.)

65. *The Sea.*

'The white-mouth'd Water now usurps the shore.'

(*Ibid.* p. 47. st. 4.)

Cf. George Daniel of Beswick :—

'The white-mouth'd billows of the unsounded Sea.'

66. *Cupid.*

'What, *Cupid*, are thy shafts already made?
And seeking honey, to set up thy trade?

True Embleme of thy sweets ! Thy Bees do bring
Honey in their mouths, but in their tails, a sting.'
(*Epigr.* 3, Vol. III. p. 48/a.)

Very vigorous and every way admirable is
this 'Emblem' :—

67. *Eccles.* iv. 8.

'O how our wid'ned arms can over-stretch
Their own dimensions ! How our hands can reach
Beyond their distance ! How our yielding breast
Can shrink, to be more full, and full possess
Of this inferiour Orb ! How earth refin'd
Can cling to sordid earth ! How kind to kind !
We gape, we grasp, we gripe, adde store to store ;
Enough requires too much : too much craves more.
We charge our souls so sore beyond their stint,
That we recoyl or burst : The busie Mint
Of our laborious thoughts is ever going,
And coyning new desires ; desires, not knowing
Where next to pitch, but like the boundlesse Ocean
Gain, and gain ground, and grow more strong by
motion.

The pale-fac'd Lady of the black-ey'd night
First tips her horned browes with easie light,
Whose curious train of spangled Nymphs attire
Her next night's glory with encreasing fire ;
Each ev'ning addes more luster, and adorns
The growing beauty of her grasping horns :
She sucks and draws her brother's golden store
Untill her glutt'd Orb can suck no more.
Ev'n so the Vultur of insatiate minds
Still wants, and wanting seeks, and seeking finds
New fewel to encrease her rav'nous fire :
The grave is sooner cloyd then men's desire.
We crosse the seas, and 'midst her waves we burn,
Transporting lifes, perchance that ne'r return :
We sack, we ransack to the utmost sands
Of native kingdoms, and of forrein lands ;
We travel sea and soyl, we pry, we proul,
We progresse, and we prog from pole to pole ;
We spend our mid-day sweat, our mid-night oyl,
We tire the night in thought, the day in toyl ;
We make Art servil, and the Trade gentile,
(Yet both corrupted with ingenious guile)
To compasse earth ; and with her empty store
To fill our arms, and grasp one handfull more ;
Thus seeking rest, our labours never cease,
But as our years, our hot desires encrease :
Thus we, poore little Worlds ! (with bloud and sweat)
In vain attempt to comprehend the great ;
Thus, in our gain, become we gainfull losers,
And what's enclos'd, encloses the enclosers.
Now Reader, close thy book, and then advise :
Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise ;
Let not thy nobler thoughts be alwayes raking
The world's base dunghill ; vermin's took by taking :
Take heed thou trust not the deceitfull lap
Of wanton *Dalilah* ; The world's a trap.'

(*Ibid.* pp. 57-8.)

68. *Deliberation.*

'Things to be done are long to be debated ;
Heav'n is not day'd. Repentance is not dated.'
(Vol. III. p. 65/a).

69. *Backsliding.*

'Tis but a foyl at best, and that 's the most
Your skill can boast :
My slipp'ry footing fail'd me ; and you tript
Just as I slipt :
Me wanton weakness did her self betray
With too much play :
I was too bold : He never yet stood sure,
That stands secure :
Who ever trusted to his native strength,
But fell at length ?
The Title 's craz'd, the Tenure is not good,
That claims by th' evidence of flesh and blood.

Boast not thy skill ; the righteous man falls oft,
Yet falls but soft :
There may be dirt to mire him, but no stones
To crush his bones :
What if he staggers ? Nay, put case he be
Foyl'd on his knee ;
That very knee will bend to Heav'n, and woo
For mercy too.
The true-bred Gamester ups a fresh, and then,
Falls to 't agen ;
Whereas the leaden-hearted coward lies,
And yields his conquer'd life, or craven'd, dies.

Boast not thy Conquest ; thou, that ev'ry hour
Fall'st ten times lower ;
Nay, hast not pow'r to rise, if not, in case,
To fall more base :
Thou wallow'st where I slip ; and thou dost tumble,
Where I but stumble :
Thou glory'st in thy slav'rie's dirty badges,
And fall'st for wages :
Sowr grief and sad repentance scowrs and clears
My stains with tears :
Thy falling keeps thy falling still in ure ;
But when I slip I stand the more secure.

Lord, what a nothing is this little Span,
We call a Man !
What fenny trash maintains the smoth'ring fires
Of his desires !
How sleight and short are his resolves at longest !
How weak at strongest !
O if a sinner held by thy right hand
Can hardly stand,
Good God ! in what a desp'rate case are they
That have no stay !
Man's state implies a necessary curse ;
When not himself, he 's mad ; when most himself he 's
worse.'

(Ibid. p. 66, xiv.)

70. *The Child of God.*

'So, now the soul 's sublim'd : her sowre desires
Are recalcin'd in heav'n's well tempred fires :
The heart restor'd and purg'd from drossie nature
Now finds the freedom of a new-born creature :
It lives another life, it breathes new breath ;
It neither feels nor fears the sting of death.
Like as the idle vagrant (having none)
That boldly 'dopts each house he views his own ;
Makes ev'ry purse his chequer ; and at pleasure,
Walks forth, and taxes all the world like *Cæsar* :
At length by virtue of a just command,
His sides are lent to a severer hand ;
Whereon his passe, not fully understood,
Is texted in a manuscript of blood :
Thus past from town to town, untill he come
A sore repentant to his native home :
Ev'n so the rambling heart, that idly roves
From crime to sin, and uncontroul'd removes
From lust to lust ; when wanton flesh invites
From old-worn pleasures to new choice delights :
At length corrected by the filial rod
Of his offended (but his gracious God)
And lasht from sins to sighs ; and by degrees,
From sighs to vows, from vows to bended knees,
From bended knees, to a true pensive breast ;
From thence to torments, not by tongues exprest,
Returns ; (and from his sinfull self exil'd)
Finds a glad father, he a welcome child :
O then it lives ; O then it lives involv'd
In secret raptures ; pants to be dissolv'd :
The royall Of-spring of a second Birth
Sets ope to Heav'n, and shuts the doors to earth :
If love-sick *Yove* commanded clouds should hap
To rain such show'rs as quickned *Danaë's* lap :
Or dogs (far kinder then their purple master)
Should lick his sores, he laughs nor weeps the faster,
If earth (Heav'n's rivall) dart her idle ray ;
To Heav'n, 'tis wax, and to the world, 'tis clay :
If earth present delights, it scorns to draw,
But, like the jet unrubb'd, disdains that straw :
No hope deceives it, and no doubt divides it ;
No grief disturbs it, and no error guides it ;
No fear distracts it, and no rage inflames it ;
No guilt condemns it, and no folly shames it ;
No sloth besots it, and no lust intralls it ;
No scorn afflicts it, and no passion gawls it :
It is a carknet of immortall life ;
An Ark of peace ; the lists of sacred strife ;
A purer peace of endlesse transitory ;
A shrine of Grace, a little throne of Glory :
A Heav'n-born Of-spring of a new-born birth ;
An earthly Heav'n ; an ounce of Heav'nly earth.'

(Vol. III. p. 66, xv.)

71. *God's Eye.*

'Our Equinoctiall hearts can never lie
Secure beneath the Tropicks of that eye.'
(Ibid. p. 73, Epig. 7.)

72. *Vain Physicians.*

'Alwayes pruning, alwayes cropping?
Is her brightnesse still obscur'd?
Ever dressing, ever topping?
Alwayes curing, never cur'd?
Too much snuffing makes a wast;
When the spirits spend too fast,
They will shrink at every blast.

You that alwayes are bestowing
Costly pains in life repairing,
Are but alwayes overthrowing
Nature's work by overcaring:
Nature meeting with her fo,
In a work she hath to do,
Takes a pride to overthrow.

Nature knowes her own perfection,
And her pride disdains a tutour,
Can not stoop to Art's correction,
And she scorns a coadjutour;
Saucy Art should not appear
Till she whisper in her ear:
Hagar flees, if Sara bear.

Nature worketh for the better,
If not hindred that she cannot;
Art stands by as her abettor,
Ending nothing she began not;
If distemper chance to seise,
Nature foyl'd with the disease,
Art may help her if she please.

But to make a trade of trying
Drugs and dosies; alwayes pruning;
Is to die for fear of dying;
He's untun'd, that's alwayes tuning.
He that often loves to lack
Dear-bought drugs hath found a knack
To foyl the man, and feed the Quack.

O the sad, the frail condition
Of the pride of Nature's glory!
How infirm his composition!
And at best how transitory!
When his ryot doth impair
Nature's weaknesse, then his care
Adds more ruine by repair.

Hold thy hand, health's dear maintainer,
Life perchance may burn the stronger:
Having substance to sustain her,
She untoucht, may last the longer:
When the Artist goes about
To redresse her flame, I doubt,
Oftentimes he snuffs it out.'

(Vol. III. p. 189, IV.)

73. *Life long enough if nobly lived.*

'Who dies in service, hath lived long enough.'

(*Ibid.* p. 192, st. 6.)

74. *Life a fading flower.*

'Behold

How short a span
Was long enough, of old,
To measure out the life of man!
In those well-temper'd dayes his time was then
Survey'd, cast up, and found but threescore years and
ten.

Alas

And what is that?
They come, and slide, and passe,
Before my pen can tell thee what.
The posts of time are swift, which having run
Their sev'n short stages o're, their short-lived task is
done.

Our dayes

Begun we lend
To sleep, to antick playes
And toyes, untill the first stage end:
12. waining moons, twice 5. times told, we give
To unrecover'd losse: We rather breath then live.

We spend

A ten years' breath,
Before we apprehend
What 't is to live, or fear a death:
Our childish dreams are fill'd with painted joyes,
Which please our sense a while, and waking, prove but
toyes.

How vain

How wretched is
Poor man, that doth remain
A slave to such a State as this!
His dayes are short, at longest; few, at most;
They are but bad, at best; yet lavisht out, or lost.

They be

The secret springs,
That make our minutes flee
On wheels more swift then Eagles' wings:
Our life's a Clock, and every gasp of breath
Breaths forth a warning grief, till *Time* shall strike a
death.

How soon

Our new-born light
Attains to full-ag'd noon!
And this, how soon to gray-hair'd night!
We spring, we bud, we blossome, and we blast
E'r we can count our dayes; our dayes, they flee so fast.

They end

When scarce begun;
And ere we apprehend
That we begin to live, our life is done:
Man, count thy dayes; and if they fle too fast
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day thy last.
(Vol. III. p. 192, IX.)

75. *Waste not Life.*

'How flux! how alterable is the date
Of transitory things!
How hurry'd on the clipping wings
Of Time, and driv'n upon the wheels of Fate!
How one condition brings
The leading Prologue to another state!
No transitory things can last:
Change waits on Time, and Time is wing'd with hast;
Time present 's but the ruines of Time past.

Behold how Change hath incht away thy Span,
And how thy light doth burn
Nearer and nearer to thy Urn:
For this dear wast what satisfaction can
Injurious Time return

Thy shortned dayes, but this, the style of Man?
And what 's a Man? a cask of care,
New-tunn'd and working; he's a middle stair
Twixt birth and death; a blast of full-ag'd air.

His breast is tinder, apt to entertain
The sparks of *Cupid's* fire;
Whose new-blown flames must now enquire
A wanton julp out, which may restrain
The rage of his desire;
Whose painfull pleasure is but pleasing pain;
His life 's a sicknesse that doth rise
From a hot liver, whilst his passion lies
Expecting cordials from his mistresse' eyes.

His stage is strow'd with thorns, and deckt with flowers;
His yeare sometimes *appears*
A minute; and his minutes, *years*:
His doubtfull weather's sun-shine mixt with *showers*;
His traffique, *Hopes* and *Fears*:
His life 's a medley, made of *sweets* and *sowers*;
His pain's reward is *Smiles* and *Pouts*;
His diet is fair language mixt with *Flouts*;
He is a *Nothing*, all compos'd of *Doubts*.

Do, wast thy inch, proud *span* of living earth,
Consume thy golden dayes
In slavish freedome; let thy wayes
Take best advantage of thy frolick mirth;
Thy stock of *Time* decayses,
And lavish plenty still forerunneth a dearth:
The bird that 's flown may turn at last;
And painfull labour may repair a wast;
But pains nor price can call thy minutes past.
(Vol. III. p. 194. xi.)

76. *'A little while.'*

'The day grows old, the low-pitch Lamp hath made
No lesse then treble shade,
And the descending damp doth now prepare
T' uncurl bright *Titan's* hair;
Whose western wardrobe now begins t' unfold
Her purples, fring'd with gold;
To cloath his evening glory, when th' alarms
Of rest shall call to rest in restless *Thetis'* arms.

Nature now calls to supper, to refresh
The spirits of all flesh;
The toyling plowman drives his thirsty teams,
To tast the slipp'ry streams:
The droyling swineheard knocks away, and feasts
His hungry whining guests:
The boxbil Ouzle, and the dappled Thrush
Like hungry rivals meet at their beloved bush.
And now the cold Autumnal dewes are seen
To cobweb every green;
And by the low-shorn Rowins doth appear
The fast-declining year:
The saplesse branches doff their summer suits
And wain their winter fruits;
And stormy blasts have forc'd the quaking trees
To wrap their trembling limbs in suits of mossy frees.

Our wasted Tapour now hath brought her light
To the next door to night;
Her sprightlesse flame grown great with snuff, doth turn
Sad as her neighb'ring Urn:
Her slender inch, that yet unspent remains,
Lights but to further pains,
And in a silent language bids her guest
Prepare his weary limbs to take eternal rest.
Now carkful age hath pitcht her painful plough
Upon the furrow'd brow;
And snowy blasts of discontented care
Have blancht the falling hair:
Suspicious envy mixt with jealous spight
Disturbs his weary night:
He threatens youth with age; and now alas,
He owns not what he is, but vaunts the man he was.
Gray-hairs, peruse thy dayes, and let thy past
Read lectures to thy last:
Those hasty wings that hurri'd them away
Will give these dayes no day:
The constant wheels of Nature scorne to tire
Until her works expire:
That blast that nip't thy youth, will ruin thee;
That hand that shook the branch will quickly strike the
tree.
(Vol. III. p. 196. xiv.)

77. *Twice an Infant.*

'What he doth spend in groans, thou spendst in tears:
Judgement and strength 's alike in both your years;
He 's helplesse; so art thou; what difference then?
He 's an old *Infant*; thou, a young *old Man*.
(*Ibid.* p. 197. Epig. 15.)

Of 'The Shepheard's Oracles' I must
speak onward (VI. The Man and his place).
Poetically there are not a few 'noticeable
things' in it.

78. *Ingratitude.*

'Goods without evils are oftentimes despis'd,
And common happinesse is lowly pris'd.
(*Ibid.* p. 203/1.)

79. *Within and Without.*

'How rare 's the kernell, when so sweet 's the shell.'
(Vol. III. p. 203/a.)

80. *Deceived.*

[I] 'Thought all was gold that made a golden show.'
(*Ibid.* p. 210/1.)

81. *Pretence.*

'They are like Switches in a beggar's hand,
To counterfeit a Calling.'
(*Ibid.* p. 214/2.)

82. *Night.*

'Lord, how the heavens be spangled ! How each spark
Contentds for greater brightnes, to undark
The shades of night ; and in a silent story,
Declare the greatnesse of their Maker's glory !'
(Ecl. v. *ib.* p. 214, ll. 17-20.)

83. *Rural Joys.*

'He sends them pleas'd away,
Full fed with *dainties*, mingled with delight ;
All day, they feed, and when the drooping Light
Begins to trebble the encreasing shades,
The Musick of the *Oaten Reeds* perswades
Their hearts to mirth ; His wanton *Rams* grow brisk ;
His *Ewes* begin to trip, his *Lambs* to frisk ;
And whilst they sport and dance, the Love-sick Swains
Compose Rush-rings and Myrtleberry Chains,
And stuck with glorious *King-cups*, and their *Bonnets*
Adorn'd with *Lawrell slips*, chaunt their *Love-sonnets*
To stir the fires, and to encrease the flames
In the cold hearts of their beloved *Dames*.'
(Ecl. vi. *ib.* p. 218/1, ll. 28-40.)

84. *A Gardener.*

'There dwels (wel known to many a Shepheard swain)
A man, by trade a Gardner, hight by name
Phantasmus ; one, whose curious hand can frame
Rare knots, and quaint devises ; that can make
Confounding Labyrinths ; will undertake
To carve the lively shapes of fowle or beast
In running streames ; nay, what exceeds the rest,
Will make ye gardens full of dainty flowers,
Of strawbery banks, and sun-resisting bowers,
Like cobwebs flying in the flitting aire ;
There is no seed of any thing that 's rare,
Forein or native, which by sea or land,
Is not convey'd to his enquiring hand :
Among the rest (to draw a step more neare
To what suspends thy long expecting eare)
This Gardner has a seed, which schollers call
Idea ; sweet in tast, and very small ;
It is a seed well known, and much desps'd
By vulgar judgments, but as highly priz'd
By men of art ; a seed of wondrous might,
And soveraign vertue, being us'd aright ;
But most of all to Shepheards, that have care
T' encrease their flocks, and keep their pastures faire.'
(Ecl. vii. *ib.* p. 221/2, ll. 16-38.)

85. *The King and the Age.*

'Thou hast not spoken many things, but much ;
Such is our People, and our Prince is such :
Such fierce temptations still attend upon
The glitt'ring Pompe of the Imperiall Throne,
I, either wonder Princes should be good,
Or else conceive them not of Flesh and Blood :
What change of pleasure can this soul command
And not obtain, being Lord of all the Land ?
What bold ? what ventrous spirit dare enquire
Into the lawfulness of his desire ?
What Crown-controlling *Nathan* dare begin
To question Vice ? or call his sin, a sin ?
Who is 't, that will not undertake to be
His sin 's Attorney ? Nay, what man is he
That will not temporize, and fan the fire
T' encrease the flames of his unblown desire ?
What place may not be secret ? or what eye
Dare (under pain of putting out) once pry
Into his Closet ? or what season will
Not wait upon his pleasure, to fulfill
His royall lust ? what chaste *Sophronia* would
Wound her own heart, for fear her Sovrain should ?
O Shepheard, what a Prince have we, that can
Continue just, and yet continue Man ?
No doubt, but vengeance would confound these times,
Were not his Goodnesse far above our crimes :
Alas ; Our happy Age (that has enjoy'd
The best, the best of Princes, and is cloy'd
With prosp'rous Plenty, and the sweet increase
Of right-hand Blessings) in this glut of peace,
Loaths very Quails and Manna ; we are strangers
To those hard evils, to those continuall dangers
That cleave to States, wherein poor subjects grone
Beneath the Vices of th' Imperiall Throne :
They cannot prize good Princes, that nere had
The too too dear experience of a bad :
Who knows not *Pharok* ? Or the plagues, that brake
Upon the people for hard *Pharok*'s sake ?'
(Vol. III. Ecl. x. p. 232/1.)

Touched of humour, spite of its wicked
misrepresentation of the Nonconformists, is
this ballad :—

86. *Hey ! then up goe wee.*

'Know then, my brethren, heav'n is clear
And all the Clouds are gone ;
The Righteous now shall flourish, and
Good dayes are comming on ;
Come then, my Brethren, and be glad,
And eke rejoice with me ;
Lawn Sleeves and Rochets shall go down,
And, hey ! then up goe wee.
Wee'l breake the windows which the Whore
Of *Babylon* hath painted,
And when the Popish Saints are downe
Then *Barrow* shall be Sainted ;

There's neither Crosse nor Crucifixe
Shall stand for men to see;
Rome's trash and trump'ries shall goe downe,
And, hey! then up goe we.

Whateere the Popish hands have built
Our Hammers shall undoe;
Wee'l breake their Pipes & burn their Copes,
And pull downe Churches too:
Wee'l exercise within the Groves,
And teach beneath a Tree;
Wee'l make a Pulpit of a Cart,
And, hey! then up goe we.

Wee'l down with all the *'Varsities*,
Where learning is profest;
Because they practise and maintain
The Language of the Beast:
Wee'l drive the Doctors out of doores,
And Arts whateere they be;
Wee'l cry both Arts, and Learning down,
And, hey! then up goe we.

Wee'l down with Deans and Prebends too,
But I rejoyce to tell ye,
How then we will eat Pig our fill,
And Capon by the belly:
Wee'l burn the Fathers' witty Tomes,
And make the Schoole-men flee;
Wee'l down with all that smels of wit,
And, hey! then up goe we.

If once that Antichristian crew
Be crusht and overthrown;
Wee'l teach the Nobles how to crouch,
And keep the Gentry down;
Good manners have an evill report,
And turns to pride we see:
Wee'l therefore cry good manners down,
And, hey! then up goe we.

The name of Lord shall be abhorr'd,
For every man's a brother;
No reason why in Church or State,
One man should rule another:
But when the change of Government
Shall set our fingers free;
Wee'l make the wanton Sisters stoop,
And, hey! then up goe we.

Our Coblers shall translate their soules
From Caves obscure and shady;
Wee'l make *Tom T*—as good as my Lord,
And *Joan* as good as my Lady.
Wee'l crush and fling the marriage ring
Into the Romane See;
Wee'l ask no bands, but even clap hands
And, hey! then up goe we.

(Vol. III. pp. 235-6.)

87. *Love's change.*

'A lover's diet's sweet, commixt with sower;
His hell and heaven oft-times divides an houre.'
(Vol. III. p. 253/a.)

88. *Love-light.*

'Now *Argalus* can finde a faire accesse
To his *Parthenia*: now, feares nothing lesse
Than eares and eyes; and now *Parthenias*' heart
Can give her tongue the freedome, to impart
His louder welcome, whilst her greedy eye
Can looke her fill, and feare no stander by:
She's not *Parthenia*, he not present with her;
And he not *Argalus*, if not together:
Their cheeks are fill'd with smiles; their tongues with
chat;

Now, this they make their subject; and now, that:
One while they laugh; and laughing, wrangle too,
And jarre, as jealous lovers use to doe;
And then a kisse must make them friends againe:
Faith, one's too little; Lovers must have twaine;
Two brings in ten, Ten multiplies to twenty:
That, to a hundred: then because the plenty
Growes troublesome to count, and does incumber
Their lips, their lips gave kisses without number:
Their thoughts run back to former times: they told
Of all love's passages they had of old:
Of this thing done, the time, the place, and why:
The manner how, and who were present by:
The mother's craft, her undeeiv'd suspicion;
Her baited words, her marble disposition;
His pining thoughts, and her projecting feares;
His soliloquies, and her secret teares;
Where first they met; Th' occasion of their meeting;
Their complement, the manner of their greeting:
His danger; his deliverance; and the reason
That first induc't the *Agents* to the treason.
Thus by the priviledge of time and leisure,
Their sweet discourses (crown'd with mutuall pleasure
Commixt with griefe) they equall with the light,
And after, grumble at the envious night,
Which bid them part too soone: what day denide
In words, in thoughts the tedious night supplide;
Which blam'd the *Fates* for doing Lovers wrong
To make the day so short, the night so long.'

(*Ibid.* p. 253/2, l. 16 from bottom.)

89. *Curse—because of what the taper revealed.*

'Accursed *Tapour*! what infernall spright
Breath'd in thy face? what fury gave thee light?
Thou impe of *Phlegeton*; who let thee in
To force a day, before the day begin?
Who brought thee hither? I? did I? From whom,
What leane-chapt fury did I snatch thee from?
Whenas this cursed hand did goe about
To bring thee in, why went not these eyes out?
Be all such *Tapours* cursed, for thy sake;
Ne'r shine, but at some Vigil, or sad Wake;
Be never scene, but whenas sorrow calls
Thy needfull help to nightly funerals;

Be as a May-game for th' amazed *Bat*
 To sport about ; and *Owles*, to wonder at :
 Still haunt the Chancels at a midnight knell,
 To fright the *Sexton* from his passing Bell :
 Give light to none but treasons, and be hid
 In their dark-lanterns : Let all mirth forbid
 Thy treacherous flames the roome : and if that none
 Shall deigne to put thee out, goe out alone ;
 Attend some miser's table, and then waste
 Too soone, that he may curse thee for thy haste ;
 Burne dimme for ever : Let that flatt'ring light
 Thou feed'st, consume thy stock : be banisht quite
 From *Cupid's* Court : When lovers goe about
 Their stollen pleasures, let your flames goe out :
 Henceforth be usefull to no other end,
 But onely to burne day-light, or attend
 The mid-night cups of such as shall resigne,
 With usury, their indigested wine :
 Why dost thou burne so cleare? Alas ! these eyes
 Discerne too much : thy wanton blaze doth rise
 Too high a pitch : thou burnst too bright for such
 As see no comfort : O thou shin'st too much :
 Why dost thou vex me? Is thy flame so stout
 T' endure my breath? this breath shall puffe thee
 out :

Thus, thus my joyes are quite extinguisht, never
 To be reviv'd : Thus gone, thus gone for ever.'

(Vol. III. p. 257/2, l. 18. from bottom.)

90. *Anguish.*

'He gaz'd upon her ; stood as in a trance ;
 Sometimes her liveliesse had he would advance
 To his sad lips ; then steale it downe agen ;
 Sometimes, a teare would fall upon't ; and then
 A sigh must drie it ; Every kisse did beare
 A sigh, and every sigh begat a teare :
 He list, he sigh'd, he wept, and, for a space,
 He fixt his eye upon her wounded face,
 And in a whispering language, he disbur'd
 His various thoughts ; thus, with himselfe discours'd.'

(*Ibid.* p. 258/1, l. 16 from bottom.)

91. *Beauty of Body altered, does not change love.*
 (to the disfigured *Parthenia*).

'Most deare *Parthenia*, (*Argalus reply'd*)
 Had thy deceived eye but slept aside,
 And lookt upon thy *Argalus* his brest ;
 I know, I know, thy language had profest
 Another faith : thy lips had ne'er let flye,
 At unawares, so great an *Heretic* :
 'Tis not the change of favour, that can change
 My heart ; nor Time, nor Fortune can estrange
 My best affections, so for ever fixt
 On thee ; nothing but death, can come betwixt
 My soule, and thine ; If I had lov'd thy face,
 Thy face alone ; my fancy had given place,
 Ere this, to fresh desiers, and attended
 Vpon new fortunes ; and the old had ended.
 If I had lov'd thee, for thy heavenly eye,

I might have courted the bright Majesty
 Of *Titan* : If thy curious lips had smar'd
 My lick'rish thoughts, I might have soone prepar'd
 A blushing *Curral* or some full-ripe *Cherry*
 And pleas'd my lips, untill my lips were weary ;
 Or if the smoothness of thy whiter brow
 Had charm'd mine eyes, and made my fancy bow
 To outward objects, polish'd *Marble* might
 Have given as much content, as much delight ;
 In briefe, had *Argalus* his flatter'd eye
 Bin pleas'd with beantie's bare *Epitomy*,
 Thy curious picture might have then supply'd
 My wants, more full, then all the world beside ;
 No, no ; 'Twas neither brow, nor lip nor eye,
 Nor any outward excellence urg'd me, why
 To love *Parthenia* : 'twas thy better part,
 (Which mischief could not wrong,) surpris'd my
 heart.

Thy beauty was but like a Chrystall case,
 Through which, the jewell of admired grace
 Transparent was, whose hidden worth did make
 Me love the *Casket* for the jewel's sake ;
 No, no ; my well-advised eye pierc'd in
 Beyond the filme ; sunke deeper then the skin ;
 Else, had I now been chang'd, and that firme duty
 I owe my vowes, had faded with thy beauty ;
 Nay, weepe not my *Parthenia* ; let those teares
 Ne'r waile that loose, which a few after yeares
 Had claim'd as due ; Cheare up, thou hast forsaken
 But that, which sicknesse would (perchance) have taken,
 With greater disadvantage ; or else age,
 That common evill, which art can not assuage ;
 Beauty's but bare opinion : *White* and *Red*
 Have no more priviledge, then what is bred
 By humane fancy, which was nere confinde
 To certaine bounds, but varies like the winde ;
 What one man likes, another disrespects ;
 And what a third most hates, a fourth affects ;
 The *Negro's* eye thinks black beyond compare,
 And what would fright us most, they count most faire .
 If then opinion be the touch, whereby
 All beantie's tried ; *Parthenia*, in my eye,
 Out-shines faire *Hellen*, or who else she be,
 That is more rich in beantie's wealth then she.
 Cheare up : the sovereignty of thy worth, enfranches
 Thy captive beauty ; and thy vertue blanches
 These staines of fortune ; Come, it matters not
 What others think ; A letter's but a blot
 To such as cannot reade ; but, who have skill,
 Can know the faire impression of a Quill
 From grosse and heedlesse blunnes ; and such can thinke
 No paper foule, that's fairly write with Inke :
 What others hold a blemish in thy face,
 My skilfull eyes read Characters of grace ;
 What hinders them, but that without delay,
 Triumph may celebrate our nuptiall day ?
 She that hath onely vertue to her guide,
 Though wanting beauty, is the fairest Bride.'

(Vol. III. p. 258/2, l. 18 from bottom.)

92. *Still Constant.*

'Life of my soule ; By whom, next heaven, I breathe ;
 Excepting whom, I have no friend but *Death* ;
 How can thy wishes ease my griefe, or stand
 My misery in stead, whenas thy hand,
 And nothing but thy helping hand can give me
 Reliefe, and yet refuses to relieve me ?
 Strange kinde of charity, when being afflicted,
 I finde best wishes, yet am interdicted
 Of those best wishes, and must be remov'd
 From love's enjoyment ; why ? Because below'd,
 Alas ! alas ! how can my wishes be
 A blessing to me, if unblest in thee ?
 Thy beautie's gone, (thou sayest) why, let it goe ;
 He loves but ill, that loves but for a show ;
 Thy beauty is supply'd in my affection,
 That never yet was slave to a complexion.
 Shall every day, wherein the earth does lack
 The Sun's reflex, b' expell'd the Almanack ?
 Or shall thy over-curious steps forbear
 A garden, 'cause there be no Roses there ?
 Or shall the Sun-set of *Parthenia's* beauty
 Enforce my judgment to neglect that duty
 The which my best-advis'd affection owes
 Her sacred vertue, and my solemne vowes ?
 No, no ; it lies not in the power of *Fate*.
 To make *Parthenia* too unfortunate
 For *Argalus* to love.'

(Vol. III. p. 260/a l. 8. from bottom.)

93. *Vows.*

'It is as easie for *Parthenia's* heart
 To prove lesse vertuous, as for me to start
 From my firm faith : the flame that Honour's breath
 Hath blowne, nothing hath power to quench, but
 death :
 Thou gav'st me leave to chuse a fitter Spouse,
 And freedom to recall, to quit those vowes
 I took : who gave thee licence to dispence
 With such false tongues, as offer violence
 To plighted faith ? Alas ! thou canst not free
 Thy selfe, much lesse hadst power to licence me.
Vowes can admit no change ; they still persever
 Against all chance ; they binde, they binde for ever :
 A vow 's a *holy thing*, no common breath :
 The limits of a vow, is *heaven* and *death* :
 A vow that 's past, is like a bird that 's flowne
 From out thy hand, can be recall'd by none ;
 It dies not, like a time-beguiling *Jest*,
 As soone as vented ; lives not in thy brest,
 When uttered once, but is a sacred word
 Straight entred in the strict and close record
 Of heaven ; It is not like a *Jugler's* knot,
 Or fast, or loose, as pleases us, or not.
 Since then thy vowes can finde no dispensation,
 And may not be recall'd, Recall thy passion :
 Performe, performe what now it is too late,
 T' unwish againe, too soone to violate :
 Seeke not to quit, what heaven denies to free :
 Performe thy vowes to heaven, thy vowes to me.

Thrice dearer than my soule, (*she thus reply'd*)
 Had my owne pamp'ring fancy been the guide
 To my affection, I had condescended
 Ere this, to your request, which had befriended
 My best desires to : I lov'd not thee
 For my owne pleasure in that base degree,
 As gluttons doe their diet, who dispence
 With unwash'd hands, (lest they should give offence
 To their grip'd stomachs, when a minute's stay
 Will make them curse occasion all the day)
 I lov'd not so ; my first desires did spring
 From thy owne worth ; and as a *sacred thing*
 I alwayes view'd thee, whom my Zeale commands
 Me not prophane with these defiled hands :
 Tis true ; performance is a debt we owe
 To *Vowes*, and nothing's dearer than a vow ;
 Yet when the gods doe ravish from our hand,
 The meanes to keepe it, 'tis a countermand.
 He that hath vow'd to sacrifice each day,
 At *Juno's* Altar's bound, and must obey :
 But if (being under vow) the gods doe please
 To strike him with a leprous disease
 Or foule infection ; which is better now,
 Prophane the *Altar*, or to break the vow ?
 The case is mine ; where then the gods dispence,
 We may be bold, yet tender no offence.
 Admit it were an evill ; tis our best,
 Of necessary ills, to chuse the least.
 The gods are good : the strict recognisance
 Of vowes, is onely taken to advance
 The good of man ; Now if that good prove ill,
 We may refuse, our vowes intire still.
 I vow a marriage ; why ? because I doe
 Entirely affect that man my *Vowes* are to ;
 But if some foule disease should interpose
 Betwixt our promis'd marriage, and our vowes ;
 The strict performance of those vowes must prove,
 I wrong ; and therefore love not, whom I love.
 Then urge no more : Let my denyall be
 A pledge sufficient twixt my love and thee.'

(Vol. III. p. 261/t, l. 20 from bottom.)

94. *Agony.*

'So ended she : But vehement desire
 (That can be quencht with *No*, no more then fire
 With oyle ; and can submit to no condition,)
 Lends him new breath : Love makes a Rhetorician ;
 He speaks ; she answers : He afresh replies ;
 He stoutly sues ; as stoutly she denies.
 He begs in vaine ; and she denies in vaine ;
 For she denies againe ; He begs againe ;
 At last, both weary, he his suit adjournes ;
 For Lovers' dayes are good and bad by turnes.
 He bids farewell : As if the heart of either
 Gave but one motion, they both sigh'd together.
 She bids farewell ; and yet she bids it so,
 As if her farewell ended, if he goe ;
 He bids farewell ; but so, as if delay
 Had promis'd better farewells to his stay.

She bids farewell, but holds his hands so fast,
 As if that farewell had not been the last,
 Both sigh'd, both wept, and both being heavy-hearted,
 She bids farewell, He bids farewell, and parted.
 So parted they : Now *Argalus* is gone ;
 And now *Parthenia*'s weeping all alone,
 And like the widdow'd Turtle, she bewailes
 The absence of her Mate : Passion prevales
 Above her strength : Now her poore heart can tell
 What's heaven, by wanting heaven : and what's hell
 By her owne torments : Sorrow now does play
 The tyrant's part, Affection must obey ;
 And, like a weathercock her various minde
 Is chang'd and turn'd with every blast of winde.
 In desp'rate language she deplores her state ;
 She faine would wish, but then she knows not what :
 Resolves of this, of that, and then of neither,
 She faine would flee : but then she knows not whither :
 At length (consulting with the heartlesse paire
 Of ill advisers, Sorrow, and Despaire)
 Resolves, to take th' advantage of that night,
 To steale away, and seeke for death by flight.'

(Vol. III. p. 261/2, ll. 29.)

95. *Wandering.*

'His haste inquires no way (he needs not feare
 To lose the roade, that goes he knows not where).'
 (*Ibid.* p. 262/1.)

96. *The wedding-day.*

'Up *Argalus*, and d'on thy Nuptiall weeds,
 T' enjoy that joy, from whence all joy proceeds :
 Enter those joyes, from whence all joy proceeds :
 Up *Argalus*, and d'on thy Nuptiall weeds.
 And thou faire *Bride*, more beaution then the day,
 Thy day is come, and *Hymen* calls away ;
 Awake and rouse thee from thy downy slumber ;
 Thy *Day* is come : O may thy joyes out-number
 Thy minutes that are past, and to ensue ;
 Arise, and bid thy maiden bed adieu ;
 Put on thy Nuptiall robes, time calls away ;
 O may thy after-dayes be like this day.
 By this, bright *Phæbus* with redoubled glory,
 Had halfe-way mounted to the highest story
 Of his *Olympick Palace* : there to see
 This long-expected day's solemnitie :
 When all on sudden, there was heard (around
 From every quarter) the Majestick sound
 Of many Trumpets : all, in consort running
 One point of war transcending far the cunning
 Of mortall blasts ; and, what did seeme more strange,
 The shrill-mouth'd musick did as sudden change
 To *Dorick* straines, to sweet mollitious ayres,
 To *Lyrick* songs, and voyces, like to theirs
 That charm'd *Vlysses* : whil'st th' amazed eare
 Stood ravisht at these changes, it might heare
 Those voyces (by degrees) transform'd to *Lutes*
 To *Shaulms*, deep-throated *Sackbuts*, and to *Flutes*,
 And Echo-forcing *Cornets* ; which surpast

The art of man : this *Harmony* did last
 Until the *Bridegrooms* came.'

(Vol. III. p. 269/1, l. 29.)

97. *The Moon and 'The Bridesmaids' and Bride.*

'Have ye beheld in frosty winter's even,
 When all the lesser twinkling *lamps* of heaven
 Are fully kindled, how the ruddy face
 Of rising *Cynthia* looks? with what a grace
 She views the throne of darknesse, and aspires
 Th' *Olympick* brow amidst the smaller fires?
 So after all these *sparks* of beauty, came
 (They were but sparks to such a glorious flame)
 The faire *Parthenia* : Thus the rose-cheek'd *Bride*
 Enters the roome ; a milke-white *waile* did hide
 Her blushing face ; which, nere the lesse discloses
 Some glimps of red, like *lawne* ore-spredding *roses* ;
 Thus entred she. The garments that she wore
 Were made of purple-silke, bespangled ore
 With *Stars* of purest gold, and round about
 Each severall *Star* went, winding in and out,
 A *trayle* of orient *pearle*, so rarely wrought,
 That as the garments mov'd, you would have thought
 The *Stars* had twinkled ; Her dishevel'd haire
 Hung down behind,—as if the onely care
 Had been to reconcile *neglect* and *art*—
 Hung loosely downe, and vayl'd the backer part
 Of those her skie-resembling robes ; but so,
 That every breath would wave it to and fro ;
 Like flying clouds, through which, you might discover
 Sometimes one glim'ring *Star*, sometimes another :
 Thus on she went ; her ample traine supported
 By thrice-three virgins, evenly six'd and sorted
 In purple robes ; forthwith, the *Bridegrooms* rises
 From off his chaire ; bowes downe and sacrifices
 The peacefull offering of a morning kisse,
 Upon her lips : To such a *Saint* as this,
 O, what rebellious heart could choose but bow,
 And offer freely the perpetuall vow
 Of choyce obedience?'

(*Ibid.* p. 270/1, l. 17.)

98. *Epithalamium.*

'Thus in pompe and Priestly pride,
 To glorious *Juno's Altar* goe we ;
 Thus to *Juno's Altar* show we
 The noble *Bridegrooms* and his *Bride* :
 Let *Juno's* houely blessings send ye
 As much joy as can attend ye.

May these Lovers never want
 True joyes, nor ever beg in vaine
 Their choice desires ; but obtaine
 What they can wish, or she can grant.
 Let *Juno's* houely blessing send ye
 As much joy as can attend ye.

From satiety, from strife,
 From Iealousie, domestick jars,
 From those blows, that leave no scars,
Juno protect your marriage life ;

Let *Juno's* hourly blessing send ye
As much joy as can attend ye.

Thus to *Hymen's* sacred bands,
We commend your chaste deserts,
That as *Juno* link'd your hearts,
So he would please to joine your hands ;
And let both their blessings send ye
As much joy as can attend ye.'

(Vol. III. p. 271/2.)

99. *Goddess of the night.*

While thus their ears were feeding with delight
Upon these strains, the *Goddess of the night*
Enters the *Scene* ; Her body was confinde
Within a coale-blacke *Mantle*, thorow-linde
With sable *Furres* ; her Tresses were of hiew
Like *Ebony*, on which a *Pearly* dew
Hung, like a Spider's *Web* ; her face did shrowd
A swarth *Complexion*, underneath a cloud
Of black-curld *Cypresse* : On her head, she wore
A *Crowne* of burnisht *Gold*, beshaded o're
With *Foggs* and *rorry* mist : her hand did beare
A *Scepter* and a sable *Hemisphere* ;
She sternely shooke her dewy locks, and brake
A *melancholy* smile.'

(*Ibid.* p. 273/1, l. 12 from bottom.)

100. *Shamefacedness.*

With that, a sweet vermilion tincture stain'd'
The *Bride's* faire cheeks ; The more that she restrain'd
Her blush, the more her disobedient blood
Did overflow ; as if a second flood
Had meant to rise, and, for a little space,
To drowne that world of beauty in her face :
She blusht ; (but knew not why) and like the *Moone*,
She look'd most red, upon her going downe.'

(*Ibid.* p. 275/1.)

I *must* not go beyond the century of
'noticeable things,' albeit, without exaggeration,
I could leave all this century out and find
substantially a co-equal century if not a
third. Indeed '*Argalus and Parthenia*,'—
from which our latest quotations are made,—
is in my estimate a surpassingly beautiful
poem aside from accidents of false taste and
lapses of mean words.

It does not seem needful to glean from
'*The Virgin Widow*.' There is a sprightli-
ness in some of its scenes and a breadth of
portraiture somewhat unexpected. There is
also humour and sparkle of wit.

I appeal to the 'noticeable things' now
before the Reader, and ask whether it is not
a scandal that Francis Quarles should be

sneered at and ignored in even Anthologies
and (so-called) Histories of Literature? My
hope and almost confidence is, that, within
the elect circle of my Chertsey Worthies'
Library subscribers at any rate, students will
now be found of this old Poet and thinker.

V. WORDS AND PHRASES, WITH SHAKES-
PEREANA.—On the first blush of it, it may
sound paradoxical to recommend my Readers
who really care for our elder Literature, to
spend as much time as can well be spared,
on the Glossarial Index. I remember, of
course, the well-known story of the (mythical)
feminine conscientious reader right through
of Dr. Johnson's 'Dictionary' in the form
of two colossal folios. She pronounced the
great Dictionary (if the story, and all stories,
be true) a very learned and able work, but
very—disconnected. Similarly this Glos-
sarial Index—in common with those to
Nicholas Breton, John Davies of Hereford,
Joshua Sylvester, Dr. Henry More, and Dr.
Joseph Beaumont, of the Series of the
Chertsey Worthies' Library—is scarcely for
'reading' straight on. None the less will it
be found—unless I greatly mistake—sug-
gestive and rewarding in its abundant new
examples of the use of old words. In nearly
every instance indexed, 'Note' or 'Illustra-
tion' will be found in the place, or in the
Glossarial Index itself. I grant that in
glancing along the alphabet some exceed-
ingly ill-chosen words and phrases will meet
the eye, and that when the passages are
turned to, some will be provocative of
laughter and more, e.g. it is astonishing that
any Poet capable of writing so tenderly and
wistfully, so sweetly, and yearningly of his
departed friends, should have elected such a
word as 'fuddl'd' (III. 35, st. 1), to express
the fulness of his grief, or as 'mizzle' (III.
19, st. 1), to express the scorching anguish
of his tearless eyes. So, cheu ! not unseldom.
Only there is this to be recalled, that—to

take these two words as representative of the whole,—neither had^t then the deteriorated, mean, and vulgar associations that now belong to them. Better still, it must be affirmed absolutely, that whether in Prose or Verse, Francis Quarles's vocabulary is a rich and cultured one, while his style is more grammatically exact and terse and clear than most of his contemporaries. Occasionally indeed—as the Glossarial Index will show—he is finely felicitous in his phrasing and epithets. He has 'picked and packed words' and—as a rule—they lie close to the thought or emotion, fancy or truth, the Writer intends to present. Rarely, if ever, are you made to stand in doubt of his meaning. As rarely, if ever, is that meaning unworthy.

As with the other Names in the Series, I would now bring together such words and phrases in Quarles as add to our Shakespeareana—holding as I do that the measure of desert of revival of any elder Worthy is to be taken from his less or more help toward the critical study of William Shakespeare, and subsidiarily of our Elizabethan-Jacobean literature. These gleaned examples might I do not doubt be added to; but they are all that I deem it expedient to accentuate by placing them here in addition to their places in the Glossarial Index.

1. 'Aby' = abide, II. 22/1439. This sends us to *Mids. N. Dream* (iii. 2. 175, 335), where, as distinguished from this its primary sense, it is used in the secondary of 'stand the (ill) consequences of.' But it need hardly be remarked that 'abide,' the primary, virtually carries in it the secondary meaning.
2. 'Accosted,' I. 181: 10, No. 18. See Glossarial Index *s.v.*, and cf. *Twelfth Night*, I. 3. 1, and so iii. 2.
3. 'Adamant' = diamond, II. 189/1: 247, 53. The Reader will do well to turn to the Glossarial Index *s.v.* and note, as *Troilus and Cressida* (iii. 2) is well illustrated by it, in distinction from = magnet.
4. 'Bearing-cloth,' III. 296/2, 13 from bottom. See Glossarial Index *s.v.*, and note.
5. 'Bees,'—'I write to *Bees*, and not to *Spiders*,' II. 136/2, 26,—the usual libel upon the industrious Spinner.
6. 'Brown-bastard,' III. 396/53. See Glossarial Index *s.v.* Cf. also *Measure for Measure*, iii. 23.
7. 'Cadice,' III. 226/1, 43. *Ibid.*
8. 'Careire,' III. 88/1, 2, 275/2, 52. See Glossarial Index *s.v.* Cf. *Love's L. Lost*, v. 2.
9. 'Clouts' ('husbands of Clouts'), III. 292/2, 9. This is peculiarly noticeable in relation to Shakespeare's later *Hamlet*, 'a king of shreds and patches' (iii. 4), which read originally 'clouts,' *i.e.* in 1603, *Hamlet*, we read, 'a king of clouts, of very shreds,' while in 1604, *Hamlet*, it is 'a king of shreds and patches.' See Griggs' admirable Facsimiles.
10. 'Cock-boat,' III. 268/2, (B. III.), I. 3. See Glossarial Index *s.v.*, and note.
11. 'Cocks of Cane,' III. 262/2, 16. This is specially interesting, as explanatory of Shakespeare's 'wasteful cock' in *Timon* (ii. 2. 165).
12. 'Coyle,' I. 163/1, 20. See Glossarial Index *s.v.*, and note.
13. 'Crosse-garterd,' II. 252, No. 105; III. 225/1, 36. This illustrates Shakespeare's use of the word in *Twelfth Night* (ii. 5), and Olivia's dislike of it.
14. 'Crue,' III. 247/1, 40. As noted in Glossarial Index *s.v.*, it is used in a good sense, and that was not uncommon. Cf. *Henry V.* iv. 1; *Richard III.* iv. 5. Gascoigne and Fairfax are quoted by Richardson *s.v.* To-day we use it of 'a ship's crew' in no derogatory sense. It is well, however, to record such examples of modification of meanings of words. *Certes*, except technically of a 'ship's crew,' it is a derogatory one now, applied to any company of men or women. Had its original application to a 'ship's crew' an evil-historical basis? I suspect so; and so it is no exception, albeit the word has ceased to be invidious.
15. 'Cypresse,' III. 273/1, 53. So in *Winter's Tale*, iv. 3. See Glossarial Index *s.v.* and note.
16. 'Eager,' III. 242/1, 40. Common—cf. *Hamlet*, I. 4; I. 5, etc., in first passage = keen.
17. 'Eching,' III. 206/1, 47. See Glossarial Index *s.v.*, and note.
18. 'Elfe-lock,' III. 242/1, 48. *Ibid.*
19. 'Fadling,' III. 306/1, 24, = dawdling. The text gives the meaning of 'fiddle-faddle,' excellently.
20. 'Flap-mouth'd,' III. 300/1, 30. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, l. 920.
21. 'Fore-ray,' II. 110, El. 17. See Glossarial Index *s.v.*
22. 'Forfend,' II. 89/1, 31; III. 234/1, 7. *Ibid.*
23. 'Gravelled,' I. 109/1, 29, etc. *Ibid.*
24. 'Greek,' 'greeke,' II. 29, Med. 29; III. 304/2, 9, 12. See Glossarial Index *s.v.*, and note.
25. 'Hurly-burly,' II. 52/2, 43. *Ibid.*
26. 'Journale,' II. 19/1112. *Ibid.*
27. 'Maille,' II. 63/2, 13. *Ibid.*
28. 'Pale-fac'd Sergeant,' III. 65/2, 13. Cf. *Hamlet*, v. 2, 'as this fell sergeant, death.'

29. 'Palmes,' II. 232, No. 25. Cf. *Macbeth*, v. 7.
 30. 'Pancy,' III. 99/1, st. 4—to be noted, that like Shakespeare, Quarles calls it 'Love's pancy.'
 31. 'Perked,' II. 202, No. 4. Cf. *Henry VIII.* II. 3.
 32. 'Rejouance,' III. 905/1, 51. See Glossarial Index s.v. Probably we have its original form in *jauncing* in *Richard II.* v. 5, from Fr. *jancer* 'to stirre a horse in the stable till he swart [sweat] withall,' *Cotgrave*.
 33. 'Savin,' III. 296/2, 7. See Glossarial Index.
 34. 'Shooting-horne,' III. 291/2, 9. See Glossarial Index. Cf. *Troilus and Cr.* v. 1.
 35. 'Sooty, sootie,' III. 99, st. 2, 55/2, 45. So *Othello*, I. 2.
 36. 'Spur-gall'd,' *adj.*, II. 238/68, 249/76. See Glossarial Index s.v. See in confirmation of note, *Richard II.* v. 5, 94.
 37. 'Strike,' II. 80/1, 67. 'The Beasts shall *strike* with thee eternal Peace.' Cf. Milton's Hymn of the Nativity, 'and *strikes* a universal peace o'er Sea and Land.' See Glossarial Index.
 38. 'Tobacco,' III. 129, iv.—this allusion is curious.
 39. 'Truckle,' I. 153/2, 3. See Glossarial Index s.v. The verb is probably connected with 'truck,' to sell or barter, as though a person were made to sell when he stood out, or made to sell at too easy a rate. Here = to make trucks with, she being thus able at last to overcome it. The phrase, however, is an odd and ill-chosen one.
 40. 'Tyran,' II. 91/1, I. 20. See Glossarial Index.
 41. 'Yeares,' II. 12/2, 388, 'sleeps himselfe in yeares.' So Shakespeare in *L. L. L.*, v. 2. 465, 'that smites his cheek in yeare.'

Exclusive of these 'Words and phrases' that add to Shakespereana, the Reader will come upon others that suggest either that Quarles knew Shakespeare's Plays and Poems, or that Shakespeare more frequently than is apt to be thought, appropriated the language in men's mouths of the day, e.g. 'To adde a greater sweetnesse to their sweet' (II. 50/2, 10) may or may not have been caught up from Shakespeare's 'To gild refined gold, etc.' I may be wrong, but further, I discern Shakesperean touches in this of the phial that held the innocent-looking yet most deadly 'poison' that *Athleia* bore and mis-used to her own tragical death, in '*Argalus and Parthenia*,' as thus:—

'Forthwith, from out her Cabinet she tooke
 A little glasse, and said; *Athleia*, looke
Within these slender walls, these glazed lists,
Partheniae's happinesse, and life consists;
It is Nepenthe.' (Vol. III. 252/1, ll. 14-17.)

Again: Surely *Lear* is not by mere trick of memory recalled in reading this:—

'The Day (as weary of his burthen) tyres;
 The Yeare (full laden with her mouths) expires:
 The heaun's (growne great with age) must soone decay,
 The pondrous earth in time shall pass away.'
 (Vol. II. 54, *Med.* 7, ll. 15-18.)

Finally—Shakespeare's familiar comparison of 'all the world' to 'a stage' and 'men the actors' is at least illustrated by Quarles, with whom it seems to have been a favourite metaphor, using it as he does no fewer than three times. We may read:—

1. 'The world's a Stage, each mortall acts thereon,
 As well the King that glitters on the Throne,
 As needy beggers: Heau'n Spectator is,
 And markes who acteth well, and who amisse.
 What part befits me best, I cannot tell:
 It matters not how meane, so acted well.'
 (II. 57/2, ll. 19-24.)
2. 'The world is like a Play, where every age
 Concludes her Scene, and so departs the stage;
 And when Time's hasty bower-glasse is run,
 Change strikes the Epilogue, and the Play is done.
 Who acts the King to-day, by chance of lot,
 Perchance to-morrow begs, and blushes not:
 Whose beauty was ador'd or'e night, next morning
 May finde a face, like mine, not worth the scorning:
 Looke where we list, there's nothing to the eye
 Seemes truly constant, but Inconstancy.'
 (III. 258/2, ll. 31-40.)

3. *On the life and death of Man.* (Vol. II. p. 202.)
 'The World's a Theater; The Earth, a Stage
 Plac'd in the midst; wheron both Prince and Page,
 Both rich and poore; foole, wiseman; base and high
 All act their Parts in Life's short Tragedy:
 Our Life's a Tragedy: Those secret Roomes
 Wherein we tyre us, are our Mothers' Wombes;
 The Musick vsh'ring in the Play, is Mirth
 To see a Manchild brought upon the Earth:
 That fainting gaspe of Breath which first we vent
 Is a Dumb-Shew, presents the Argument:
 Our new-born Cries that new-born Griefes bewray,
 Is the sad Prologue of th' ensuing Play:
 False hopes, true feares, vaine ioyes, and fierce distracts,
 Are like the Musick that divides the Acts:
 Time holds the Glasse, and when the Hour's out-run,
 Death strikes the Epilogue; and the Play is done.'

It would be a pleasure to myself to linger over many additional 'words and phrases' that I had marked; but I may not do so. Sufficient has been given I trust to send my

Readers with zest to the books themselves, guided by the Glossarial Index.

VI. THE MAN AND HIS PLACE IN OUR LITERATURE.—My observations on the 'Poems' and 'Prose' I so arranged as very much to anticipate the final estimate, while the succeeding sections present materials for it, independent on what I have got to add. It is not much. The Reader, if at all sympathetic, must have had two things made clear: (a.) That in Francis Quarles as a Prose Writer we have an Essayist and Moralist of fine powers and characteristics. We may not agree with all his 'Observations' on men and things. I shall immediately have further to dissent absolutely from certain of his verdicts. But regarding these as accidents, and sprung of the evil inheritance of his 'Royalism,' substantively his Prose is charming reading, and suggestive, intellectually and ethically. When 'pondered' I always find his antitheses to be antitheses of thought and not mere words, and so reminding of Plutarch's Parallels. He thought deeply. He felt passionately. He uttered himself unmistakably. He had a seeing eye. He had a 'hearing' ear. He was a whole-hearted man.

Then it has been made clear, (b.) That your sneerer and scorner of Quarles as a Poet—in some vague uncertain fashion catching up the half-remembered *spite* of Pope's 'Dunciad'—is neither more nor less than a block-head, to be put out of court in any judgments upon our elder literature. With deductions in various kinds and degrees, with admitted uncertainty of what he will say next, with concession of vile taste in the most unexpected places, it is nevertheless not to be borne for a moment from any one that in the Poet of the 'Emblems' and 'Argalus and Parthenia' and the examples I have adduced—mere 'gleanings' of a golden harvest—we are not to acknowledge

a true Singer. He had a 'soul of music' in him. He had brain, imagination, fervid temperament, a unique inspiration, and often and often exquisiteness of utterance. His rhyme and rhythm, his nervous strength and harmony, his general integrity of workmanship, will bear comparison with far higher-lauded names in my deliberate judgment, let who will gainsay.

The 'Man,' as an actor in the events and circumstances of a momentous epoch, had—as we have seen—the 'courage of his opinions,' and all his 'opinions' were convictions. He stood pathetically and gallantly true to his 'Royalism,' to his 'anointed' King. It seems probable that he was 'with the king' in Oxford, and so that he wrote 'the Loyal Convert' under the spell of the 'royal' presence. Be this as it may, he is out-and-out 'for the King.' He 'lost' I fear all his possessions as well as his Manuscripts—worth, I do not doubt all the other losses put together—and he were a poor creature who should withhold the meed of his admiration for allegiance so unselfish and unswerving, and for sacrifices so direct and personal and continuous. All this I would assert and recall without grudge. But in the interests of historic veracity and righteousness, we must take every opportunity of protesting against a 'Royalism' and personal adherence to a sovereign (irrespective of *who* and *what* that sovereign was, and did, and did not) that were opposed to 'Loyalty' to the Nation and to the national interests as against the individual 'royal' interests, real or alleged. In the measure that Francis Quarles held fast to his conscience-ruled principles, I honour, revere him. In the measure that he discredited like conscience-ruled principles of the noblest men and women England has had, who stood for Country and not merely for King, and who could see naught of 'anointed,' of truthful or trustful, of noble or even capable, in

Charles I. (not to say Charles II.) and contrariwise saw in him a false, 'tricky,' treacherous, superstitious rather than pious, favourite-governed, weak and criminal ruler—I must as emphatically condemn him. That's all I feel called on to pronounce here. But as a corollary, it were to be recreant to what I hold dearest and most sacred, not to similarly protest against Quarles's hard, harsh, historically mendacious and libellous flouts and gibes and sneers on the Puritans, and other (so-called) Heretics and Schismatics. In the 'Shepherd's Oracles' I might select a score of texts whereupon to 'preach' many a sermon of retort and remonstrance. I would deny myself the irksome task. If in the 'Shepherd's Oracles' and elsewhere, he is not quite so savage as Dr. Joseph Beaumont, he certainly would have sympathised really with Sydney Smith when (*jocularly*) he said to a Puseyite, 'that he was so weak he did not think he could even stick a knife into a Dissenter.' Nonconformity or Dissent, early or of the living present, has nothing to fear in any judicial and candid comparison of its work *for* the Master, and blessing and success in that work *by* the Master, with any of the (so-called) National or Established Churches. Such bigotry and assumption and sectarianism and ignorance, as the like of Quarles showed, and as modern Churchmen unhappily affect and effect (disastrously), suggest anachronism to-day; nay more, it is fully time surely that fellow-Christians recognised a 'brother' in every one outside or under their own section of the Church Universal, of whom it may be said, however imperfectly, 'Like unto Christ.' He by His Holy Spirit is not 'ashamed' of the lowliest conventicle. As matter of actual and benignant fact and observation and experience, He 'converts' and 'sanctifies' and builds up men and women everywhere, who as 'looking' to Him have been 'drawn'

and 'won' to Him, whether under Conformity or Nonconformity. This being so, how deplorable, how measurelessly evil, that down the long ages men shall insist on their Shibboleth and Sibboleth as the only divine watchword!

At this late day, Francis Quarles is to be regarded not for what was accident and infirmity and of circumstance, but as he looks out upon us from his wise and delightful 'Essays' and as a 'sweet Singer' in the grand Antiphone of the comparatively small band of our Sacred Poets. Thus lifted above intervening 'mists,' he appears,—as in truth and not mere phrase,—one of the Worthies of England, and secured of an abiding place in our literature and in men's hearts. Across the more than two hundred years since he 'fell asleep,' I greet him as exemplar, in the Laureate's great word-portraiture, of

'The grand old name of gentleman
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil'd with all ignoble use.'

VII. OUR EDITION.—As invariably, I have reproduced the entire Works in integrity. I have in no single instance modernised or 'improved' or mutilated. The exact text in the most authoritative editions—each described in its place—is presented in these three volumes, not—it will I trust be allowed—unworthily. Our edition is 'complete,' *id est*, nothing of all the Works of Quarles will be found wanting. Even his fugitive or minor poems—some hitherto overlooked—I have thought well to give as one of the appendices to this Introduction (Appendix C.). Further—I also place after these (Appendix E.), Benlowes' 'Quarles,' with a verse-translation (for the first time) by the Poet of 'Wood-Notes and Church-Bells,' our living George Herbert—the Rev. Richard Wilton, M.A., of Londesborough Rectory. I am in a sense proud that for the original poor and inadequate illustrations of the 'Emblems' I have been enabled (at considerable cost) to

furnish the very remarkable new illustrations of Bennett and Rogers ; than which few are so memorable. But in order to gratify curiosity I have had typical 'Emblems' as they were originally published by Quarles facsimiled, together with Marshall's exquisite title-page to 'Quarles' (as above). These appear in the appendix to this Introduction ; and there also I place certain notes on the 'Emblems.' Other things speak for themselves.

I am very thankful to have thus brought to a successful conclusion a somewhat serious undertaking. To all who have in any way

helped me in it, I wish to repeat publicly my heart-felt thanks. To my 'Brother Beloved,' the Rev. Richard Wilton (as before) ; to George H. White, Esq., Glenthorne ; Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, London ; James Morison, Esq., Glasgow ; Rev. T. L. O. Davies, M.A., Southampton ; the late Henry Huth, Esq., and his son Alfred H. Huth, Esq., E. J. Sage, Esq., and Colonel Chester, LL.D., and to a number of spontaneous correspondents, I offer unstinted acknowledgments. And so Farewell.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

APPENDICES.

A.—BIRTHPLACE OF QUARLES. See pp. ix, xii.

The wood-cut on page ix. is taken from the following—'An Exact Survey of Several Parcells of land lying near Romford [= Romford] in the Parish of Hornchurch in the County of Essex Belonging to W^m. Holgate Esq^r. Described in the Year 1696 and found to containe 373 Acres, 3 Roods and 27 Perches. By W^m. Stane.' Mr. E. J. Sage, of Stoke Newington (as before), has had the entire 'Plan' facsimiled. The large mansion, situate south-east of Romford town, in our wood-cut described as 'Orchard and Seate,' was the Manor House of Stewards, and so our Worthy's birthplace. In continuation of foot-note 1 on page xii., it may be added that Mr. Sage discovered that Stewards was pulled down about 1717, and Romford Hall (the present 'large red brick house') built upon its site.

The Plan-Map—whence our woodcut is taken—is in the original coloured ; and the manor-house of Stewards appears as a white gabled structure, with sloping red-tiled roof. After the fashion of many large Essex houses

of the time, Stewards was probably a framed house of timber, the interstices being filled up with plaster, pargeted and otherwise ornamented. A small garden or terrace separates the house from the road leading from Romford to Hornchurch, then called Hornchurch Lane, but now South Street. A red brick wall encloses the house on all sides but the east, on which side is the large garden, and stretching away south and east (with adjuncts on the south-west, and a few acres to the west) appear the manorial domains of Stewards. They remained but little altered until our own day, but are now to a great extent covered with unpicturesque streets. A windmill standing south of Stewards (in the plan-map) was only removed a year or two since. The old church in which Francis Quarles was baptized, and strikingly resembling the church shown in the map—thus in a manner vouching for the fidelity of the sketch of Stewards—was pulled down and rebuilt in 1849-50. These, and other facts that might be named, give new

interest to the somewhat rough yet authentic sketch of Stewards.

It may be added that the plan-map—37 inches long by 22 broad—is on vellum, and in excellent preservation. Holgate, for whom it was made, was great-great nephew of our

Quarles. As only a few copies of the facsimile were taken, it too is rare. The original is in Mr. Sage's possession. It is his intention to place it in the British Museum, or some other great public collection.

B.—ELEGIES, ETC., ON QUARLES: FROM END OF 'SOLOMON'S RECANTATION,'
AND 'WIT'S RECREATION.'

In obitum viri clarissimi, atque ingeniosissimi Poëtæ,
Francisci QUARLES, Æpergædia.

I Cygne felix, ocyt's avola,
Cantator ales, cum neque jam vada
Ripis supersint, nec quietæ
Purus aquæ fluat (ecce!) rivus;
Fontes nec ipsi: Sanguine, sanguine
(Heu!) cuncta manant; quod mare civicæ
Non decoloravere cædes?
Ipsa, vides, rubet Hippocrene.
Et quis poetis jam locus aut latex?
Quæ lymphæ Musis? cum cruor undique.
Hinc, hinc migrandum, nibicemus
Purpureas Heliconis undas.
At ô Camænarum et dolor et decus,
Tu si recedas, quis tua funera
Cantabit, ô divine vates?
Quo moritur moriente Phœbus.
Quisquænam fundet jam *guernum* melos?
(Falsum nec omen nominis hoc tul:)
Mæstûmve panget carmen arte,
Melpomenes citharâ canorus?
Quis certa cœlo jam dabit? aut pium
Emblema textet floribus ingeni?
Quis symbolorum voce pictâ
Vnâ oculos animûmque pascet?
Quis melle puro jam, calami potens,
Conditâ promet diâ poemata?
Aut funditabit, grande, sacro
Enthea metra calens furore?
Quis sanctitatem nectare carminis
Tinctam propinans, digna Deo canet?
Cœlûmque versu claudet omni,
Atque fidem fidibus sonabit?
Tu nempe litem, si pote, publicam
Compescuisses dulcisonis modis,
Ni læva nobis mens, et orbi
Harmoniam reducem dedisses.
Mollisse magnos tu poteras duces,
Feras ut Orpheus flexanimis sonis;
Pacemque pulsam, jûsque mundo, ac
Eurydicem retulisse cantu.
Per te colissent dissita pectora,
Per te colissent diruta mœnia:
Tu solus Amphion peritus
Vel lapides sociare plectro.

Postquàm hoc negatum; ponere noveras
Emblema saltem flebile seculi,
Bellique: nostris sed nec ullum
Par Hieroglyphicum ruinis.
Quando ergo te nec terra capit, tuis
Nec digna Musis; I, pete cœlites,
Intèrque cœtus Angelorum
Perpetuum modularè carmen.

*Jacobus Duport, Græcæ Linguae
Professor Cantab.*

An Elegie upon the famous Poet
FRANCIS QUARLES.

Is *Quarles* dead? his active spirit flown?
And none to lend a teare, a sigh, a groan,
For the world's losse? me thinks at least all eyes
(Since tongues can not) should weep large Elegies.
Expect no Muses; for they at his death
Compassionate, lost their Poétique breath.
Expect no marble Tombe; he's above fate;
His name (if Learning live) shall know no date:
His issue shall survive posterity,
This age and th' next, and so t' eternity.
Peruse his *Phantasies*, and his *Emblems* wrapt;
And see *S. Paul* into the third heav'n's rapt:
Or else some Cherubim sent down from thence
T' unfold heav'n's Mysteries in heav'n's Eloquence.
A Poet-saint he was, in him each line
Speakes out at large rare Poet, choyses Divine.
His message done, he flies unto his Maker,
Of what he told us here, to be partaker.
His prison'd soul was so harmonious here;
Now loose, what Musicke, think you, makes she there!
She wept, then sung; now sung, 'gaine wept in rime:
Her Rests now know no stop, her Joy no time.
Her Phansy Vision is, she now doth live
With Angels' food, knowledge intuitive.
By Emblems darke to spell the Deitie
She taught before, now sees Divinitie.
But stay, my Muse: the clouds doe interpose
Twixt thee and her; 'tis better for thee close.
Then pierce, or peep too farre. Poëbus is set
Th' hast pay'd thy tribute light, thy tribute heat,
Sigh out the rest: or wouldst thou to him go,
Thy Love, thy Life? Goe be entomb'd too.

R. Stable.

Finally, in a very unlikely place, viz., in 'Wits Recreations' (1640, No. 193), there is found these overlooked memorial-lines on 'Mr. Francis Quarles':—

'To them that understand themselves so well
As what not who lyes here to ask, I'll tell
What I conceive Envy dare not deny
Far both from falsehood and from flattery.
Here drawn to Land by Death, doth lye
A vessell fitter for the sky
Then Jason's Argo, though to Greece
They say it brought the Golden Fleece :
The Skilfull Pilot steered it so

Hither and thither to and fro
Through all the seas of poetry
Whether they far or neare doe lye,
And fraught it so with all the wealth
Of wit and learning ; not by stealth
Of piracy, but purchase got—
That this whole lower world could not
Richer commodities or more
Afford to add unto his store.
To heaven then with an intent
Of new discoveries, he went,
And left his vessel here to rest
Till his return shall make it blest.
The bill of lading he that looks
To know may find it in his Books.'

C.—MINOR POEMS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES. See p. lxxv.

1. *Epitaph on Michael Drayton in Poet's corner of Westminster Abbey.* In the folio edition of Drayton's Works (1748) this 'Epitaph' is attributed to Ben Jonson, but Willmott reclaimed it for Quarles on the unquestionable authority 'of his intimate friend Marshall, the stone-cutter of Fetter-Lane, who erected the monument, and told Aubrey that Quarles was the author' ('Lives,' as before):—

'Do pious marble, let thy readers know
What they, and what their children, owe
To Drayton's name, whose sacred dust
We recommend unto thy trust.
Protect his memory, and preserve his story,
Remain a lasting monument of his glory.
And when thy ruins shall disclaim
To be the treasurer of his name,
His name that cannot fade, shall be
An everlasting monument to thee.'

2. Commendatory Poems from Phineas Fletcher's 'Purple Island,' etc., 1633 :—

(a.) 'To the Ingenious Composer of this Pastorall,
The Spencer of this age.

'I vow (sweet stranger) if my lazie quill
Had not been disobedient to fulfill
My quick desires, this glory which is thine,
Had but the Muses pleased, had been mine.
My Genius jump't with thine ; the very same
Was our Foundation : in the very Frame
Thy Genius jump't with mine ; it got the start
In nothing, but Prioritie, and Art.
If (my ingenious Rivall) these dull times
Should want the present strength to prize thy rhymes,

The time-instructed children of the next
Shall fill thy margent, and admire the text ;
Whose well read lines will teach them how to be
The happie knowers of themselves and thee.'

FRAN. QUARLES. (¶ ¶ 2.)

(b.) 'To my deare friend, the Spencer
of this age.

Deare Friend,
No more a Stranger now : I lately past
Thy curious Building ; call'd ; but then my haste
Deny'd me a full draught ; I did but taste.
Thy wine was rich and pleasing ; did appeare
No common grape : My haste could not forbear
A second sippe ; I hung a Garland there :
Past on my way ; I lasht through thick and thinne,
Dispatch'd my businesse, and return'd agen ;
I call'd the second time ; unhors'd, went in :
View'd every Room ; each Room was beautif'd
With new Invention, carv'd on every side,
To please the common and the curious ey'd :
View'd every Office ; every Office lay
Like a rich Magazen ; and did bewray
Thy Treasure, op'ned with thy golden key :
View'd every Orchard ; every Orchard did
Apppeare a Paradise, whose fruits were hid
(Perchance) with shadowing Leaves, but now forbid :
View'd every Plot ; spent four delightfull howres
In every Garden, full of new-born flowers,
Delicious banks, and delectable bowers,
Thus having stepp'd and travell'd every staire
Within, and tasted every fruit that 's rare
Without, I made thy house my thorough-fare.
Then give me leaue, rare Fletcher, (as before
I left a Garland, at thy Gates) once more
To hang this Ivie at thy Postern-doore.'

FRANCIS QUARLES.'

(c.) 'Man's Bodie's like a house ; his greater bones
Are the main timber ; and the lesser ones
Are smaller splints : his ribs are laths, daub'd o're,
Plaister'd with flesh, and bloud : his mouth's the
doore,
His Throat's the narrow entrie, and his heart
Is the great chamber, full of curious art :
His midriffe is a large partition-wall
'Twixt the great chamber, and the spacious hall :
His stomach is the kitchin, where the meat
Is often but half sod, for want of heat :
His spleen's a vessell nature does allot
To take the skumme that rises from the pot :
His lungs are like the bellows, that respire
In ev'ry office, quick'ning ev'ry fire :
His nose the chimney is, whereby are vented
Such fumes as with the bellows are augmented :
His bowels are the sink whose part's to drein
All noisome filth, and keep the kitchin clean :
His eyes are crystall windows, cleare and bright ;
Let in the object, and let out the sight.
And as the timber, is or great, or small,
Or strong, or weak, tis apt to stand, or fall :
Yet is the likeliest building sometimes known
To fall by obvious chances ; overthrowen
Of times by tempests, by the full-mouth'd blasts
Of heav'n ; sometimes by fire ; sometimes it wastes
Through unadvis'd neglect : put case the stufte
Were ruine-prooffe, by nature strong enough
To conquer Time, and age ; put case it should
Ne're know an end, alas our leases would.
What hast thou then, proud flesh and bloud, to
boast !
Thy dayes are evil, at best ; but few, at most,
But sad, at merriest ; and but weak, at strongest ;
Unsure, at surest ; and but short, at longest.

FRAN. QUARLES.'

3. Psalms. These are given here on the authority of the following from John Josse-lyn's 'Account of Two Voyages to New England' (1674) as quoted in Notes and Queries (2d. Series, ix. pp. 218-19, but as too frequently not indexed under Quarles).

In the year 1638 he says on his arrival in Massachusetts Bay :—

'Having refreshed myself for a day or two at Noodles Island, I crossed the Bay in a small boat to Boston, which then was rather a village than a town, there not being above twenty or thirty houses, and presented myself to Mr. Winthorpe the Gov^r and to Mr. Cotton the teacher of Boston Church : to whom

I delivered from Mr. Francis Quarles the Poet, the translations of the 16, 25, 51, 88, 113 and 137 Psalms into English Meeter for his approbation,' etc.

I am indebted to my friend Mr. W. T. Brooke—no common authority on Hymnology—for calling my attention to these hitherto utterly over-looked 'Psalms.' Fortunately an exemplar of the first edition of the Bay Psalm-book is in the Bodleian. We here subjoin the title-page :

'THE
WHOLE
BOOKE OF PSALMES
Faithfully
TRANSLATED *into* ENGLISH
Metre.

Whereunto is prefixed a discourse de-
claring not only the lawfulness, but also
the necessity of the heavenly Ordinance
of singing Scripture Psalmes in
the Churches of
God.

Coll. III.

*Let the word of God dwell plentifully in
you, in all wisdom, teaching and exhort-
ing one another in Psalmes, Himnes, and
spirituall Songs, singing to the Lord with
grace in your hearts.*

James V.

*If any be afflicted, let him pray, and if
any be merry let him sing psalmes.*

Imprinted
1640.'

From this my text is fetched in preference to that of 1647 (in British Museum) which had 'revisions and additions' :—

PSALME 16.

Michtam of David.

O mighty God, preserve thou mee,
for on thee doe I rest.

2 Thou art my God, vnto the Lord
my soule thou hast profest :

- My goodnes reacheth not to thee,
 3 But to the Saints upon
 the earth and to the excellent,
 whome all my joye is on.
 4 They who give gifts to a strange God,
 their sorrowes multiplie :
 their drink oblations of blood
 offer up will not I.
 Neither will I into my lips
 the names of them take up.
 5 Jehovah is the portion
 of my part, & my cup :
 Thou art maintainer of my lot,
 6 To me the lines fal'n bee
 In pleasant places : yea, faire is
 the heritage for mee.
 7 I will Jehovah humbly-blesse,
 who hath mee counselled :
 yea in the nights my reines have mee
 chastising nurtured.
 8 Jehovah I have alwayes set
 as present before mee :
 because he is at my right hand
 I shall not moved bee.
 9 Wherefore my heart rejoyced hath,
 and glad is my glory :
 moreover also my flesh shall
 in hope lodge securely.
 10 Because thou wilt not leave my soule
 within the grave to bee,
 nor wilt thou give thine holy one,
 corruption for to see.
 11 Thou wilt shew me the path of life,
 of joyes abundant-store,
 before thy face, at thy right hand
 Are pleasures evermore.

PSALME 25.

A psalme of David.

- I Lift my soule to thee o Lord,
 My God I trust in thee,
 Let mee not be asham'd : nor let
 my foes joy over mee.
 3 Yea, all that wait on thee shall not
 be fill'd with shamefulness :
 but they shall be ashamed all,
 who without cause transgressee.
 4 Thy wayes, Jehovah, make mee know,
 thy paths make me discern.
 5 Cause mee my steps to order well,
 in thy truth, and mee learne,
 For thou God of my saving health,
 on thee I wait all day.
 6 Thy bowels, Lord, and thy mercyes
 minde ; for they are for aye.

- 7 Sinnes of my youth remember not,
 neither my trespasses :
 after thy mercy minde thou mee
 o Lord for thy goodnes.
 8 Good and upright God is, therefore
 will sinners teach the way.
 9 The meek he'll guide in iudgement : &
 will teach the meek his way.
 10 Jehovah's paths they mercy are,
 all of them truth also,
 to them that keep his covenant,
 and testimonies do.

(2)

- 11 For thy name's sake o Jehovah,
 freely doe thou remitt
 mine owne perverse iniquitie :
 because that great is it.
 12 Who fears the Lord, him hee will teach
 the way that he shall chuse.
 13 his soule shall dwell at ease, his seed
 as heirs the earth shall vse.
 14 The secret of God is with those
 that doe him reverence :
 and of his covenant he them
 will give intelligence.
 15 Mine eyes continually are
 upon Jehovah set :
 for it is hee that will bring forth
 my feet out of the net.
 16 Vnto me-wards turne thou thy face,
 and on mee mercy show :
 because I solitary am
 afflicted poore also.
 17 My heart's troubles enlarged are ;
 from my distresse me bring.
 18 See mine affliction, & my paine ;
 and pardon all my sin.
 19 Mark my foes ; for they many are,
 and cruelly mee hate,
 20 My soule keep, free mee ; nor let mee
 be sham'd, who on thee wait.
 21 Let soundnes, and uprightness keep
 mee : for I trust in thee.
 22 Israel from his troubles all,
 o God, doe thou set free.

PSALME 51.

To the chief musician, a psalme of David, when
 Nathan the prophet came unto him, after he
 had gone in unto Bathsheba.

Have mercy upon mee o God,
 in thy loving kyndnes :

- in multitude of thy mercyes
blot out my trespasses.
- 2 From mine iniquity doe thou
wash mee most perfectly,
and also from this sin of mine
doe thou mee purify.
- 3 Because, of my transgressions
my selfe doe take notice,
and sin that I committed have
before mee ever is.
- 4 Gainst thee, thee only I have sin'd
this ill done thee before :
when thou speakest iust thou art, & cleare
when thou dost iudge therefore.
- 5 Behold, how in iniquity
I did my shape receive :
also my mother *that mee have*
in sin did mee conceive.
- 6 Behold, thou dost desire the truth
within the inward part :
and thou shalt make mee wisdom know
in secret of my heart.
- 7 With hysope doe me purify,
I shall be cleansed so :
doe thou mee wash, and then I shall
be whiter then the snow.
- 8 Of joy & of gladnes doe thou
make me to heare the voyce :
that so the bones which thou hast broke
may cheerfully rejoyce.
- 9 From the beholding of my sin
hide thou away thy face :
also all mine iniquities
doe utterly deface.

(2)

- 10 A cleane heart (Lord) in me create,
also a spirit right
- 11 in me renew. O cast not mee
away out of thy sight ;
Nor from me take thy holy spirit.
- 12 Restore the joy to mee
of thy salvation, & uphold
me with thy spirit free.
- 13 Then will I teach thy wayes to those
that work iniquitie ;
and by this meanes shall sinners bee
converted unto thee.
- 14 O God, God of my health, set mee
free from bloud guiltines,
and so my tongue shall joyfully
sing of thy righteousnes.
- 15 O Lord-my-stay, let thou my lips
by thee be opened,

- and by my mouth thy praises shall
be openly shewed.
- 16 For thou desir'st not sacrifice,
it would I freely bring :
neither dost thou contentment take
in a whole burnt offering.
- 17 The sacrifices of the Lord
they are a broken sprite :
God, thou wilt not despise a heart
that 's broken, & contrite.
- 18 In thy good pleasure o doe thou
doe good to Sion hill :
the walles of thy Jerusalem
o doe thou build up still.
- 19 The sacrifice of justice shall
please thee, with burnt offering,
and whole burnt offering ; then they shall
calves to thine Altar bring.

PSALME 88.

A song or psalme for the sons of Korah, to
the chief musician upon Mahalath Leannoth,
Maschil of Heman the
Ezrahite.

- Lord God of my salvation,
before thee day & night cryde I.
- 2 Before thee o let my pray'r come :
incline thine eare unto my cry.
- 3 Because my soule is troubled so :
and my life draws nigh to the grave.
- 4 Counted with them to th' pit that go :
I'me as a man that no strength have.
- 5 Free among those men that be dead,
like slaine which in the grave are shut ;
by thee noe more remembered :
and by thy hand off are they cut.
- 6 Thou hast mee layd i' th' pit most low
in darkneses, within deep caves.
- 7 Hard on mee lyes thy wrath, & thou
dost mee afflict with all thy waves. Selah.
- 8 Men that of mine acquaintance bee
thou hast put far away mee fro :
unto them loathsome thou madst mee,
I am shut up, nor forth can go.
- 9 Because of mine affliction,
mine eye with mourning pines away,
Jehovah, I call thee upon :
& stretch my hands to thee all day ;

(2)

- 10 Shew wonders to the dead wilt thou ?
shall dead arise & thee confess ? Selah.
- 11 I' th' grave wilt thou thy kindenes show ?
in lost estate thy faithfullnes ?

- 12 Thy works that wonderfull have been
within the dark shal they be knowne?
& shall thy righteousnes be *seene*
in the land of oblivion?
- 13 But Lord I have cryde thee unto
at morne, my pray'r prevent shall thee.
- 14 Lord why casts thou my soule thee fro?
why hidest thou thy face from mee?
- 15 I'me poore afflicted, & to dye
am ready, from my youthfull yeares,
I am sore troubled doubtfully
while I doe beare thy horrid feares.
- 16 Thy fierce wrath over mee doth goe,
thy terrors they doe mee dismay.
- 17 Encomasse mee about they doe,
close mee together all the day.
- 18 Lover & friend a far thou hast
removed off away from mee,
& mine acquaintance thou hast cast
into darksom obscuritee.

PSALME 113.

- THE Lord prayse yee, prayse yee the Lord
his servants God's Name prayse.
- 2 O blessed be Jehovah's Name,
from henceforth & alwayes.
- 3 From rising to the setting sun:
the Lord's Name's to be praysd.
- 4 The Lord all nations is above:
o're heav'n's his glory raysd.
- 5 Who is like to the Lord our God?
who upon earth doth dwell.
- 6 Who humble doth himselfe to view,
in heav'n, in earth as well.
- 7 The needy from the dust he lifts;
the poore lifts from the dung.
- 8 That hee with princes may him set:
his people's Peeres among.
- 9 The barren woman he doth make
to keepe house, & to bee
a joyfull mother of children:
wherefore the Lord prayse yee.

PSALME 137.

- THE rivers on of Babilon
there when wee did sit downe:
yea even then wee mourned, when
wee remembred Sion.
- 2 Our Harps wee did hang it amid,
upon the willow tree.
- 3 Because there they that us away
led in captivitee,
Requir'd of us a song, & thus
askt mirth: us waste who laid

- sing us among a Sion's song,
unto us then they said.
- 4 The lord's song sing can wee? being
5 in strangers' land. Then let
loose her skill my right hand, if I
Jerusalem forget.
- 6 Let cleave my tongue my pallate on,
if minde thee doe not I:
if chiefe ioyes or'e I prize not more
Jerusalem my joy.
- 7 Remember Lord, Edom's son's word,
unto the ground said they,
it rase, it rase, when as it was
Jerusalem her day.
- 8 Blest shall hee bee, that payeth thee,
daughter of Babilon,
who must be waste: that which thou hast
rewarded us upon.
- 9 O happie hee shall surely bee
that taketh up, that eke
thy little ones against the stones
doth into pieces breake.

4. On Luther. From 'The Life and
Death of Dr. Martin Lvtther. London.
Printed . . . for John Stafford . . . 1641.'
[By Thomas Hayne]:—

'To the pretious Memory of
Dr. Mart. Luther.

Welfare those gentle *Quils* (whose ere they be)
Whose meritorious labours shall set free
The Vrne imprisoned *Dust* of that renown'd
Thrice famous *Luther*: Let his head be crown'd
With sacred *Immortality*, and rais'd
Much rather to be wondred at then prais'd.
Let *Babes* unborne, like fruitfull plants bring forth
To after dayes new *Monuments* of his worth,
And time out-lasting *Name*: that *Babels Whore*
And all her bald-pate panders may ev'n rore
For very anguish, and then gnaw and bite
Their tongues for malice, and their nailes for spite,
Whilst men made perfect in his well knowne story
May all turne *Patrons*, and protect his *Glory*.

FRANCIS QUARLES.'

5. From 'A Patterne of Uniuersall Know-
ledge, In a plaine and true Draught: or a
Diatyposis, or Model of the Eminently
Learned, and Pious Promoter of Science in
generall. [By] Mr. John Amos Comenius
. . . 1651.' [Transl'd by Jeremy Collier,
M.A. . . .]:—

'Loe, here an Exile ! who to serue his God
Hath sharply tasted of proud Pashur's Rod,
Whose learning, Piety, and true work, being knowne
To all the world, makes all the world his owne.
(On Portrait.) F. Q.'

Fuller states that most of the 'Verses' in his 'Abel Redivivus' (1651) were written by the Quarleses, 'father and son.' As it is impossible to distinguish which were the father's and which the son's, and as with very slight exceptions, these 'Verses' (including Fuller's own) have nothing remarkable about them, it is deemed inexpedient to reproduce them here—save those on Ridley, which John Quarles certainly was incapable of writing, and which have all the characteristics of Francis Quarles. The staring in 'Death's face' of the martyr-prelate is surely a portraiture of uncommon power. I regret that having mislaid my original exemplar of *Abel Redivivus* I must content myself (as in Drayton's Epitaph) with a modern edition's text :—

'OF RIDLEY.

Read in the progress of this blessed story
Rome's cursed cruelty and Ridley's glory :
Rome's sirens' song ; but Ridley's careless ear
Was deaf : they charm'd, but Ridley would not hear.
Rome sung preferment, but brave Ridley's tongue
Condemn'd that false preferment which Rome sung.
Rome whisper'd wealth ; but Ridley (whose great
gain
Was godliness) he wav'd it with disdain.
Rome threatened durance ; but great Ridley's mind
Was too, too strong for threats or chains to bind.
Rome thunder'd death ; but Ridley's dauntless eye
Stared in Death's face, and scorn'd Death standing by :
In spite of Rome, for England's faith he stood,
And in the flames he seal'd it with his blood.'

Mr. W. C. Hazlitt (*Handbook s.n.*) states that Quarles has verses prefixed to Warwick's *Spare Minutes*, 1634. I have examined several exemplars ; but in none are there such 'Verses.' He also records 'Fraus Mundi. Dolor Inferni. Mors tua,' from Ashmole ms. 38, unaware that they had been published by Quarles himself. They will

be found in their own places. The 'direfull Anathema against Peace-haters' issued as a broad-sheet (with two others) as by Francis Quarles (1647) were by his son, and it appears in his 'Regale Lectum Miseriæ' (1648).

The following trifles from Ashmolean mss.—to which Mr. Hazlitt's *Handbook* guided me—may as well find insertion here :—

(a.) From 36, No. 17.

'Most hon^{ble} Lord,
It pleas'd the sunshine of my gracious kinge
To crowne my fortune, with ann earely springe,
But like the soyle, in theis drye tymes it wants
Some fruitfull drops, to quicken her greene plants.
Your LoP is that heaven, from whence myne eye
Expects those drops, or my poore plants must
dye. FRA. QUARLES.'

(b.) *Ibid.* No. 20.

'Awake, rouze vp my dull Theorboe ; Joyne
The Maiesty of thy voyce with mine ;
And let our Musicke magnify the story
Of Love's perfection and Earth's glory ;
Helpe me to singe Mirilla, and to raise
A straine but equal to her praise :
Let virtue, beauty, in their full perfection
Entrance thy ayre, like my affeccion ;
Affect the soule of the rapt stander by
With wonder, love, and extasie,
This done : My sweete Theorboe, recompose yee
To thy broke slumbers, and repose yee.
F. QUARLES.'

(c.) *Ibid.* 37, No. 290.

CUPID'S TABLE OF MULTIPLICACON.

Give me one kisse ; faire lovere doe	1
Thinke one too little ; Give me two ;	2
Add to these two, two kisses more ;	4
Make these foure Ten ; That Ten a score	10, 20
Now make this score a hundred : agen	100
Make that a Thousand, & that Thousand	
Ten	1000, 10000
And if this strickt Account Incumber	
Then give me kisses without number.	

FRA. QUARLES.'

As I pass on the proof-sheets I recall that the poem on 'Man's Bodie' that accompanied Phineas Fletcher's 'Purple Island' (see page lxix of this Introduction) was reprinted in 'Divine Fancies,' B. I. 42.

D.—THE EMBLEMS. See pp. xxx. liii.

Everybody knows that the original (very poor) illustrations of the 'Emblems' were taken from the *Pia Desideria* of Herman Hugo. I possess an extremely fine copy, with most brilliant impressions of all the engravings; but even the originals are grotesque and mean, and almost throughout absurd, in that the chief 'figures' are (to say the least) childish even when adults are necessary to the 'moral' of the verse. Marshall and Simpson did not 'improve' on Hugo. Few of our early engravers had a cunninger hand than Marshall when he chose; but the 'Emblems' must have been perfunctorily done. Mr. W. Griggs has reproduced examples by which the Reader will be able to judge for himself of their merits or demerits. Even that which Quarles's text so be-praises ('The Hunt:' Emblem ix. B. 3) is a miserable affair. It was long past time that Quarles's text had worthier illustration; and none will differ from me in affirming that in the new

'Emblems'—skilfully incorporating as they do the earlier—of Bennett and Rogers, that it is our privilege to furnish in these works, the thing has been done imperishably. Compared with their first issue in an edition of the 'Emblems' (James Nisbet and Co.), these *unique* illustrations have only now had full justice done to them in carefulness of taking off and paper.

Willmott ('Lives' as before) gives some odd blunders of 'critical' Writers concerning these 'Emblems.' He accurately corrects Alexander Chalmers's statement that 'the accompanying verses are entirely Quarles's.' Occasionally entire lines and entire passages are 'paraphrased;' but all of immortal belongs to the English Poet alone. I do not think it worth while occupying more of our already over-driven space in quoting from the *Pia Desideria*, especially as it is not at all uncommon. The following facsimile 'Emblems' speak for themselves:—

- [1. Emblem II. Book 2.
2. Emblem IX. Book 3.
3. Emblem XII. Book 3.
4. Hieroglyphic VI.
5. Marshall's engraved title-page to Quarles's.
6. Marshall's engraved title-page to Hieroglyphics—of a Bubble.]

II.



Donec totum expleat orbem.

IX.



The sorrowes of hell have encompassed me the snares of death have overtaken me. psal. 17: Will Simpson.

XII.



O that thou wouldst protect me in the grave, and hide me untill thy furie be past: Job 14. Will Simpson sculp.



Tempus erit.

Will Marshall sculp.





Inte, videntur esse quod cupiat in melle productum.



✓
E.—QUARLEIS. See pp. lxxv-lvi.

AD MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ REGEM.

Anagramma quadruplex.

¹ *E* *St Ortu Charus, Largus, Via, Norma, Columna,*
² *Tuka Salus, Vires, Cor (Anglis ;) *Sic sua causâ*
Regna MARO pius, ac Mavortius ornat ACHILLES.

1. CAROLUS STEVVARTIUS ANGLORUM MONARCHA.
2. CAROLUS STEVARTIUS. 3. CAROLUS primus
STEVVARTIUS Angliæ ac Scotiæ Monarcha. 4. CAR-
OLUS STEVARDUS.

CAROLE, sepositi *Sol charus et arduus Orbis,*
Splendida Britannum Gloria, Pacis Honos,
Delicias Imperij, Decus Ævi, Gemma Regentum,
Laus Vatum, Charitum Gratia, Cura DEI,
Cujus ab unius *Requies* stat nostra *Quiete,*
Lucra, Lucro ; Vita, Vita ; Salute, Salus ;
QUARLESIAS merito dignare *Favore Camenas,*
Hoc Regem tantum, quantus es Ipse, decet ;
Eripe (quid TIBI non facile est ?) *scrobe Semen egenâ,*
Da pingui infigi nobile Semen humo ;
Rem, Regem, Regimen, Regionem, Religionem,
Exornat, celebrat, laudat, honorat, amat :
Insere Eum Sulco aurato, et Seges aurea surget
Ingenij ; Applausus sancta Theatra dabunt :
Hæc mea sunt, sed non mea tantum Vota, nec Vnus
Hoc petit, unanimis Turba sat ampla sumus ;
Credimus ; eveniat, nec Spe lactemur Inani ;
Macte Britannigenam Maxime, clarus Avis,
Clarior Imperio, Musis clarissimus ito ;
Olim et idem spatium Laudis, ut Orbis, erit :
Annus, non Annos Tibi, REX, optamus ; at Annus
Hic (si nostra valent Vota) Platonis erit :
Vive, præi meritis Augustum ; Nestora, Sæclis ;
Nervam, Laude ; Numam, Pace ; Favore, Titum ;
Et longum felix sis Præsulæ, Plebe, Senatu,
Iure, Magistratu, Milite, Classe, Scholis ;
Sic Hyberna Chelys, sic Lilia terna, Leones
Sic quatuor semper, REX, tria Regna, beent :
Sic Sæclis maneat Nomen, sic terminet Æquor
Imperium ; Terras, Laus ; Animusque Polos.

Sit Tibi pro Scenâ, *Mundus ;* pro Lampade, *Phæbus ;*
Pro Solio, *Cælum :* Sit Diadema DEUS.

Sic humillimus precatur
EDOUARDUS BENLOOVES.

QVARLËIS.

Postico appendo Corollam.

P^{Ræli iterum produs pictus Fuligine? Quidni}
MOME? *placere Mihi est displicuisse Tibi.*
Sin ita, QVARLVs ait, nunquam mihi turpiter hirtis
Post vitata Metris Virgo Papyrus erit.

Tàm Pictati, quàm Personæ.

S^{Emper Spectator tantum? Nunquam Actor? Ocellis}
Satque superque datum est, jam cape *Lingua*
vices.

Prodeo. QVARLE, sacræ decus *immortale Thalia,*
Dum perago Tecum plura, sed apta, vaca.
Disticha, *Amice,* petens, tantum *septena tulisti,*
Ne pete, multa feres ; Ne lege, et ultus eris :
Sin autem hæc placeant, lege cuncta placencia lætè,
Sin minus, Ecquis Te cogit, ut ulla legas ?
Sit transire *Tibi, Mihi* scribere plurima, nonne
Curta Poësis erit, si modò nulla legas ?
Quid legeres? Nam *Te* laudabo, *Librumque,* sat etsi
Et Liber hic Laudis sit Tibi, Tuque Libro.
¶ *Quisquis* es ista videns, faveas : *Infantia Musa est*
Floris egenæ, carens Schemate, nuda Tropis.
At meliora *velim ;* sient meliora *volendo,*
Et mihi posse dabit, Qui mihi velle dedit.
Quisquis vult fieri, quod serò sit, Ille volendo
Incipit, et, qui sic perstitit, Ille facit.
Scribimus hæc *Animis, non Auribus ;* est pia *Mensis.*
Vult pius esse pij Mennis Amoris Amor.
Has *Tibi* Primitias *Me* reddere jussit *Amoris.*
Qui Mihi Te junxit, Me Tibi jungit, Amor.
¶ *Castalis* ergo licet mihi penè exaruit *Humor,*
Nostra nec Aenij Labra rigantur Aquis :
Attamen irrumpo, et Scatebras perscrutor, ut undans
Pegasis Alveolo divite Vena meet.
Ah utinam effluerem Vena prædivitis undis,
Fons inconsumptis ceu fluit uber aquis !
Ah Helicon rapido nostrum riget amne Labellum !
Imò Helicon totus Musa sit, esse cupit :
Imò Helicone vel exhausto currentia pleno
Carmina diffundam Gurgite. Navis eat :
Vela, meus Genius ; Tu, Sydera ; Carmina, Remi ;
Nauta, Poëta ; Salum, Vena ; Poëma, Ratis
Quæ timet Oceani Monstrum irritabile, Linguam :
Sæpè Rates parvas hæc Echenitis habet.
Qui sed Apes, Undasque timet, Spinasque Raseti,
Non Mel, non Pisces, non feret Ille Rosas.
Ergo modò audendum, Aënidum sulcabitur Æquor :
Æquor Amor, tua Laus unda sit, aura Favos.

Sit pro Nave *Manus* chartacea per Freta currens,
Pennae in hoc Laudum Flumine Remus adest.
 ¶ *Naumachiam* indico *Mare Atramentale* pererrans,
 Ista rudis *Musa* Lis, et *Amoris* erit.
 Sit mea *Musa* Pugil, Pugio, *Stylus*; *Ensis*, *Acumen*;
 Arcus, *Spes* sit *Amor* Dextra, Sagitta, *Fides*.
Metrica collatis ineamus *Prælia* Musis,
 Victrix *Laurigeris* *Musa* triumphet *Equis*.
Carmine quid *Tecum* certem? certemus *Amore*;
 In charo *charum* Pectore *Pectus* eris.
 Fons *Metra*; *Religio*, *Nexus*; *DEVS*, *Author* *Amoris*;
 Sanctius hoc *sancto* *Federe* *Fœdus* erit?
 En *Duo*, non *Duo* sunt, *Unus* non *Vnus*, at *Vnus*
 Est duo, dum *Duo* sunt unus, et *Alter* idem.
 Quam mihi dulce *mori* *Tecum*, quam *vivere* dulce,
 Dulce mihi *Tecum* *vivere*, dulce *mori*.
 Quid *Tu* *Me* ergo paras, *Ego* quid *Te* vincere? Si *Tu*
 Sis *Ego*, sinque *Ego* *Tu*. Victor *Uterque* sumus.
Ipsæ tuam *Palmas* *Tibi* præripis, optime *Vatum*,
*Pennae*que *Pugna* *Tibi*, *Pugna*que *Palma* *Tibi*.
 ¶ *Te* *Jovis*, et *Paphies*, et *Apollinis* ambiat arbor;
 Rem det *Honor*, *Nomen* *Gloria*, *Fama*, *Tubam*.
 Sisque coronatus *Lauro*que, *Auro*que; *POETIS*
Virtute empta est *Laus* *Laudis*, *Honoris* *Honos*.
Roma olim *Nemo* *Templum* penetravit *Honoris*,
 Cui non *Virtutis* *Ianua* pulsa foret.
 Si *Virtus*, si *Dia* *Fides*, *Pietas*que coronent,
 Quis *Virtute*, *Fide*, Quis *Pietate* prior?
 Clari *Alios* decorant *Tituli*, quos *Ipsæ* decoras;
Virtuti ut cedit *Stemma*, ita *Stemma* *Tibi*.
 Vestra *Parens* *Virtus*, *Fortuna* *Noverca*; tuique
 Pars melior, *pejor*, *Mens*, *Status*, undat, *egel*.
 Cur *Pedes* *Ipsæ*, et *Eques* *Frater*? *Fortuna* *Poëta*
 Cur *lusca* invidit? *Dura* negavit opes?
 QVARLE cita *Sortem*; *Sors*, *præmia*; *Præmia*, *mentem*;
Mens, *musam*; *Musa*, *Carmina*; *Carmen*, *Opes*.
Pauper an esse potes, cui *TANTUM* *Patria* debet?
 Hæc referet *Meritis* *Dona* sat ampla tuis:
 (Proh! Quid reddetur? *DEVS* (*Hunc* si dixero solum,
 Omnia dicta putes) *Æs*, *Honor*, *Imperium*.)
 ¶ *Magna* fuit quondam sacri *Reverentia* *Vatis*,
Præmia *Quisque* suis *Versibus* æqua tulit,
 Quondam! *Fors* sub *Rege* *Numæ*, sub *Consule*
Bruto,
 Ex quo *Carminibus* *rarus* habetur *Honos*.
 Fausta sub *Augusto* *QVARLVM* *Lucina* dedisset?
 Dotibus *Ingenij*, jure dedisset *Opes*.
 Nostra autem non descendit, sed decidit *Ætas*,
Laudem ferre parant, *Æra* referre negant.
 ¶ Quid? **Diva* *ELSABETHA* *Thaleia* *Deabus*, amica
 His *Matrona* fuit, larga *Patrona* fuit:
 Cui nec opus *Status*, satis est statuisse stupenda
Virtutis passim tot *Monumenta* suæ.
 Quid? Fuit *Odorum* *Fautor*que *Author*que *IACOBVS*,
 Quam *Psalmista* dedit *Davidicale* *Melos*!
 CAROLE succedis, *VATUM* *Britonum*que *PATRONVS*,
 Et *Lumen*, *Columen*, *Culmen* *Honoris* ades:
Ragna *IACOBVS*, **Agros* **HENRICVS*, *CAROLVS* *Oras*
lungitis; exultent *Federe*, *Pace*, *Fide*.

TE *Lyra* mulcet, amatque *Leo*, servantque *Leones*,
Lilia utrisque *Rosis* *Te* recreare student.
 Multa *Corona* cadit *Podibus*, *Tibi* ridet *Olympus*,
 Quaque viam *carpis* *Lacteus* *Orbis* ovat;
 Quot *Loca* *Tu* visis *Tibi* tot facis aurea *Regna*,
 Tam *speciosa* *Locis*, quam *speciosa* *Thronis*.
 CAROLE, *Tu* *Magno* *Major*, *Tu* *Maximus*. O cui
 Quam *MAGNUM*, *Decus* est grandius esse *PRVM*.
 Dum *Cælogenitis* placet aspirare *Prophetis*,
 Spargis et *Officijs* *Pramia* justa *pijs*.
 ¶ Nonne *Metra* hæc *Ætas* videt, audit, et æstimat?
 Ecce
 Quod cecinisse, *Labor*; quod tacuisse, *Pudor*;
 Scilicet *Adriacæ* prudens cum *Plebe* *Senatus*
 **Zechinos* **VATI* bis modò mille dedit.
 Effert Quæ medio *Caput* *Æquore*, vidimus *Urbem*,
 Nostra quod hanc *Versu* *Musa* salutet, habet.
 ¶ *Martia* *Roma* jacet, *Venetæ* *Urbs* dum *Marcia* surgit:
Marcus enim major *Marte* *Patronus* adest.
Pondere stat, natat *Arte*, *Alis* volat *Vna* per *Orbem*,
 Pro *Solido* *Huic* *Liquidum*, pro *Solio*que *Salum*,
Portus, *Porta*; *Ager*, *Æquor*; *Equus*, *Ratis*; *Arx*,
Betra; *Clasis*,
Mænia; *Patricij*, *Corpora*; *Corda*, *Duces*:
 Cui *Galea* est *Laurus*; *Mars*, *Palma*; *Galeæ*, *Tri-*
umphus.
Roma quod est, *fuera*s; quæ modò *stas*, quod erat.
 Tv! *Tibi* vel *Reges*, *Cives* facis; *Vna* *Regentum*
Rectrix, Quæ *Terris*, Quæ *dominantis* *Aquis*.
Adria Cui *Calum* est, *Mentes* *Venetique* *moventes*,
 Quæque *Domus* fixa est *Stella*, *Planeta* *Ratis*:
 Quisque *Senator* in hoc *Deus* est venerandus *Olympo*,
Jupiter, et *Dux* es maxime, *Juno* *Thetis*.
Jugenij atque *Animi* non est *Vigor* acrior usquam:
 O si *METROPOLIS* nostra teneret idem
Ingenium, *gratum*que *Animum* *MAIORA* *CANENTI*!
 Vix caperent *Laudes* mille *Theatra* tuas.
 ¶ *NYMPHA*, *Cor* et triplicis *REGNI* florentis *Ocellæ*,
 Clara, antiqua, nitens, dives, amœna, potens;
 Dudum *Europæas* inter celeberrima *Nymphas*
VIRGO, sed, enixo *PRINCIPE*, læta *PARENS*;
 Imperij regale *Decus*, *Microcosmos* *Honorum*,
 Seu dare vis *Terræ*, seu dare *Iura* *Mari*:
 Quod *Tagus*, aut *Hermus*, fert *Pactolus*que; per *Vndas*
 Plenè congestum novimus ire tuas.
 Sectile deliciis *Ebur* *India* præbet, et *Aurum*,
 (*India* ditando lassa *Ministra* *Tago*)
Ægyptus *Calamos*, *Babylon*, *Aulææ*, *Sabæus*
Thura, *Palestinus* *Balsama*, *Traces* *Equos*,
Æra *Corinthus*, *Arabs* *Styracem*, *Corfica* *Gemmas*,
Ida *Metalla*, *Satum* *Gargara*, *Creta* *Merum*;
 Sit *Verona* ferax, operosa *Lutetia*, *Roma*
Martigena, *Vrbi* *Venetum* *Gemma*, *Vienna* potens,
 Splendida solertes ditet *Florentia* *Cives*:
 Quorum insunt *ALIIS* singula, juncta *TIBI*:
 Legibus æqua, beata *Fide*, concordibus *Armis*
 Blanda, Peregrinis hospita, larga *Pijs*,
 Florida *Pace*, Situ vetus, ebria *Mercibus*, undans
 Quæstubus, exultans *Principe*, Cive potens,

* *As*
 * *Ven*
 * *Se*

ag.

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Clara Viris, spatiosa Vijs, argentea Lymphis,
 Aureola Emporij, Gemmea Delicijs,
 Vrbium Apex, Procerumque Altrix, Decorumque
 Creatrix,
 Insulæ Amor, Thamisis Splendor, Opumque Tumor,
 Regia Consilio, Oceani Regina, Cathedra
 Imperij, splendens Fascibus, Orbis Honos,
 Omnibus illustris, Famæ Stupor, unica Phoenix,
 Apta Salo, Cœlo grata, benigna Solo.
 Si Terrarum Orbis quaquâ patet Annulus esset,
Europa illius Gemma Decusque foret;
 Annulus *Europa* spatiosa *Britannia*, Sedem
Londinum inque Palâ ter speciosa tenet.
Thamisis, et *Thamo* generatus, et *Iside* (serpens
 Aula ubi regalis quælibet una Domus)
 Dum Te, Regnator Fluvium, miratur Alumnâ,
 Sæpè retardatis lenè refluxit Aquis.
 Iucunda omnigenum subrides Munere Divum,
 Hic, mea quo spatio Musa triumphet, habet:
 Sit *Jove Creta* potens, sint clari ab *Apolline Delphi*,
 Et *Veneta* Vrbs, *Veneris* Nomine nota, micer;
 Hic, pia Iura *Themis*, variasque *Minerva* dat Artes,
 Herbida Prata, *Drias*; Cærulea *Nais*, Aquas;
 Mercibus omnigenis, et Bellis apta gerendis,
 Filia *Mercurij*, *Pallade* digna Soror;
 Quæque Puella *Charis*, *Mars* Civis, *Iupiter* Ipse
 Rex meus, et *Iuno* Regia Nupta, nitet.
 Mole novâ exultas, traheris majoribus Astris,
 In toto nullis Orbe Secunda manes.
 Multa volens transmitti; nec ultra quære, nec Vrbem,
 Verum Orbem in tantâ Mole videre puta.
 Heus Peregrine Tibi patet Vrbs, intrato, quid hæres?
 Vrbs hæc? Orbis adest. Orbis? an Orbis Hera?
 Nescio Quam dicam, minor est Vox omnis, at Ipsa
 Se benè LONDINVM dicere sola potest:
 Ad summum: doctis favet Artibus inclita, nec non
 QVARLE, modo est Meritis grata futura tuis.
 Sed, memor unde abij, redeo. En in Honore PORTÆ.
 Tempus erat: Tibi dant Præmia; Tempus erit.
 ¶ Macte Vir elapsi commendatissime Sæcli
 Nostri ESSEXIACI lecte Pyrope SOLI!
 (Terra referta Bonis ovat omnibus, effluit inde
 Quicquid habet Tellus, quicquid et Æquor habet.)
 Scande triumphales, meritissime QVARLE, Quadrigas;
 Cœlica sublimem dat tibi Musa locum.
 Ingenium Superis, Tibi mens contermina Coelis,
 Anglica ita Angelicum Pagina spirat opus.
 PRINCEPE TV solus dignus præstante, nec ullus
 FRANCISCI PRINCEPS dignior ore cani.
 Cui totus se *Helicon*, totusque recludit *Apollo*,
 Quem sibi *Pierides* Spemque Metumque putant;
 Quem non *Biblicus* Vates Epigrammate vincit,
 Carminis Heroi nec gravitate *Maro*,
 Quique *Anacrontæ* ludis facundior Odus,
 Flaccus Pindaricos dividis aure Melos,
 Dignaque *Peligno* qui Carmina *Vate* profundis,
 Cuncta Vnus Cunctos qui super Vnus ades.
 Omnes pone simul, quid vis, simul omnibus adde,
 Adde etiam post hæc addita, cuncta potes.

Flumineus *Nasos*, numerosus *Horatius*, altus
Virgilius, lepidus *Biblicanus* Olor.
 Tam meat in facili genialis Gratia Versu,
 Tam nitido suavis Carmine Vena fluit,
 Tam sacra divinæ stellescit Gloria Linguae;
 Huic nihil invictum, quod modo vellet, erat.
 Odi Ego difficiles salebras, inamabile Carmen,
 Aonio tinctum Nectare Carmen amo,
 Hic nihil hirsutum, nihil hæc mediocre *Minerva*
 Sed quod amet, stupeat Lector *Apollo*, dabit.
 Equis in adversam Vates descendet Arenam?
 Quisquis es, ô *Phæbus* sis licet, Ipse veni.
 Omnia Musarum fausto pede Regna subisti:
 Quis sperare sibi tanta Tropheæ queat?
 ¶ Mitto Tibi auratum Calamum, namque aurea scribis,
 Infectum; quò fit Cuspis, *Acumen* habes.
 Quid data lux Phœbo? Ponto, undæ? robora, Sylvæ?
 Littori, arena? Polo, sydera? gramen, Humo?
 Quid vel *Aristæo* Mel missum? Vina, *Lyæo*?
Triptolemo, Fruges? Penna, Metrumque Tibi?
 ¶ Io triumphæ sacris redimitus Tempora Plumis;
 Gloria Te meritò magna, nec una manet.
 Quotidiè accrescet. *Juvenis Pelleus*, opinor,
 Si plûs vixisset, viveret Ille minùs.
 Maxime major eris MAGNO; Huic Ne Fama peritet
 Vita perit. Nonne hoc Ne moriari mori?
 Tu FRANCISCVS eris æros celebrandus in Annos,
 Dum fluet à sacro *Pegasis* unda Iugo,
 Dumque erit, Orbis honos, Aqua, Tellus, Ignis, et Aura,
 Cumque *Euro Zephyrus*, cumque *Aquilone Notus*,
 Dumque erit, *Æthris* honos, Sol, Luna, Planeta, Bootes,
 Cumque *Eoo Æthon*, cum *Pyrenee Phlegon*,
 Et dum Magniloquum cantabit *Roma Maronem*,
 Nunquam *Britannis* excidet Ille suis.
 Ingenium et Carmen FRANCISCI vivet honorum,
 Vivet dum mundo Carmen, et Ingenium:
 Non moritur, poteritve mori, cui *Fama* perorat,
 Laus loquitur, redolet Fructus, abundat Honor.
 Hic Musam, Hunc celebrem Illa facit, totumque per
 Orbem,
 Non habet Illa sibi, non habet Ille parem.
 ¶ Docta triumphantes circudent Tempora Laurus,
 Rhedæque inauratis Te vehat alba Rotæ.
 DIVA Tibi omnipotens, cusa, effigiata, rotunda
 Serviat, et Cornu divite fundat opes.
 Quidni? Sacrificem, liceat, Tibi, simque *Sacerdos*,
Victima sint Versus, *Ara*, Cor; *Ignis*, Amor.
 Pone *Aras*, accende *Focos*, cade *Victima*, Musæ
Quarlesia Versu, Corde; et Amore item.
 Adjuro Te, FAMA, Nepotibus omnia narres,
 Notior ut toto nullus in orbe foret.
 ¶ In Libro quæ *prima* tuo? laudemvè *secunda*?
 Singula *Prima* Libro, nulla *Secunda* tuo.
 Sic ornas, sic textis Opus, Res, Verba, Decorem,
 Haud scio, quid priùs, aut pòst, mediumvè canam.
 Quò ferar angusto Musarum limite pressus?
 En *Labyrinthus* adest, et *Labor infus* inest.
 Sculptilibus Documenta, Metrisque Soluta maritas,
 Ore Lepos, Animo est Gratia, Corde Fides;

Carmen retrog.

ditus.

Sic Animam CHRISTO affigis, sacra *Biblia* sacris
 Patribus, et Lyricis das *Epigramma* tuis.
 Enucleata patent, *Te Exstipice*, *Biblia* : Textûs
 Non Consensus adest, si modò Sensus abest.
 Quid *Sensus* ratione carens? *Ratio* fidei expers?
 Quid sine amore *Fides*? aut *Amor* absque DEO?
 Ah DEVS! aut nullo flagret mihi Pectus Amore,
 Aut solo flagret Pectus Amore tui!
 ¶ Scisque DEVM, notumque doces, doctumque vereris;
 Præsit alit Cultum, quod canis, Author agis.
 Digna legi scribis, facis et dignissima scribi,
Pagina nec mints est, quam Tibi *Vita* proba.
 Mirarer Versus potius, *Vitamvè*, vel Ambo,
 Dum facienda notas, dumque notanda facis?
 Quisquis agit suadendo, aut suadet agendo, beatus
 Ille : beator es *Tu*, quòd utrumque *Tibi*;
Tu medianda facis, meditaris agenda, simulque
 Quæ facienda doces, hæc *faciendo* doces :
 Dum scribis facienda, docesque probanda, *Pottam*
 Scripta probant doctum Te tua, Facta probum.
 ¶ *Rhetore* non *Rhetor*, meliorvè Poëta *Poëtâ*,
 Qui non culta magis, quàm pia Corda facis.
 Est Tibi *Vita*, DEVS; *Pietas*, *Læx*; Gloria, CHRISTVS;
 Ius colis, Affectus suppressis, Acta regis.
 En penè insculpta est mediæ Prudentia Fronti
 Si tanta est Frontis, quanta ea Mentis erit?
Virtutem Genio, *Gensum* Virtutibus ornas;
 Te colit ipse DEVS, dum colis *Ipsæ* DEVM;
 Quique DEVM verum vero cumulârit Honore,
 Hunc vero cumulat versus Honore DEVS.
 Dignum Re Carmen, Res carmine digna probatur.
 Optima Materies, optimæ et Artis opus.
 Nemo Metrum potiore Metro, Numerosvè prævit
 Nemo Materiâ nobilliore tuos.
 Materies ô Ingenio dignissima tanto!
 O dignum tantâ Materie Ingenium!
 ¶ *Dulcia*, *Lector*, amas? Nihil hic, nisi dulcia; *Lector*
Dulcia postponens *Vtile* quæris? adest :
 Si vel utrumque velis; Liber hic tibi præstat utrumque
Dulcia quæris? habes; *Vtile* quæris? habes.
Dulcia sic miscent austero Sacchara *Baccho*,
 Suadent illa vetus suavius ire Merum.
 ¶ Vis ergo omnigeno Carchesia plena *Lyæo*?
 Vtque tuis spument singula *Vina* Cadis?
Massica, *Cæcuba*, *Cretica*, *Rhetica*, *Chia*, *Falerina*?
 An tua, *Rhene*, placent? *Mane*, an amœna tua?
Cæligenum pleno bibere hic licet Ore *Lyæum*.
 Quare agedum; cale at Vena repleta Mero :
 Falle *Diem*, strue *Serta*, *Scyphum* cape, tingere
Nardo,
 Si Tibi Cura MEI, sit Tibi Cura MERI.
 Quid? Sed opus *Mentis* siet hoc, non *Ventris*. Abundè
 Copia *Lactis* adest, copia *Mellis* inest.
 Navus enim *Vatum* per amœna Roseta, *Patrumque*
 Hic, illic libans, mellea Dona legas.
 Sic per odoriferos errans *Apis* undique Campos
 Convehit in proprios florea Mella *Favos*.
 Tale Mel ipsa suis nunquam dedit *Hybla* Colonis,
 Tale nec *Enna* suis, tale nec *Ætna* suis,

Vincitur ipsa favi *Formatrix* dædala : *Labra*
 Illic, hic sacro *Viscera* melle fluunt.
 Non ibi Mel sine Cerâ, hic, hic sincera Voluptas,
 Mellea Musa merum Melque merumque Merum.
 ¶ *Nectare* Crateras spumantes, LECTOR, anhelas?
 Hujus in Eloquentia *Nectaris* unda salit;
 Fundit Is ætheriâ plenas Dulcedine Guttas,
 Gratiûs omnigeno *Nectare*, *Melle*, *Mero*.
 Emoriar, si non hic Dulcor inebriet Artus;
 Ebria nectareo Gaudia Fonte scatent.
 ¶ Cura salutiferum est ad *Vitæ* accedere Fontem?
 Hic Fons est, à quo *Vitæ*, Salusque fluunt.
 Ista Scaturigo placeat præ mille Scatebris,
 Ex quâ *Bethesda* prosilit Humor Aquæ.
 Dulcè fluens Liquor iste Fibris infunditor ipsis,
 Vt Tibi viva sacræ Vena resultet Aquæ :
 Vnda hæc exiliens Potabile spumat in Aurum,
 Vndè replere Sitim, non satiare potes.
 Quod *Tagus* aurifluû dat Aquâ minorescit adeptum :
 Hic mihi quo plûs dat, plûs scatet inde Sibi.
 ¶ Ambitiosa Gula est? Cordi Tibi *Phasius* *Ales*,
Ostrea, *Salmo*, *Lupus*, *Sturio*, *Mullus*, *Elops*?
 Pro pensâ, hic *Liber* est; pro Mappâ, hic *alba*
Papyrus;
 Condimenta, *Sales*; Carmina sacra, *Dapes*;
 Pro Patinis, *Pictura*, et sunt pro Carne, *Camana*,
 Et Quadris quadrant hic *Numeri* innumeri.
 Hic *Manna*, *Ambrosia* hic coelestibus illita succis,
 Omnis in hac Escâ est *Bæca*, Sapore *Sapor*,
 Hic Mihi Se totum dat CHRISTVS, et omnia *Secum*,
 Quæ Mare, quæ Tellus, quæ vel Olympus habet :
 Quorum etsi solitis non pauca absumimus horis,
 Non fugit ulla Fames, non fugit ulla Sitis.
 O quando hæc nostram saturabit Copia Mentem!
 Quando dabit plenas hæc mihi Mensa Dapes!
 ¶ Quisquis ades *Lector*, fias *Spectator*, amœnum
 Hoc Opus Affectus provocet ergo tuos.
 Hactenus humano Sapientia pangitur Ore,
 Nunc verò humanâ pingitur illa Manu :
 Vt dubites, docto an magè demirere recisa
 Æra Stylo, an doctâ Scripta notata Manu.
 Pingendo docet hic Scriptor, pingitque docendo,
 Atque Animum geminâ fascinat arte tuum,
 Vt si non poterit Virtus nisi visa placere,
 Plûs oculis poterit picta placere tuis.
 (Picta et scripta foret tua Laus, si Pictor *Apelles*,
 Et simul Ille tuus Scriptor *Apollo* foret.)
 Vivida *Christisonis* varias Emblemata *Rythmis*
 Cedat Apellæo picta colore *Venus*.
 O quàm multa docet paucis *Emblema* / retusum
 Aspectu informant Signa polita Caput.
 ¶ Vis Hominumque DEIQVE Oculis speciosus haberi?
 Temet ad hoc *Speculum* respice, finge, lava.
 Cœlestes oculos Speculum cœleste requirit;
 Et videt incassum, qui sine Mente videt.
 Consulto nunquam saturentur Lumina visu,
 Vsque frequens Oculos pascit Imago tuos.
 Quò magis atque magis Memet juvat usque tueri,
 Hòc minùs et vanus fio, minùsque levis.

Visus.

Gustus.

¶ Quisquis ades, tacitâ quae venit ab *Icone* vocem
Hauri; etiam *Surdus* possit *Imago* loqui.
O quàm *Te* semper memorem, FRANCISCE! *Figuras*
Mutas facundas qui facis arte tuâ!
¶ Marmora det maculosa *Chios*, *Ivventia Lesbos*,
Alba *Paros*, nigra *Lybs*, versicolora *Thasos*,
Picturata *Paphos*, guttataque *Thebais* auro,
Angue et *Ophites*, ac Vngue notatus *Onyx*:
Marmora *Apostolicis* praebeas excisa *Fodinis*,
Illustrata mihi *Palladis* arte tuæ,
¶ Picta triumphalem *Sol* nubila lunet in Arcum,
Proferat illustres *Pavo* superbus opes:
Si Color, et variâ Lux Irîde Lumina pascant,
Lux hæc est melior Luce, Colore *Color*.
Hic mare *Sapphiri* viridans, hic purpura et ignis,
Sive *Amethyste* tuus, sive *Pyrope* tuus.
Scintillans proprio stellat *Carbunculus* Igne,
Adque superna sacrum Sydera monstrat iter;
Fulgur hic *Argenti* radios perstringit, et *Auri*:
Quantum lucescis, Lux mea, Luce Libri!
Quippe Liber *Sol* est, sunt Sydera Metra: perennè
Lux, precor, in nostro luceat ista polo.
Exultate novum Mundo lucescere Solem,
Cujus Luce *Dies* ingeminata stupet:
Qui *Iubar* accendit, cuius per devia claro
Lumine Virtutis semita recta patet.
Per duodena meat *Sol* æthere Signa; sed hic *Sol*
Per quindena (Icon signa sit) *Astra* meat.
Phæbe, quid ignifluos, Fons Luminis, oculis Axes?
Splendet an hæc nova lux clarior Igne tuo?
Imò quidè splendet Lux hæc præclarior; *Jpsæ*
Vmbra Corporibus, Mentibus *Iste* fugat.
Sole cadente nigrum fuscâ nox claudit Mundum,
At Radios hic *Sol* post sua Fata dabit;
Qui si dignetur Radijs lustrare Favoris,
Nesciet Eclipsin *Cynthia* nostra pati.
¶ An *Lituos*, *Cytharas*, *Psalteria*, *Cymbala*, *Conchas*,
Organa, *Nabla*, *Lyras*, *Tympana*, *Sistra*,
Tubas,
Mixtaque cum *Fidibus*, *Testudinibusque* sonoris
Cornua, *Sambucas*, *Barbita*, *Plectra*, *Cheles*?
LECTOR, an ætherios instillari auribus *Hymnos*,
Angelicumque DEO concinuisse *Melos*?
(Assidue quorum alta sonant *Tentoria* plausu)
Istant, an *Illa* velis? En Tibi malle tuum
Bis Puer, et Fungis Fungus magis omnibus, *Orbis*
Cymbala, præ *Cantu Calite*, si quis amas.
¶ Seu numeris celebrem sublimibus aptat IOBVM,
Commodat anglicis seu *SALOMONA* Lyris,
Seu sacra *IIRMILÆ* deflet Lamenta Prophetæ,
Seu magè *COELICOLÆ* gesta refert veli,
Seria seu pangit pia, vermiculata Lepore,
Sive Emblematicum, Vir pie, pingis opus,
Seu blando faciles demulces pollice Chordas,
Seu sine felle *Iocos*, non sine melle *Sales*,
Seu sit *Epos* melicium, seu sit mellitus *Iambus*.
Sive *Elegia* sagax, sive *Epigramma* sequax,
Seu numeros, numeris seu verba soluta profundis,
Tu, quod utramque Aurem mulceat, *Author* habes.

¶ Cum rudibus ferveret aquis' Mare mulcet ARION,
Huic *Psalle* Delphin Vector amicus erat:
Hic mare sit *Mundus*, *Cælum* Tibi portus, et aura
CHRISTVS, quique vehat, *Mors* Tibi Delphis erit.
Te sequar, ô sacræ *Fidicen* numerose Camœnæ,
Cordis, ut auscultent *Te*, freta pulsa silent.
Te veniente tumet, Te decedente recedit
Castalis: Arbitrio statque fluitque tuo.
ORPHEA, Fama refert, *Pisces*, *Volucresque*, *Ferasque*,
Infernūque Canem conciliasse Lyrâ.
TV potes *exanimus* Voces animare Lepore,
Languidæque altisonis tollere *Verba* modis.
Voce, Chely, Modulis, *Sirenes*, *Orphea*, *Phæbum*
Vicisti, atque *Trium* quod fuit, *Unus* habes.
Bruta *Orpheus*, Saxa *Amphion*, Delphinas *Arion*
Ducat. Sint *Illis* singula, juncta Tibi.
Saxa, Feras, *Pisces* moveant *Tres*, dum regis *Vnus*
Dira, cruenta, feros, Tartara, Monstra, Viros.
Dulcisonis plenus Numeris fera Pectora lenis,
Dirum Animum placas, Corda *cruenta* regis:
Languentes relevas, *Relevatos* erigis, Ipsos
Erectos Idem perficis, *Hosque* beat.
¶ Cantat, et ascendit, Vox sydera mulcet *Alauda*:
TV super *Astra* ferens *Laude*, es *Alauda*, DEVM.
En Nemus exuriant *Philomela*, et *Acanthis* ovantes
Guttare, mulcentes, *Aëra* Blanditijs:
Dant sine Mente Sonos, licet ore silavia fundant;
Carmen at *Astræum* suavius *Ipsæ* canis.
Quas non *Delicias*, cœlestibus ebræ guttis,
Quas non *Lætitias*, TV, LYRA VIVA, creas!
Dulcifluo quoties numerosæ Pectine Linguae
Corda loquens, toties obstupescata quatis.
Deliquium Passus mihi languens Spiritus; hoc hoc
Deliciumque Animæ, *Deliquiumque* mœæ.
Ah rapis his mihi Cor *Concentibus*, his mihi raptum
Reddit et *Harmonijs*: sic simul ire placet,
Sic Simul *Aonijs* *Afflatibus* opto redire;
Exitus ah foelix Me, *Reditusque* juvat!
Hic, illic; Absens, *Præsens*; *Uivusque*, iacensque,
Ferre, *referre* Gradus; esse, nec esse; beor.
¶ Te *Chelys* ergo canat, recinat *Lyra*, *Buccina* clangat,
Te sonet auratâ blanda *THALIA* *Fide*,
Barbiton et Pulsis resonet Te ad *Carmina* Nervis,
VRANIA herodam percutiente *Chelyn*,
Et streperum duplici referat *Nemus* omnia Voce,
Tuque *Echo* lætis associanda Choris.
Sic *Cælum*, atque *Solum*, atque *Salum* quatiantur,
ovanti
Laude *Solum*, *Cælum* Voce, Canore *Salum*.
Æternū sileat qui nunc silet *Improbis*, ipsa
Cum *Maria*, et *Terra*, et Sydera visa loqui.
¶ *Succina*, *Thura*, *Cedros*, *Opobalsama* Naribus optas? *Oderatus*
Styracem *Ladanum*, *Bdellia*, *Narda*, *Crocum*?
Myrrham, et odoratis *Aloen* sudantia Lignis,
Mixtaque *Muscadâ* *Cinnama* grata *Nuce*?
Quicquid *Arabs*, *Seresque* ferunt, et odorifer *Indus*,
Quæque *Hispana* novo Puppis ab Orbe tulit?
Spica *Cilissa* pius Calamus, sit *Aroma* Libellus;
Qualis in hoc tegitur *Cortice* *Thuris* odor!

Thurs Precum redolet mihi Cor, *Myrrhæque* Dolorum,
Qui pia vota facit, *Thurs* dedit Ille DEO.
Thus, Aurum, et Myrrham Fidel offert; CHRISTE
Poete,

Suscipe REX *Aurum, Myrrham* HOMO, *Thurs* DEVS.
Fundit odorifero pretiosa *Opobalsama* Nimbo,
Elysium sacro fragrat odore Nemus.

Thus cumulat *Casiji, Croca Nardis, Balsama Myrrhis,*
Ebria odore bibit *Naris, et* haurit opes,
Nil, nisi *Nectareus* pluit istis Nubibus Imber,
Nil, nisi et *Ambrosias* ventilat aura Dapes.

¶ Expetis omnigenis gemmantem Floribus Hortum,
Suavis ubi vernas FLORA profundit Opes,
Quandò novo *Zephyro, genialis, festa Marito*
Florum *Reginas* parturit alma *Rosas,*

Reginasque Rosas, et Florum *Lilia Reges,*
Quæ roseo, ambrosio et Rore, et Odore fragrant?
Ambigeres, quæis datnè *Rosis* AVRORA Ruborem,
An caput, Ardet ita hæc *Purpurea, Veris* honos.
Quid *Color* hic, vel *Odor* si infesto Cortice Vincit
Aërias remex non queat ire Vias?

Quid sibi subridet brevis ista *Diecula* Formæ,
Si spreta auricomæ *Spina* marita *Rosæ*?
Vix *sata* et *apta meli*! Tibi quam benè convenit *Istud,*
Vno nata fui, *viva, vieta* Die.

Hic, ROSA perpetui *Veris, Maijque* perennis,
Author **Dorotheas* effiat ab ore *Rosas.*

¶ Si varii placeant uno de stemmate *Fructus,*
Albaque *Narcissi, flavaque* Texta *Croci,*
Ros maris, et Tyrios imitata *Papavera* Cocco,
Et *Calthæ* aureolæ, *Phœbisqueque* Comæ,
Fronde nitens, et *Floræ* comans, *Fructûque* triumphans
En Arbor, *Gemmis* vermiculata, præit
Floribus *Argentum, Aurum* Pomis, *Fronde* *Smaragdos;*

Hic, quæ *Dodonam* vicerat, Arbor adest,
Quam muloent *Auræ, firmat Sol, educat Imber:*
Fructus fructu, *Flos* flore, colore *Color*

Gratior hic omni. *Paradisi en calitis* Hortum!
Hesperidum, pereat, quod *Draco* servat Agris,
Quicquid et *Hesperio* *Chloris* lepidissima Campo,
Quicquid et *Alcinous, Flora, Pomona* tenent;

Quæis permulsa Domus iucundo ridet Odore:
Quam melior subito hic flamine spirat Odor!

I *Croce* cum *Nardo, Calthæque, ac* *Irides, ite,*
Hic mihi *Calthæ, Crocus, Nardus, et Iris* erit.
Has mihi posco *Rosas hæc Mala, hæc Lilia* posco,
Nescia *Marcoris Lilia, Mala, Rosas.*

Ver *Flores, Æstas* *Segetes, Autumnus et Uvas*
Præbet; es, *Vne, Animæ Flos, Seges, Vva* meæ.

¶ CAMBRIGIA, alma *Parens, cum Te* spectasset in
Herbâ,

Quos olim *Flores* hæc, ait, *Herba* dabit!

Conspicias *Tyrio* *Violas* producet in *Ostro,*
Hæc dabit, indutas *Murice, Virga* *Rosas.*

En *Viola, ecce Rosæ; superasti Fructibus* Annos,
Floribus *Hebdomadas, Seminibusque* Dies.

Proh quis *Odos! Lux* qualis! at O!—quæ *Musica*
menti!

Balsama, Gemma, Lyre sunt preciosa minus?

Hic *Oculis, hic Mens* trahor, trahor *Auribus, hæret*
Bella Tabella *Oculis, Ore* *Mel, Aure* *Melos.*

Elysium Tempe Tibi, LECTOR, et *aurea* *Linguae*
Germinæ in exiguum lecta *Volumen* habes.

Carpe *Puer* *Flores, Virgo* tibi necte *Corollas,*
Seminat, et spargit quæ sine Fine metas.

¶ FLORA veni, sed casta veni, comitata Camœnis,
Ferte huc, huc *Veris* si quis amœnat Honos.

Flora ferat *Violas, Serpylla Cylhæris, Adonin*
Cypria, Narcissum Chloris, Idyia *Rosas.*

Huc tincti *Moro Mauri, Vaccinio Iberi,*
Et *Viola* tinctus *Sarmata, et Angla* *Rosâ.*

Flores Quisque Manu proprios tondeto, et ovantes
Huc simili plenos *Floræ* referto Sinus.

Floriferis lætæ *Charitus* risere *Canistris,*
Pars Thyma, Pars Tulipas, Pars Meliloton
habet,

Calliope, Clio, Euterpe, Polyhymnia, Pallas,
Terpsicore, Vranie, Swada, Thalia, Charis,

(Mira vides, at vera vides, et *Pallada, et Ipsas*
Vndenis *Nymphas* stare novem *Pedibus*)

Cinctus et omnigenis huc *Tempora* *Floribus* adsis
PHŒBE, omnes Motu, Luce, Calore fovens;

Iunge *Hederam Lauris, Myrtum* subtexe *Ligustris,*
Alba verecundis Lilia pinget *Rosis;*

His redimi *Caput* *Omni-merentis;* adornet *AMICI*
Lauro, Hederâ, Myrto texta *Corona* *Comas.*

¶ Vos qui *Melliflue* colitis *sacra Numina Swadæ,*
Hic parvo omnigenas *Ære* paratis *Opes;*

Dives hic *Astræum* *Gemmarum* depluit *Imbrem,*
An magno hoc *maius* *Munere* *Munus* erit?

Non habet iste suum *Pretium, superatque* *Libellos*
Bartole sive tuos, sive *Galene* tuos;

Et prodesse potens, et delectare *Legentem;*
Non sapio, aut *Ætas, si* sapit, *Ista* sapit.

¶ Non subit *Errorem;* Criticæ mendacia *Linguae*
Fortè subibit; adest *Lividus,—Error* abest.

Antipodes *Pietatis* erunt qui *Insignia* credent
Hæc meruisse *legi, nec* meruisse *legi;*

Triticeam in *Segetem* Quisquis *Zizania* spargit
Ne pereat, *sapiat;* ni *sapiat, pereat;*

Invidiose *SENEX, Capite* *Æolus, Ore* *Lyæus,*
Remigibus genitus, sed modò factus *Eques,*

QVÆRO asper, *Bavio* *MECÆNAS—O* Pie salve
MECÆNAS, atavis *edite* *Re-mi-gibus!*

Irrita Te lusit *Spes. Quid* scabis *OPTIME? Crines*
Ne tere, *Græcari* pergito,—sponte fluent.

Hoc, velut in Speculo, TE TOTVM conspice *Versu;*
Sic erit hic aliquid quod placeat; TIBI, TV;

Parce *Oleo, et Lychnis; TEMET* sine *Luce* tuaris.
Hoc satis. Ah de TE velle silere Sat est.

Dic precor at sodes (et vera *faterè* *Precanti*)
Quid *Libro* possis carpere *MOÏE?—Taces.*

¶ *Bibliopola, Libri* QVÆRLVS si proditur *Author,*
Omnis in hoc VATVM *Nomine* *Fama* nitet;

Præferat *Authoris* fac tantum *Pagina* *Nomen,*
Mox operis *Lector* Quilibet esse volet.

Fœlicem quem *Divini* pia cura *Libelli*
Tangit, et obsessum *Nocte* *Dieque* tenet,

* *Legit* Vit.
S. Doroth.

Qui scrutans *Præcepta* DEI se oblectat in illis,
Et nihil, Hæc extra quod meditetur, habet :
Hunc lege (namque *Tibi* seritur metiturque) *Iuventus*,
Perlege, Opus quamvis sit breve, Multa sapit,
Hunc relege, hunc Animo sepeli, Factisque Libellum
Exprime. Plûs Librum est *degere*, quàm *legere*.
Fundere Aquas, legere est ; De Flumine ? *Lumine* ;
Fonte ?

Fronte ; ita non aliter vult *Liber* iste legi.
Mira loqui, sed *vera* licebit ; HIC omnia legit
Qui primo in Libri Limine POENITUIT.

¶ *Lassa Manus*, nec *Tempus* adest, stant *Præla* ;
POESIS

Non *ornanda* igitur sed *peragenda* Mihi.
Quò *Metra* cruda petunt *Elego* *Pede* ? Virgo *Papyrus*
Nobiliore manet consocianda *Stylo*.
Versibus an nimis mea *Septa* recepta ; fruuntur
Metra metro, *Finis* fine, *Modusque* modo.
Tandem QUINTVS adest ACTVS : *Veniam* date ; nullum
Cum *Scelus* est nimium, præter *amisse*, meum.
Scribere *Religio* hæc *Pietasque* vel *ethica cogit*,
(Si modo qui *cogi*, quod cupit Ipse, potest.)
Non laudem, *Veniam* ; *Mentem*, non *Carmina* iacto.
Tam mihi *velle* sat est, quam bona *posse* dare.
Symbolon, *Arrha*, *Typus* *METRA*, *Moris*, *Amoris*,
Honoris,
Consecro LECTORI *Hæc*, Cor TIBI, *Meque* TVIS.

¶ QVARLE vale, vigeas : Sis TE *Fatidior* IPso.
Funus, non *Finis*, sed *Tibi Funus* erit :
Fac Ea, quæ moriens, vis *facta* fuisse : sed AVTHOR
Non *Monitoris* egena, Hæc *agit*, *egit*, *aget*.
(Quid prosit totum *lucrari* posse vel *Orbem*,
lactura est *Anima* si facienda suæ ?)
Fœlix qui DOMINO, dum detur *vivere*, *vivis* ;
Et DOMINO *moreris*, cum venit Hora *mori*,
Cygnorum nivæ Tibi sint ad Tempora *Plumæ* :
Sed maneat medijs *Os roseum* Nivibus.
Verque Hyeme in mediâ, Sit *Mainus* Mense Decembri.
Sitque *triplex* *Ætas*, Sis tamen IPSE *Bipes*.
CVI sine Nocte *Diem*, *Vitam* sine Morte, *Quietem*
Det sine Fine *DIES*, *VITA*, QVIESQUE *DEVs*.
Non ut ME redames, sed TE patiaris amari,
Hanc nostri *Metam* Summa *Laboris* habet.
¶ Plura quidem *vellem*, sed detur *velle* fatenti,
Pondereque oppresso, posse *silendo* loqui.
Hæc *satis* atque *super*. DILECTO Nil *super* optem ;
Nil superest, *faciam* ; quod superest, *Taceam*.
Dum stupeo, *taceo*. Satis HVNC *dixisse* putandum,
Se Quicumque *satis dicere* posse, negat.

MVSA *Pede* ægra iacet, *Recubatque* POEMA *Podagrâ* : *Epilog.*
Constabunt, si iam LECTOR, ut AVTHOR, adest

BENEVOLUS. *Anagr.*

TRANSLATION OF BENLOWES' QUARLÆIS.

BY

RICHARD WILTON, M.A.

Author of 'Wood Notes and Church Bells,' etc.

To

The King of Great Britain.

Dear, great he is by birth—our pillar, rule, and way ;
True safety, strength, and heart to England every day :
So pious Maro once adorned his native land,
And bold Achilles *his*, with martial spear in hand.

Charles, of a separate world, sun dear and high,
The shining splendour of our British sky,
Our boast in time of peace, our realm's delight,
The age's glory, and the jewel bright
Of Kings, the praise of poets : who dost share
The Graces' beauty, and art God's own care ;
On whose sole happiness hangs our repose,
To whom our land its wealth, life, safety owes ;
Regard with well-earned favour Quarles's Muse,
A King so great as thou cannot refuse ;

Snatch from base ditch this plant, 'tis in thy power,
And bid its beauty in rich soil to flower.
His subject he adorns, lifts high his King.
And of the royal rule he knows to sing ;
Thy realm he honours, and he loves to raise
His pious tribute in Religion's praise.
Plant him in gilded furrow, thou shalt see
A golden crop of genius rise for thee ;
All who behold shall shout applauses free.
These are my prayers, nor mine alone ; a throng
Of supplications comes with mine along ;
In blended hearts and voices we are strong.
We trust in thee ; on our request O smile,
Nor with an empty hope our hearts beguile.
O first of Britons born, for sires renowned,
More for thy realm, but with most glory crowned
For favouring Muses, prosper in thy ways—
The world alone the limit of thy praise.
A year, not years, O King, we ask for thee ;
But Plato's year, if we prevail, 't will be.
Live, and Augustus in deserts outvie,
Nestor in age, Nerva in praises high,
Numa in peace, in favour with mankind
Titus. And may Heaven grant thee to thy mind,
Prince, people, senate, law, and magistrate,
Fleet, army, colleges, and each estate :

So may the Irish harp, and lilies three,
And lions four, O King, bring bliss to thee :
So may thy name through ages long remain,
And to the bounding ocean mayest thou reign :
So may thy praise o'er all the earth extend,
And thy blest soul to highest heaven ascend :
The world, thy stage ; the sun thy light afford ;
Heaven be thy throne, thy diadem the Lord !

QUARLES

I hang a Chaplet on the Back-door.

Once more dost come besmeared with printer's ink ?
Why not, O grumbler ? I've the right I think
To please myself e'en if I displease thee ;
But if, however, Quarles speaks thus to me,
With my rude verses never more again
The pure white Virgin paper will I stain.

As much to Piety as to the Person.

A mere spectator wilt thou always be ?
Never an actor ? Sure 'tis time for thee
To let thy lazy tongue now take its turn,
Enough thine eyes have done a rest to earn.
I come accordingly. O Quarles, give ear
(The sacred Muse's crown deathless and dear,)
While much, and to the point, I canvass here.
Ask but for verses, friend, they come sevenfold,
Ask not, yet many thou shalt still behold.
Then read them not, and thou avenged shalt be ;
But if these verses give delight to thee,
Then read them all, I pray, rightly pleasantly.
If not, who forces thee to read one line ?
As mine to write them, so to skip be thine !
Short will my Composition be indeed,
If none at all of it thou choose to read.
Why shouldst thou read ? I praise thy book and thee,
Though praise enough that book of thine may be
To thee who wrotest it, Thou to thy book.
Whoe'er thou be who on these lines dost look,
Be kind to them ; the Muse's infant-hand
Lacks flowers and method, nor can tropes command.
But better things I wish, and wishing brings
At last the accomplishment of better things ;
For He who gave to me the power to will
The power shall also give me to fulfil.
Who wishes to become what soon he'll be,
By wishing he begins his hope to see,
And wishing on he gains the victory.
We write for hearts not ears : True Love would fain
Offer a waving crop of ripened grain ;
Love's first-fruits here to bring thee Love delights,
Who thee to me and me to thee unites.
Though of Castalian dew I little know,
Nor lips of mine with streams Aonian flow,
Yet I burst in and seek the bubbling well,
That the full-flowing vein in me may swell.

Let me in those rich waves dissolve away,
As streams from some deep fountain ceaseless play.
Like Helicon my lip is seen to grow,
And with its rapid downward current flow.
All Helicon possess me— be it so !
Nay, Helicon being drain'd, my copious Muse
In whirling rapids would my strains diffuse.

Now launch the ship ; my genius be the sail,
And thou the guiding stars which never fail ;
The verses be the oars which move in time,
The mariner the maker of the rhyme.
The poet's flowing vein be the wide sea,
And the adventurous bark the Poem be ;
Which fears the tongue, dread hindrance of the main,
A rock too apt small vessels to detain.
But he who shrinks from thorns or waves or bees,
Honey or fish or roses never sees.
The venture must be made, the Muses' sea
I launch upon ; thy love the ocean be,
Thy praise the wave, thy favour be the gale,
My hand across the paper-billows sail
Instead of ship ; and, in this flood of praise,
My feathered pen for feathering oar I raise.

A seafight now, scouring the inky sea,
I challenge, 'twixt our love and poetry ;
My Muse the fighting man, my wit the sword,
My pen a dagger, Hope a bow afford.
Faith be my arrow, Love be my right hand ;
Thus in close metric conflict let us stand.
The conquering Muse a triumph shall obtain,
And ride, with laurel crowned, along the plain.
But why in Song attempt with thee to vie ?
The milder strife of Love I fain would try.
In this dear breast of mine thy dwelling be,
And be a dearer breast than mine to me.
The fountain of our love was poetry,
Religion was its close connecting tie,
Its Author the great God of love on high.
What compact of agreement can be found
More sacred than this compact or more sound ?
So here, one is not one, two are not two,
But one in two and two in one we view,
And what is said of one of both is true.
How sweet to die, how sweet to live with thee,
To live with thee or die, 'twere sweet to me ;
To conquer me why then dost thou prepare,
Or why seek I the conqueror's wreath to wear ?
If thou art I and I am thou, we share
The conquest : and, O chief of poets, thou
Dost snatch the palm-wreath from thy own dear brow.
Thy gifted pen is fighting-field to thee,
And fighting-field is wreath of victory.

May laurel, oak, and myrtle-leaf be bound,
A triple wreath, thy favoured brow around.
May Fame her trumpet bring, Glory a name,
And Honour solid substance for thee claim.
Be crowned with Poet's garland and with gold ;
Honour's most lofty praises we behold
Purchased by merit of the bards of old.

At Rome none entered Honour's shrine before
His virtuous hand had knocked at Merit's door.
If faith and piety the garland wear,
Whose piety and faith with thine compare?
High titles others deck, thou giv'st them grace;
As birth to merit, birth to thee gives place;
Merit your sire illustrious may be seen,
Fortune a sorry step-mother has been.
Your better part abounds—the gifted mind—
The worse—your state of life—lags far behind,
Why should the glorious horseman, brave and strong,

A weary man on foot still trudge along?
Why on the poet look with envious eye,
O Fortune, and so harshly wealth deny?
Summon her, Quarles, and her rewards with her;
Rewards will show the mind, the mind confer
The Muse; and that in turn will songs bestow,
And where sweet songs are warbled, wealth will flow.
Poor canst thou be, O Quarles, with such a claim
Upon thy country for a Poet's name?
Gifts shall she bring thee worthy of thy fame.
But oh what shall be brought him? God alone!
(If Him I mention only, you will own
All things involved in Him, and His full hand,
Riches, and dignity, and wide command.)

Great once the reverence to true poets paid;
For each one's verse meet recompence was made.
Once! ah, so long ago when Numa reigned,
Or Brutus the great Commonwealth sustained;
Since when sweet poems have scant honour gained?
If in Augustus' times Quarles had found birth,
His wealth had equalled his poetic worth.
Our age does not descend—it falls right down;
Gold it denies, it promises renown.

But blest Elizabeth, that Goddess-Muse
Her kindly interest did not refuse.
Her patronage was scattered o'er the land;
She nursed the poets with a mother's hand:
She needs no statue; 'twas enough to raise
Such mighty monuments of lasting praise
In all the poets whom she crowned with bays.
Nay! Poems James delighted in and made,
Listening, you'd say on David's harp be played.
Charles, thou com'st next, patron of poets true,
And all true Britons; for in thee we view
Honour's high roof and light and pillar too.
James, Henry, Charles, realms, fields, and lands, ye blend,

May never treaty, peace, and good faith end.
Thee the lyre soothes, the lions love and keep,
Lily and rose in bliss thy senses steep.
Wreaths fall around thy feet, Heaven smiles to thee;
Where'er thou goest, a milky way we see.
Where'er thy fortunate footsteps thou dost place,
There golden kingdoms spring to greet thy face,
With lands as famed for space as thrones for grace.
O Charles, more great than great, most great of all,
Who Pious grander praise than Great dost call;

While teachers sprung from Heaven thy favour gain,
And gifts on pious service thou dost rain.

Does not this age see, hear, and value verse?
Hear, what may cost an effort to rehearse,
Yet not to mention, were a shame or worse.
Lately, that Senate wise on the Adrian wave
Two thousand zechins to a poet gave:
A city we have seen, which from mid sea
Lifts its proud head, and well deserves from me
The salutation of my poetry.

Mars' city, Rome, lies low; but rises high
Mark's city, Venice, towering to the sky.
For Venice can a greater patron name
In holy Mark than Rome in Mars can claim.
By art it swims, and by its weight it stands;
With wings it flies alone through all the lands.
For solid it has liquid, for soil, sea,
A port its gate, its field the main must be;
Its steed a ship, its citadel a rock,
Its fleet for walls must meet the hostile shock;
Its princely people is its body sound,
And its brave heart is in its Doges found.
The plumed helmet is its laurel tree,
Its lofty palm a noble soldiery,
The gondola its car of victory.
What Rome is now, that thou hadst been of old,
What Rome was once in thee we now behold,
Thou—Kings of citizens thou dost create;
Of rulers, thou the only ruling state,
Who lands and seas alike dost dominate.
Whose heaven is the Adriatic sea,
And moving minds thy own Venetians be;
And every home of thine is a fixed star,
A planet every ship that sails afar.
In this Olympus we revere a god
In every senator, while Jove's high nod
O thou most mighty Doge is given by thee—
Thy queenly Juno being the glorious sea.
Such native genius and a wit so keen
Is nowhere but in Venice to be seen.
Oh, if our Capital did but contain
The same amount of feeling and of brain,
To own a bard who sings a higher strain,
A thousand theatres would scarce receive
The praises *thou* wouldst claim and she would give.

O Nymph, a triple Kingdom's heart and eye,
Rich, ancient, potent, pleasant, bright and high;
A virgin thou long time, of noblest fame
Mid European nymphs, yet thou dost claim,
Thy Prince assisting, a glad parent's name:
The empire's diadem, a little world
Of honour, be thy conquering flags unfurled
O'er land or sea. Whate'er Pactolus bears,
Tagus or Hermus, of enriching wares
Close-packed along thy crowded river fares.
From India ivory exquisitely wrought
In snowy carvings, and red gold is brought.
(From wealthy India Tagus now demands
The gold which brightens her impoverished sands).

Egypt her canes, Babylon her tapestries fine,
 Saba her incense boast, and Palestine
 Her balsam ! let the Thracians, horses praise ;
 Corinth her brass, her gums Arabia raise ;
 Corsica gems, and Ida metals bring ;
 Her wine let Crete, her corn let Gargarus sing :
 Verona fruitful, Lyons busy seem,
 And Rome with martial deeds and praises teem :
 Let Venice shine, the jewel of the sea,
 And fair Vienna ever powerful be :
 Illustrious Florence with her leaf-crowned head
 On her wise citizens may riches shed :
 The several gifts in all the rest that shine,
 In thee, O London, beautifully combine.
 Of just and equal laws thou art possest,
 In thy pure Faith peculiarly blest ;
 No jarring counsels in thy armies meet ;
 With kindly welcome thou dost strangers greet ;
 The good with liberal hand by thee are crowned,
 While white-robed Peace stands smiling all around.
 In far gone ages past thou didst arise :
 Thy thoroughfares are choked with merchandise,
 And overflow with thy abundant gains ;
 And thou dost dance for joy since thy Charles reigns :
 In citizens and heroes thou art strong ;
 Through broad and well-built streets they move
 along :
 Thou drinkest water from a silver stream,
 And hoardest riches like a golden dream ;
 Thy joys luxurious have a diamond gleam :
 Of famous cities thou art head and crown,
 The nurse of nobles, fountain of renown ;
 Pride of the Thames and the whole island's love,
 Thy wealth swells out and grows all wealth above :
 Kingly in counsel, and the ocean's queen,
 The stately seat of empire thou art seen :
 Grand are the signs and symbols of thy power,
 O'er all the earth in honour thou dost tower :
 In all ways brilliant, thou dost silence Fame,
 The only Phoenix worthy of the name :
 Well-seated for thy business on the sea,
 A temperate sky looks smiling down on thee,
 While from thy soil springs up abundance free :
 If all this circling world a ring were named,
 Europe would be its diamond fair and famed ;
 The ring of Europe Britain would be seen,
 And on its hoop London's proud gemmy sheen.
 Thames, sprung from Thame and Isis (as she creeps
 Where every college as a palace sleeps),
 Admires her Lord e'en while she brings thee drink,
 And stays her reflux waves along thy brink.
 Happy with gifts of all the gods thou 'rt crowned ;
 Here room to triumph in, my Muse has found :
 Let Crete rejoice in Jove's almighty name,
 And from Apollo Delphi take its fame :
 Let shining Venice, ocean-circled town,
 From sea-born Venus win its fair renown :
 Here Themis dwells and righteous laws imparts,
 And Pallas smiles with all her train of arts :

Here grassy meads and groves the Dryad gives,
 And by her streams the blue-robed Naiad lives :
 Of merchandise from every land possest,
 With signal aptitude for warfare blest,
 Thou seem'st the child of winged Mercury,
 And Pallas' sister thou deserv'st to be :
 Thy every maiden is a beauteous Grace,
 Thy every citizen shows Mars' own face :
 My King like Jupiter himself is seen,
 And Juno shines beside him in his Queen ;
 In thy new vastness thou dost lift thy horn ;
 By stars more potent thou art onwards borne ;
 In all the world where'er we look around,
 To no fair city art thou second found :
 Much I pass over which I fain would speak,
 Nothing superior do thou elsewhere seek ;
 Nor think a city here its head uprears,
 But all the world in this huge mass appears.
 Stranger, to thee the city open lies ;
 Enter, why standest thou with wondering eyes ?
 A city this ? Surely the world is here !
 The world, or the world's mistress, it is clear.
 I know not how to speak ; my every word
 Fails of the force by which my mind is stirred :
 But she herself, with myriad voice, her name
 Of London rightly can alone proclaim.
 In fine, all arts to favour she is known ;
 Soon, Quarles, thy merits she will grateful own.
 But mindful whence I started I return ;
 Poets are held in honour now, I learn.
 So was it in past times, so will it be,
 And due rewards, O Quarles, will come to thee.
 O thou of this our age the most renowned,
 The chosen jewel of our Essex ground ;
 (That teeming soil with all good things runs o'er,
 Whate'er the land, whate'er the ocean bore).
 Climb, famous Quarles, the high triumphal car,
 The Muse grants thee a place seen from afar.
 Heaven, and heaven only, bounds thy mental
 ken :
 Thy Anglian page breathes of an Angel's pen.
 Thou only of our Prince art worthy found,
 None worthier from Quarles's lips to sound.
 All Helicon towers up to sight in thee ;
 And in thy person Phœbus' self we see ;
 The Muses' hope and fear thou seem'st to be.
 Martial in Epigram is not more strong,
 Nor Virgil with more grandeur rolls along.
 To Anacreon's lyrics we are treated here ;
 Horace in strains Pindaric charms our ear,
 And Ovid pours his notes with music clear.
 To thee alone their various gifts belong,
 Who dost surpass them all alone in song.
 Place all together, then add what you will,
 And go on adding—you excel them still ;
 Thy flowing lines like Ovid's move along ;
 Tuneful as Horace is thy measured song ;
 Profound as Virgil is thy thoughtful style,
 And Martial-like thy pleasantries beguile.

Such genial grace thy easy verses show,
 And thy sweet Muse has such a sparkling flow ;
 Such glory shines on thy celestial tongue,
 Nought that it lists, needs it to leave unsung.
 I hate harsh, rugged, unattractive strains,
 Verse dipt in nectar my affection gains :
 Nought rude or commonplace will here be found,
 But what will please the reader, or astound.
 What poet dares to be a rival here ?
 Whoe'er thou art, be it Phœbus' self, appear.
 Thy feet have been where'er the Muses reign,
 Trophies like thine who ever hopes to gain ?
 A golden quill accept, O Quarles, from me,
 For golden is the verse which flows from thee.
 Uncut, unpointed, is the quill I send ;
 Thy wit the necessary point will lend.
 The sun's clear face why deck with rays of light ?
 Why bring new waves to ocean sparkling bright ?
 Why to the wood, crowded with oaks, add more,
 Or lay fresh sands along the wrinkled shore ?
 Why on the heavens above more stars bestow,
 More blades of grass upon the ground below ?
 Or why to Aristæus honey send,
 Or why on Bacchus cups of wine expend ?
 With fruits Triptolemus why need we fee,
 Or send a pen and metre unto thee ?
 Hail thou, whose brows with sacred plumes are
 crowned,
 Thy glory great and various shall be found.
 It shall grow daily. Pelæus' son, I think,
 Had he lived more in living fame would shrink.
 Thou shalt be vastly greater than the Great ;
 He lest his fame should fail submits to fate :
 And not to die he quits this mortal state !
 Thou, Francis, to late years shalt echo still ;
 While Hippocrenè flows from its own hill ;
 While earth, air, water, fire, this world compose ;
 Or east with west wind, north with south wind blows ;
 While the sky boasts planet, sun, moon, and star,
 And the sun's yokèd horses flash afar ;
 And while her grand-voiced Virgil Rome shall praise,
 No time from British hearts thy name shall raze.
 Genius and song to Quarles shall honour give,
 While song and genius in the world shall live.
 He dies not, cannot die, for whom Fame pleads ;
 Praise speaks, whom Fruit adorns, and Honour speeds.
 He makes the Muse, and she makes him renowned ;
 Through all the world no Muse or Bard is found
 With equal praise to her's or Quarles's crowned.
 Thy learnèd brows may conquering laurels twine,
 Thy snow-white car with wheels all golden shine ;
 Let the great goddess come, in imaged state,
 And with her horn of plenty on thee wait.
 Why ? As a priest I'd sacrifice to thee ;
 My verse the victim ; and the altar be
 My heart ; the fire in my affection see.
 Now build the altar, stir the flames, bid fall
 The victim, while on Quarles's Muse I call
 With heart and verses and affection all.

I adjure thee, Fame, insense posterity,
 That none be better known on earth than he !
 What first, what second here, should I esteem ?
 All first, no second, in thy Book, I deem.
 So dost thou weave thy work, thoughts, words, each
 thing,
 I know not which first, last, or midst to sing.
 How am I pressed by Verse's narrow bound :
 A labyrinth here, and labour too are found.
 Lessons with pictured forms thou dost unite,
 And sermons mixed with measured verse delight.
 A graceful tongue, a gracious soul is thine,
 While Faith sincere through all is seen to shine ;
 Thy soul round JESUS so dost thou entwine,
 And to the Fathers bind the Books divine,
 And point with epigram thy lyrics fine.
 With thy wise hand to examine and explain,
 The unfolded depths of Bible Truth we gain ;
 The teaching of the text can not appear,
 Unless we first have made the meaning clear :
 But meaning void of reason, what avails ?
 Or what again is reason, if faith fails ?
 And what is faith unless it works by love ?
 What love itself apart from God above ?
 O God, may never love my heart inflame,
 Unless it be the love of Thy dear Name.
 Thou knowest God, and teaching, mak'st Him
 known,
 And Whom thou teachest dost with reverence own.
 Thy practice to thy worship lends a wing,
 While thou thyself dost act what thou dost sing.
 Things worthy to be read thou dost indite,
 And doest most deserving things to write.
 Thy printed page is no less free from blot,
 Than is thy upright life devoid of spot.
 Laud I thy verse or life, or e'en the two,
 While thou reviewest what we ought to do,
 Or doest what is worthy of our view.
 Who by persuasive words carries the day,
 Or by his life holds a persuasive way,
 Happy is he, but thou more happy art,
 Because to thee belongs the twofold part.
 Thou doest things that we may ponder too,
 The while thou ponderest what we ought to do ;
 Both what we ought to practise thou dost show,
 And by thy practice writ'st it out below :
 While thus in words our duty thou dost sing,
 And in thy life dost virtue's lessons bring,
 A learnèd poet in thy lines we scan,
 But in thy deeds we hail an honest man.
 Prime orator and poet thou dost shine,
 Who dost reform us, while thou dost refine.
 God is the life and brightness of thy days,
 And Piety the law which guides thy ways,
 And Jesus Christ thy glory and thy praise.
 Right thou dost cherish, and the passions chain,
 And all thy acts by rules divine restrain.
 Wisdom methinks is graven on thy face ;
 What wisdom then within thy mind finds place.

Virtue thou dost adorn with genius fine,
 And genius by thy virtues seems to shine.
 While thou dost follow God with offerings free,
 God with His mercy is still following thee ;
 For him that honours God with service true
 God will Himself with honour meet endue.
 Thy subject worthy of thy song we deem,
 And worthy is thy singing of thy theme.
 The best material sparkles in thy lays,
 Thy workmanship the highest art displays.
 Measures more musical none ever chose,
 And nobler subject-matter nowhere glows.
 A worthier theme thy genius could not ask,
 And worthy is thy genius of thy task.

O Reader, dost thou love things that are sweet ?
 Nought here but sweet things, reader, wilt thou meet.

Or putting sweet things second, dost demand
 Things which are useful ? Here they are at hand.
 If both thou wish ; this book the two combines,
 Here sweet things smile, and here the useful shines.
 So sugar sweet with wine austere we blend,
 And to the glass a taste more grateful lend.
 Cups filled with every vintage do you ask,
 And various wines to foam from many a cask ?
 Massic or Cæcuban, from Chios, Crete,
 From Rhetia or Falernum shall they meet ?
 Or do thy sparkling clusters please, O Rhine,
 Or Mœnus is the pleasant preference thine ?
 Here you may drink and drink Heaven-nurtured wine.
 Come then and let the unmixt liquor flow,
 Until your swelling veins tingle and glow ;
 The fleeting day beguile and garlands strew,
 The goblet grasp, let spikenard shed its dew :
 If thy engrossing thought is, 'What is mine,'
 Let thy absorbing wish be for this Wine,
 Yet think not here the tongue's delight to find,
 But exquisite enjoyment of the mind,
 True milk and honey, copious and refined.

As through sweet garden-beds of roses gay,
 Mid Bards and Fathers you pursue your way ;
 On busy wing, sipping now here, now there,
 And honeyed gifts collecting everywhere.
 So o'er the odorous plains the wild bee strays,
 And to its cell the flowery spoils conveys.
 Such honey for its sons Hybla ne'er bore,
 Enna or Ætna by Sicilian shore.
 The cunning bee is vanquished ; she her lips
 But wets, he his whole soul in honey dips.
 She has no honey without waxen foil,
 Here, here is pleasure without stint or soil :
 A honeyed Muse, and honey pure indeed ;
 Wine pure, unmixed, our Poet's matchless meed.

Dost pant for beakers brimmed with nectar fine ?
 In Quarles see nectar's current leap and shine.
 Drops full of heavenly sweetness onward stream,
 Wine, honey, nectar, far surpassed we deem.
 Without this cheering sweetness I should sink ;
 Joys bubble from this nectared fountain's brink.

Is it thy care to approach the Well of Life,
 Which pours forth waters with Salvation rife ?
 Here is the fountain whence e'en now below,
 Life and Salvation may be seen to flow.
 Let this blest fount before all founts delight,
 From whence Bethesda's water springs to sight.
 This sweetly flowing stream my spirit steep,
 And then to God the living water leap.
 This water springs like liquid gold on high,
 Where you may slake your thirst, not satisfy.
 The more of gold the waves of Tagus pour,
 By what they give they show diminished store :
 The more this living fountain gives to me,
 The more it gushes forth with current free.

Hast thou a curious appetite to meet ?
 Is pheasant dear to thee, salmon a treat,
 Are oysters, mullet, eels a morsel sweet ?
 Here for a table Quarles's Book behold ;
 For napkin here, white paper I unfold ;
 Here sacred verses are your dainty food,
 And witty sayings are the seasoning good ;
 For China-dishes here are pictures fine,
 And here instead of flesh the Muses shine ;
 And numbers which we cannot number fit
 The dining-tables, where arranged they sit.
 Here blest ambrosia, bread of heaven, you view,
 And manna sparkling with celestial dew.
 All kinds of food before you here are placed,
 And flavours to accommodate each taste.
 Here Christ imparteth His whole Self to me,
 And with Himself all things which earth or sea
 Or Heaven contains in its immensity :
 Of which although we freely take each day,
 Our thirst we slake not, nor our hunger stay ;
 O when shall this abundance drench my heart ?
 This table, when its banquet full impart ?

Come whoso may, a Reader of this book,
 A pleased Spectator thou must stay to look ;
 Then let this charming work your feelings move,
 And both to eye and heart a treasure prove,
 By lips of man Wisdom was erst displayed,
 But now man's hand to fashion her is made :
 So that which most to praise you hesitate,
 The fine engravings of the pictured plate,
 Or learned writings which they illustrate.
 In painting does he teach, this writer fine,
 And paints in teaching with his hand divine ;
 To fascinate thy soul two arts combine :
 That if to please, Virtue must needs be seen,
 Here imaged she must charm your eyes, I ween.

(Pictured and written Virtue's praise might be,
 If for its gifted painter you could see
 Apelles ; and Apollo would appear
 To pen its attributes in verses clear.)
 With life-like EMBLEMS, which allure the eye,
 Your rhymes Christ-sounding you diversify.
 The Venus of Apelles bravely glows,
 But no such heavenly grace and beauty shows.

How much an Emblem teaches in small room,
Symbols well-drawn the dullest head illumine.

Goodly and fair dost thou desire to shine
Before the eyes of men and eyes Divine?
Here at this looking-glass thy features view,
Here wash and dress thyself with order due.
A heavenly glass for heavenly sight will call:
Who thoughtless looks as well look not at all:
Here feed your eyes with a deliberate gaze,
And frequent lessons let the likeness raise.
The more this view of my own self I gain,
So much less trifling I become and vain.

Its marbles freaked with spots let Chios show;
Lesbos, of darker hue; Paros, of snow;
Lybia, of black; Naxos, of varied grain;
Paphos, all-figured; Thebes, with golden stain.
Marbles you dig from Apostolic mine,
And worked with Pallas' art, for me they shine.

The sun may paint the angry clouds on high
And bend an arch of triumph in the sky;
The peacock may extend his wealth of plume,
And with his gorgeous pride the air illumine:
If variegated dyes and iris-rays
Attract and gratify your eager gaze;
Here is a light which rainbow tints outvies,
A colour never seen on earth or skies.
A sea of sapphire here gleams to the light,
Purple of amethyst, and bronze fire-bright;
The sparkling carbuncle emits its ray,
And to the stars above shows the blest way:
Here pale-faced silver darts its twinkling sheen,
And here the copper-coloured gold is seen:
How gloriously thou shinest, O my light,
With brightness of thy book, my dear delight.
Nay, this thy book I take to be my sun,
Round which thy verses like the planets run.
O may this light, I pray, shine in my sky,
And cheer and guide me everlastingly.
Rejoice, O earth, a new sun sheds its ray,
Whose light astonishes the doubled day;
And casts its beams on devious paths below,
The narrow way of Righteousness to show.
The sun revolves through twelve celestial signs;
This sun in fifteen star-like pictures shines.
Why hides the fount of day his flaming wheels?
In thee a more illustrious light he feels.
Yea verily—he clears the bodily eye,
Thou from the mind dost make the shadows fly.
The world is darkened at that sun's decline,
But after death thy rays will brightly shine:
And if those rays on me thou deign to throw,
My moon-like Muse eclipse shall never know.

Clarions or viols, psalteries, cymbals, shells,
Or music which in drum or timbrel dwells,
Or from the organ or the trumpet swells;
Mixed with the sounding notes of lyre or lute.
Of horn or harp, of cithern or of flute;
Reader, are these thy choice? Or hymns to hear,
Like dew distilling from a happier sphere;

And join in concert with our bard to sing
Angelic melody to Heaven's high King,
While the arched skies with loud applauses ring?
These strains or those, I say—which are thy choice,
Possessing which wouldst thou the more rejoice?
Surely a child thou art, fool, parasite,
If earthly noise, not heavenly song, delight.

Whether with Job's high soaring he aspires,
Or sets wise Solomon to English lyres;
Whether with mournful Jeremy he sighs,
Or sings the deeds of dwellers in the skies;
Whether the grave he mingles with the gay,
Or pictured emblems illustrate his lay;
O'er dulcet chords his facile fingers flit,
Jokes without gall, not without honey wit!
Whether he try the harmonious Epic vein,
Or honeyed notes of the Iambic strain;
Whether in Elegy he shows his art,
Or with an Epigram winds up each part;
Whether he pours forth prose, or verses clear,
Our author soothes and satisfies each ear.

When with rough waves seethed the tempestuous sea,
Arion soothed it with rare harmony:
A friendly dolphin bore him o'er the main,
Offering a solid vantage for his strain.
The world be this vexed ocean unto thee,
And in the smiling sky thy haven see:
Christ be thy music and thy quickening breath;
The dolphin that conveys thee shall be Death.
Thee will I follow, sacred Minstrel sweet;
To hear thee, my heart's sorrows cease to beat.
At thy approach swells tuneful Castaly,
At thy departure, it retires with thee;
It ebbs or flows just as thy will may be.
Orpheus won over birds, beasts, fish, they tell
With his sweet lyre, and even Cerberus fell:
Thou lifeless syllables canst animate,
And weak words with high measures lift elate.
The Sirens, Orpheus, and Apollo own
Thee conqueror in voice, harp, witching tone:
The gift of all the three is thine alone.
Let Orpheus brutes, Amphion rocks command,
Arion dolphins, with his potent hand:
The powers, which separate in them we see,
Blended together we perceive in thee.
Rocks, beasts, and fishes let the three control,
While men admit it is thy function sole
To rule o'er creatures dreadful, cruel, wild,
Hell, monsters, men, with thy enchantment mild.
Fierce breasts thou tamest with harmonious strain,
The hard heart calmest, o'er fell souls dost reign.
The drooping thou relievest, and dost raise
Those thus relieved to walk in hopeful ways;
With head erect they follow thy loved voice,
And learn from thee Heaven's business—to rejoice!

The skylark warbles and ascends on high,
And soothes the stars which listen from the sky;
Thou art a skylark bearing God afar
In thy high praise above the loftiest star.

The nightingale and gold-finch from full throats
 Make the woods ring with their rejoicing notes,
 Through all the air a soothing gladness floats.
 But sounds they utter without sense, though sweet :
 Heaven-freighted melody in thee we greet.
 Drenched with celestial dews, what pleasures fine,
 What charming measures, living Lyre, are thine !
 Oft as thy tuneful tongue's mellifluous quill
 Touches our hearts, we feel a sudden thrill :
 The languid spirit faints ; ah, here I find
 What overjoys and oversets the mind !
 My heart with music dost thou steal from me,
 And dost restore it with thy harmony :
 Ah, let it pass in that melodious strain,
 If airs poetic bring it back again.
 Ah, happy such departure I must deem,
 And such return felicitous esteem.
 Absent or present, whether here or there,
 Living or dying, howsoe'er I fare,
 To advance, retire, to be or not to be,
 All, all alike is happiness to me !
 To spread thy praise let lute and lyre be found,
 And let the trumpet with thy fame resound ;
 To celebrate thee let Thalia sing,
 And strike with tender touch the golden string ;
 The harp pour forth from trembling clouds thy verse,
 And let Urania Epic strains rehearse ;
 The ringing wood the harmonious notes repeat
 And sylvan Echo the glad chorus greet.
 Let sky and sea and ground be moved to mirth,
 By him who sounds the praise of sky, sea, earth ;
 The wicked in eternal silence rest,
 Since seas and lands and skies with voice are blest.
 Of incense, cedar, balm dost crave the smell,
 Or odours which in spikenard, saffron dwell ?
 Aloes and myrrh which drip from fragrant trees,
 Nutmeg and cinnamon, blended to please ?
 What Araby or spicy Indus bore,
 Or Spanish ship brought from the new world's shore ?
 Thy pious pen be the Cilician flower ; *
 A sweet aroma be thy volume's dower.
 O what delicious airs of incense sweet,
 Concealed within thy book's two covers meet.
 My heart is fraught with frankincense of prayer,
 And myrrh distilling tearful grief is there.
 For he who offers holy prayers to Heaven,
 By him true frankincense to God is given :
 Gold, frankincense, and myrrh of faith he brings ;
 O Christ (of whom our pious poet sings)
 Accept the gold which to our King we give ;
 As dying Man, tear-dropping myrrh receive ;
 Incense as God, in Whom our hearts believe.
 Cloud-like this Book its precious balms distils,
 And the Elysian wood with fragrance fills :
 Spikenard and cassia, myrrh and frankincense
 Delight and overpower the fainting sense,
 These clouds—nought, nought but showers of nectar
 bear ;
 Nought, nought but feasts ambrosial scent the air.

*(Crocus.)

Dost seek a garden gemmed with various flowers,
 Where balmy Flora vernal riches showers—
 When filled with Zephyr's fertilising airs
 Roses, the Queen of flowers, she freely bears—
 Roses, the Queen of flowers, Lilies the King,
 Which o'er the dewy beds their sweetness fling.
 You doubt if on the roses Morning shed
 Her crimson, or received from them her red ;
 Clad in such purple Spring lifts up her head.
 But what avails or colour or sweet smell,
 If bound in envious bark or bud they dwell,
 Nor ever spread their beauteous wings on high,
 Nor take their odorous voyage to the sky ?
 Beauty's brief day how mournfully it goes,
 If fearing thorns Love fail to pluck the rose !
 No sooner sown than reaped ! Well mayst thou say,
 Lo ! I was born, lived, withered in a day !
 But here the Rose of endless Spring we see,
 And May that blossoms everlastingly :
 This Poet, like St. Dorothy of old,
 Out of his mouth breathes roses manifold.
 If various flowers from one fair stem delight,
 Yellow-veiled crocus, and narcissus white,
 Rosemary, poppies with their Tyrian dye,
 And marigolds which follow Phœbus' eye :
 Shining with leaves, lo, here a Tree is found,
 Adorned with blossoms, and with fruitage crowned.
 Its variegated splendour to the eye
 The silver, gold, and emerald outvie
 Of flowers, fruit, foliage that are born to die.
 No tree like this Dodona ever knew ;
 What soft airs fan it, what sweet rain and dew
 Foster its growth ; what strength the sun bestows :
 Blossom and fruit and colour this Tree knows
 All else surpassing. Here delights the eyes
 The garden of the heavenly Paradise.
 Perish the Dragon-guarded apple-trees,
 The golden pride of the Hesperides ;
 Whate'er charmed Chloris fair in Western fields ;
 Whate'er the garden of Alcinous yields ;
 Whatever plants the rustic Flora trains,
 Or fruits which deck Pomona's green domains ;
 Their bright abodes what pleasant odours crowned,
 But Quarles's Book a sweeter breath folds round !
 Go crocus, iris, spikenard, marigold,
 Here all your hues commingled I behold.
 Here seek I roses, apples—lilies, seek,
 Which ne'er will show decay upon their cheek.
 Spring has fair flowers, Summer her golden corn,
 And clustered grapes rich Autumn's brow adorn :
 But thou alone, O Quarles, art my soul's flower,
 My Summer corn and grape with cheering dower.
 Cambridge, (kind Mother), when thy buds were
 green,
 Cried, 'O what blooms will one day here be seen
 Fair violets from this shoot—of Tyrian dye
 Will spring, and roses that with purple vie :'
 Behold them here. Thy years with fruits abound,
 And all thy weeks with flowers and seeds are crowned.

What fragrance, brilliance, and what melody !
Balm, gem, and harp are nought compared with thee.
Here am I drawn by sight and taste and ears :
This beauteous picture in my eyes adheres ;
Thy words mellifluous in my mouth I feel,
Thy strains melodious o'er my hearing steal.
Reader, thou hast Elysian Tempe here,
And golden germs of polished speech appear,
Collected in this scanty volume dear.
Gather, O youth, the flowers ; and maiden, bind
Garlands of blossoms after thine own mind :
For Quarles so freely sows and lets them fall,
That you can never hope to reap them all.

Come, Flora pure, girt with thy Muses, bring,
Bring hither, hither, all the spoils of Spring :
Let Flora violets shed, Cytheris thyme,
Chloris, the white narcissus in its prime ;
Cypria the languishing Adonis bear,
And bright Idyia clustered roses fair :
Come, Mauritanians, stained with mulberry dye,
And with their milky tint the Iberians vie ;
Come, maid Sarmatian, with thy violet hue,
And English girl, red as a rose and true.
Each pluck your own peculiar blossoms sweet,
And singing bring a lap full to his feet.
The smiling Graces bring baskets flower-crowned,
With tulips, thyme, and lotus piled all round.
Pallas, Euterpe, Clio, Calliope,
And Polyhymnia and Terpsichore,
Suada, Thalia, Charis, Uranie.
(The Muses nine and Pallas—strange as true—
Here standing on eleven feet you view !)¹
And Phoebus, crowned with mingled blossoms bright,
Fostering them all with motion, heat, and light :
Ivy with laurel, privet with myrtle pair ;
With blushing roses paint the lilies fair :
Let such a glorious garland softly fall
Upon the head of Him who merits all ;
A crown of laurel, ivy, myrtle, lend
To wreath the locks of Him I call my Friend !
Ye who Persuasion, honey-voiced adore,
All kinds of wealth into a small urn pour :
Of jewels he rains down a starry shower,
A gift that will surpass your mighty dower.
This priceless book in value will outshine
Thy volume, Bartol, or Galenus thine.
Who reads these pages will be sure to find
One who can profit and delight the mind.
I have no knowledge of what lines will please,
Or if this age have taste 'twill savour these.
He falls in no mistake—the lying lips
Of critic may approach. Envious he dips
Into the book. But no—Quarles never trips !
The savage dwellers in the underworld
Such pious pages might wish closely furled—

¹ Being all mentioned in two lines—the hexameter of 6 feet,
and the pentameter of 5.

Might say such thoughts deserved to be concealed,
Nor ever should to readers be revealed.
The wretch who in a field of wheat sows tares
Must wary be or perish unawares.
Envious old man, an Æolus in brain,
In mouth a Bacchus, with the purple stain—
From bargemen sprung, a most distinguished line ;
In knightly trappings lately made to shine ;
So rough to Quarles, so prompt to patronise
The wretched Bavius. O Mæcenas wise,
A fine Mæcenas truly, one who springs,
From a long line of bargees, not of kings !
Fond fool ! Why scratch thy head, man ? Spare thy
hair,

Loose living soon will leave thee bald and bare.
Here in this verse of mine, as in a glass,
See thy own foolish self, thy whole self, pass.
Here something there will be to please e'en thee,
If in this looking-glass thyself thou see.
Spare oil and lamps, thyself without a light
Thou mayst behold—a satisfying sight.
About thyself if thou wilt silent be,
If but thou wilt—that is enough for me.
But say at least and speak the truth, I pray,
What charge thou hast against this book to lay,
Thou fond fault-finder, thou hast nought to say.
O Bookseller, if Quarles's name appear,
As author of this book in letters clear ;
Of all the poets who are known to fame
The glory will be centred in that Name.
Let such an author's name deck the first page,
Each reader's eye 'twill instantly engage.
The happy man touched with desire to look
On the blest contents of God's holy Book ;
And whom absorbed it holds in the still night,
Absorbed it finds at blush of morning light ;
Who God's Word searching with delighted eyes
Cares not to meditate on aught that lies
Outside that sacred pale—Read here—this field
Of Quarles a harvest rich to thee will yield.
Read it, O studious youth, for thee 'twas sown,
Read it all through—its treasures thou wilt own.
Although the work may seem but short to thee,
Within its leaves much wisdom wilt thou see.
Re-read it, bury it within thy mind,
And in thy life express what thou dost find
Writ in this book. To live a book is more
Than with the eyes merely to scan it o'er.
To read is to pour waters. From what stream ?
From current of the eyes with tearful gleam.
But from what fountain does this current glide ?
From the o'erhanging brow where deep thoughts hide.
Thus only must this book of Quarles be read ;
Such waters on its pages must be shed.
'Tis strange, but true—He turns all Quarles's leaves,
Who at the book's first threshold thinks and grieves
My hand is weary, and the time is spent ;
The Press waits, and the Poem must be sent,
Without more thought to its adornment lent.

What do they mean—my Elegiacs rude?
 The pure white paper will be quickly wooed,
 Like a fair virgin of the highest worth
 By a superior style of nobler birth.
 My final verses have their bounds transgressed ;
 Now let my measures in due measure rest,
 And my conclusion with an end be blest.
 The Fifth Act comes ; smile on it ; for no touch
 Of blame is mine but to have loved too much.
 Religion, Piety, my pen compelled,
 If what one likes compulsion can be held.
 Not praise, but kind allowance, now I ask ;
 To show good will, not verses good, my task.
 Good things to accomplish I account not higher
 Than for a friend those good things to desire.
 The symbol, pledge, and type my verses be
 Of Nature, love, and honour fixed in me.
 I dedicate them to my Reader kind ;
 My heart for Thee and Thine remains behind.
 Farewell, O Quarles, and flourish, may you know
 A happiness which past your thought shall grow.
 Your funeral rites shall not conclude your story
 But bring a golden interest of glory.
 What, dying, thou wouldst wish were done, do now ;
 But monitors an author such as thou
 Requires not. These things are his present care,
 And past thoughts and his future thoughts they share.
 What would it profit all the world to gain,
 And then the loss of your own soul sustain ?
 O happy thou, who to the Lord dost live
 While He to thee the breath of life shall give ;
 So when the solemn mortal hour draws nigh,
 Thou to the Lord, who loveth thee, shalt die.

O may thy brows with swan's pure white be crowned,
 But mid the snows a rosy mouth be found ;
 May Spring with thee amid the Winter bloom,
 And smiling May amid December's gloom.
 Thus may three seasons in thy age be seen,
 But mayst thou never need on staff to lean.
 May God, who is our Day, our Life, our Rest,
 Pour day without a night into thy breast ;
 Give thee a life which no sad death-hour knows
 And blissful rest in Him which fears no close.
 Not that my ardent love thou shouldst return,
 But that thou shouldst permit it thus to burn ;
 This is the goal to which my efforts tend,
 Here all my labours have their hoped-for end.
 More I could wish, but oh, accept the will,
 And, burdened, let me speak by keeping still.
 Enough, too much, though nothing could excel
 My wishes for the Man I love so well.
 Nothing remains that I can further do ;
 'Tis only left that silence should ensue.
 I wonder, and am silent. Well we deem
 That he has said enough, in whose esteem
 That he could say enough, is but a dream !

EPILOGUE.

My Muse lies down footsore and wearied out,
 And my poor poem is laid up with gout :
 Here let them lie, I hear the Reader say,
 If with the Author he comes all the way !

A WELL WISHER—(Benevolus = Benlowes).

The 'Quarles' of Benlowes was appended originally to the 'Emblems' (1635) ; but is sometimes found separately. It has fetched extraordinary prices on its rare occurrence. Even Mr. Griggs' excellent facsimile does not fully express the fineness of Marshall's allegorical title-page.

Edward Benlowes is now mainly remembered as the friend of Phineas Fletcher and Quarles. His 'Theophila or Love's Sacrifice: A Divine Poem,' 1652 (folio) is (I fear) irrevocably forgotten—spite of its exquisite engravings : in this latter point reminding of Samuel Rogers of our own modern day. Alas that one so open-handed and in many ways estimable, died in abject poverty !

F.—PENSION, etc.

Pope introduces Quarles into the 'Dunciad,' but probably it was merely the apt rhyme of his name with 'Charles' rather than spite that led to such introduction. He lugs in gossip of an unauthenticated 'pension.'

This pension formed the subject of continuous correspondence in *Notes and Queries*, but without light being cast upon it. Charles was penurious in his patronage alike of literature and art. A. B. G.



FRANCIS QUARLES: PROSE.



I.

Enchyridion.

1641.



NOTE.

THE title-page of the original edition is as follows :—

ENCHYRIDION		
Containing		
INSTI- TUTI- ONS.	DIVINE.	<i>Contemplative.</i>
		<i>Practicall.</i>
	MORALL.	<i>Ethicall.</i>
		<i>Oeconomical.</i>
		<i>Politically.</i>
Written by		
FRA. QVARLES.		

Printed at *London* by
Tho. Cotes. 1640.

16^{mo}. A to O 5.

—all unpagged. The second edition followed speedily in 1641. To the latter, a whole century was added. Accordingly in it Cent. I. is new, and Nos. I., II., and III. of the first are Cent. II., III., and IV. In the first edition this little Note of errors (corrected in the second edition) follows the prefixed 'Table'—'Reader, before thou begin ; These Obvious Errors, (now groaning under the Burthen of a heedlesse Eye), confesse themselves, suing to be Corrected by the Pen, and cancell'd by thy Favour.' Among the errata it is overlooked that in Cent. IV., chap. XI. is mis-numbered X. and so throws all after into error, and that C is made up of the closing words of 'Meditation.' On other editions see our Memorial-Introduction. It has been found rewarding to print our text from the Author's own of 1641. Even that of Smith's 'Library of Old Authors' has some vexatious and gross misprints and omissions, while the orthography is an odd mingle-mangle of old and modern.—G.



ENCHYRIDION

CONTAINING

INSTI- TUTI- ONS.	{	DIVINE	{	CONTEMPLATIVE.
				PRACTICALL.
	{	MORALL	{	ETHYCALL.
				OECONOMICALL.
				POLITICALL.

WRITTEN BY

FRA. QVARLES.



Printed at *London* by *T. Cotes*,
for *G. Hutton* in *Turne-*
Stile-Alley in Holbourne, 1641.

(16^{mo}.)

TO THE
GLORIOUS OBJECT OF OUR EXPECTATION,
CHARLES PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

WHEN Subjects bring presents to their Princes, 'tis not because their Princes wants them; but that subjects want better wayes to expresse the bounty of their unknowne Affections; I know your Highnesse wants not the best meanes that all the world affords, to ground and perfect you in all those Princely Qualities, which befit the hopeful Sonne of such a royal Father; yet the boldnesse of my zeale is such, that nothing can call backe mine Arme, or stay the progresse of my Quill, whose emulous desire comes short of none in the expressions of most loyall and unfeign'd Affection. To which end, I have presum'd to consecrate these few Lines to your illustrious Name, as Rudiments to ripen (and they will ripen) with your growing youth, if they but feele the Sunshine of your gracious eye. My service in this subject were much too early for your Princely view, did not your apprehension as much transcend the greennesse of your yeares; the forwardnes of whose Spring thrusts forth these hasty leaves: Your Highnesse is the Expectation of the present age, and the Poynt of future Hopes: and curs'd be he that both with Pen and Prayers shall not be studious to advantage such a high priz'd Blessing: Live long our Prince: And when your royall Father shall Convert his Regall Diademe into a Crowne of Glory, inherit his Vertues with his Throne, and prove another Phoenix to succeeding Generations: so Pray'd for, and Prophesied, By Your Highnesse most Loyall and most Humble Servant,

FRA. QVARES.

To The Reader.

ALL Rules are not calculated for the *Meridian* of every *State*. If all Bodies had the same Constitution; or all Constitutions the same Alterations; and all Alterations the same Times, the Empericke were the best Physitian. If all States had the same *Tempers* and *Distempers*, and both, the same *Conservatives*, and the same *Cures*, Examples were the best Directions, and Rules digested from those Example[s], were even almost infallable. The subject of Policie is *Civill Government*; the subject of that Government is Men; the variableness of those Men disabsolutes all Rules, and limits all Examples. Expect not therefore, in these, or any of the like nature, such impregnable Generalls, that no exceptions can shake. The very Discipline of the Church establish't, and confirm'd by the infallable choyce, is not tyed to all times, or to all places. What wee heare present you with, as they are no *Rocks* to build perpetuities upon, so they are not Rocks to split Beleeffe upon: It is lesse danger to relye upon them, than to neglect them: Nor let any thinke (in these Pamphleting dayes, and audacious times of unlicens'd *pasquells*) I secretly reflect upon particulars, or look through a *Maske* upon the passages of these distempered Times; Farre be it off from my intention, or your imaginations; My true ambition is to present these few *politicall Observations* to the tender youth of my thrice-hopefull Prince, which like an Introduction may leade him to the civill happinesse of more refined dayes, and ripen him in the glorious vertues of his renowned Father, when heaven, and the succeeding Age shall stile him with the name of *Charles* the Second.



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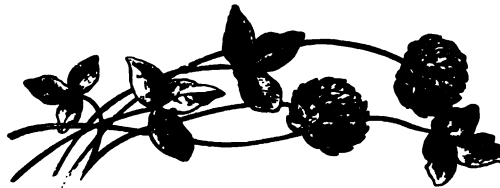
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ENCHYRIDION.





ENCHYRIDION.

CENT. I.

CHAP. I.

PIETY and Policy, are like *Martha* and *Mary*, Sisters : *Martha* failes, if *Mary* helpe not : and *Mary* suffers, if *Martha* be idle : Happy is that Kingdome where *Martha* complains of *Mary* ; but most happy where *Mary* complies with *Martha* : Where Piety and Policy, goe hand in hand, there Warre shall be just : and Peace honorable.

CAP. II.

LET not civill discords in a forreigne Kingdome, encourage thee to make Invasion. They that are factious among themselves, are jealous of one another, and more strongly prepar'd to encounter with a common Enemy : Those whom civill commotions set at variance, forreigne Hostilitie reconciles. Men rather affect the possession of an inconvenient Good, than the possibilitie of an uncertaine Better.

CAP. III.

IF thou hast made a Conquest with thy Sword, thinke not to maintaine it with thy Scepter : Neither, conceive, that new Favours can cancell old Injuries : No Conqueror sits secure upon his new got throne, so long as they subsist in power, that were dispoyl'd of their possessions by his Conquest.

CAP. IV.

LET no Price, nor Promise of Honor bribe thee to take part with the Enemy of thy naturall Prince : Assure thy selfe who ever winns, thou art lost : if thy Prince prevaile, thou art proclaim'd a Rebelle, and branded for death : If the Enemy prosper, thou shalt be reckned but as a meritorious Traytor, and not secure of thy selfe : He that loves the Treason hates the Traytor.

CAP. V.

IF thy strength of parts hath rais'd thee to eminent place in the Common-wealth, take heede thou sit sure : If not, thy fall will be the greater : As worth is fit matter for Glory ; so Glory is a faire marke for Envy.

By how much the more, thy Advancement was thought the Reward of Desert ; by so much thy fall will administer matter for disdaine : It is the ill fortune of a strong braine, if not to be dignified as meritorious, to be deprest, as dangerous.

CAP. VI.

IT is the duty of a Statesman, especially in a free State, to hold the Common-wealth to her first frame of Government, from which the more it swerves, the more it declines : which being declin'd is not commonly reduced without that extremity, the danger whereof, rather ruines than rectifies. Fundamentall Alterations bring inevitable Perills.

CAP. VII.

THERE be three sorts of Government ; Monarchicall, Aristocraticall, Democraticall ; and they are apt to fall three severall wayes into ruine : The first, by Tyranny ; the second, by Ambition ; the last, by Tumult : A Common-wealth grounded upon any one of these, is not of long continuance ; but wisely mingled, each guard the other, and make that Government exact.

CAP. VIII.

LET not the proceedings of a Captaine, though never so commendable, be confin'd to all Times : As these alter, so must they : If these vary, and not they, ruine is at hand : He least failes in his designe, that meets Time in its owne way : And he that observes not the Alterations of the Times, shall seldome be victorious but by chance : but hee that can not alter his course according to the Alterations of the Times shall never be a Conquerour : He is a wise Commander, and onely He, that can discover the change of Times, and changes his Proceedings according to the Times.

CAP. IX.

IF thou desire to make warre with a Prince, with whom thou hast formerly ratified a league ; assaile some Alley of his, rather than himselfe : If hee resent it,

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and come, or send in Ayd, thou hast a faire Gale to thy desires : If not, his infidelity in not assisting his Alley, will be discovered : Hereby thou shalt gaine thy selfe advantage, and facilitate thy designes.

CAP. X.

BEFORE thou undertake a Warre, let thine Eye number thy forces, and let thy Judgement weigh them : if thou hast a rich Enemy, no matter how poore thy Souldiers be, if couragious and faithfull : Trust not too much to the power of thy Treasure, for it will deceive thee, being more apt to expose thee for a Prey, then to defend thee : Gold is not able to finde good Souldiers ; but good Souldiers are able to finde out Gold.

CAP. XI.

IF the Territoryes of thy Equall Enemy are situated farre South from thee, the Advantage is thine, whether he make offensive, or defensive warre ; If North, the advantage is his : Cold is lesse tolerable than heate : This is a friend to Nature ; that, an Enemy.

CAP. XII.

IT is not onely uncivill, but dangerous for Souldiers, by reproachfull words, to throw disgrace upon the Enemy. Base Tearmes are Bellowes to a slaking Fury, and Goads to quicken up revenge in a fleeing Foe : hee that objects Cowardice against a fayling Enemy, adds spirit to him, to disprove the aspersion, at his owne cost : It is therefore the part of a wise Souldier to refrain it ; or of a wise Commander, to punish it.

CAP. XIII.

IT is better for two weake Kingdomes rather to compound an injury (though to some losse) than seeke for satisfaction by the sword ; least while they two weaken themselves by mutuall blowes, a third decide the Controversie to both their ruines. When the Frog and the Mouse could not take up the Quarrell, the Kite was umpire.

CAP. XIV.

LET that Common-wealth which desires to flourish, be very strict, both in her Punishments, and Rewards, according to the merits of the Subject, and offence of the Delinquent : let the Service of the Deserver be rewarded, least thou discourage worth ; and let the Crime of the Offender be punish't, least thou encourage Vice : The neglect of the one weakens a Common-wealth ; The omission of both ruins it.

CAP. XV.

IT is wisdom for him that sits at the Helme of a settled State, to demean himselfe towards his

subjects at all times ; so, that upon any evill accident, they may be ready to serve his occasion : Hee that is onely gracious at the approach of a danger, will be in danger, when he expects deliverance.

CAP. XVI.

IN all designes, which requires not sudden Execution, take mature deliberation, and weigh the conveni-ents, with the inconveni-ents, and then, resolve ; after which, neither delay the Execution, nor bewray thy Intention. He that discovers himselfe, till he hath made himselfe master of his desires, layes himselfe open to his owne Ruine, and makes himself prisoner to his owne tongue.

CAP. XVII.

LIBERALITY in a Prince is no vertue, when maintained at the Subjects unwilling Cost : It is lesse reproach, by miserableness, to preserve the popular love, than by liberality to deserve the private thanks.

CAP. XVIII.

IT is the excellent property of a good and wise Prince, to use Warre as he doth Physicke, carefully, unwillingly, and seasonably ; either to prevent approaching dangers, or to correct a present mischief, or to recover a former losse. He that declines Physicke till he be accosted with the danger, or weakned with the disease, is bold too long, and wise too late. That Peace is too precise, that limits the justnesse of a warre to a Sword drawne, or a Blow given.

CAP. XIX.

LET a Prince that would beware of Conspiracies, be rather jealous of such whom his extraordinary Favours have advanced, than of those whom his pleasure hath contented : These want meanes to execute their pleasures ; but they have meanes at pleasure to execute their desires : Ambition to rule is more vehement, than Malice or revenge.

CAP. XX.

BEFORE thou undertake a Warre cast an impartiall eye upon the Cause : If it be just, prepare thy Army ; and let them all know, they fight for God and thee : it adds fire to the spirit of a Souldier, to be assured, that hee shall either prosper in a faire Warre, or perish in a just Cause.

CAP. XXI.

IF thou desire to know the power of a State, observe in what correspondence it lives with her neighbouring State : If She make Alliance with the contribu-

tion of money ; it is an evident signe of weaknesse : If with her valour, or repute of forces, it manifests a native strength : it is an infallable signe of power, to sell friendship ; and, of weaknesse to buy it : That which is bought with Gold, will hardly be maintained with Steele.

CAP. XXII.

IN the Calmes of Peace it is most requisite for a Prince, to prepare against the stormes of Warre, both Theorically in reading Heroick Histories ; and practically, in maintaining Martiall discipline : Above all things, let him avoid Idleness, as the Bane of Honor ; which in Peace, indisposes the Body ; and in Warre, effeminates the Soule : Hee that would be in Warre, victorious, must be in Peace laborious.

CAP. XXIII.

IF thy two neighbouring Princes fall out, shew thy selfe either a true Friend, or a faire Enemy ; It is indiscretion, to adhere to him whom thou hast least cause to feare, if hee vanquish : *Neutrality* is dangerous, whereby thou becommest a necessary Prey to the Conqueror.

CAP. XXIV.

IT is a great Argument of a Prince's wisdom, not onely to chuse, but also to preferre wise Counsellors : And such are they, that seeke lesse their owne advantages, than his ; whom wise Princes ought to reward, lest they become their owne kervers ; and so, of good Servants, turne bad Masters.

CAP. XXV.

IT much conduces to the dishonor of a King, and the illfare of his Kingdome, to multiply Nobilitie, in an over-proportion to the Common people : Cheape Honor darkens Majestie ; and a numerous Nobility brings a State to necessity.

CAP. XXVI.

IT is very dangerous, to try experiments in a State, unlesse extreame necessity be urgent, or popular utility be palpable : It is better for a State to connive a while, at an Inconvenience, than too suddenly to rush upon a Reformation.

CAP. XXVII.

IF a valiant Prince be succeeded, by a weake Successour, hee may for a while maintaine a happy State, by the remaining vertue of his glorious Predecessour : But if his life be long ; or dying, he be succeeded by one lesse valiant than the first, the Kingdome is in dan-

ger to fall to ruine. That Prince is a true Father to his Country, that leaves it the rich inheritance of a brave Son. When *Alexander* succeeded *Philip*, the world was too little for the Conquerour.

CAP. XXVIII.

IT is very dangerous for a Prince, or Republike, to make continuall practice of cruell exaction : For, where the Subject stands in sense, or expectation of evill, he is apt to provide for his safety, either from the evill hee fees, or from the danger he feares ; and growing bold in Conspiracy, makes Faction ; which Faction is the Mother of Ruine.

CAP. XXIX.

BE carefull to consider the good, or ill disposition of the people towards thee upon ordinary occasions : If it be good, labour to continue it ; If evill, provide against it : As there is nothing more terrible than a dissolute multitude without a Head ; so there is nothing more easie to be reduc'd ; (if thou canst endure the first shocke of their fury ;) which if a little appeas'd, every one begins to doubt himselfe, and thinke of home and secure themselves, either by flight, or Agreement.

CAP. XXX.

THAT Prince who stands in feare more of his owne people, than strangers, ought to build Fortresses in his Land : But he that is more afraid of Strangers than his owne people, shall build them more secure in the Affections of his Subjects.

CAP. XXXI.

CARRY a watchfull Eye upon dangers before they come to ripenesse, and when they are ripe, let loose a speedy hand : He that expects them too long, or meets them too soone, gives advantage to the evill : Commit their beginnings to *Argus*-his hundred Eyes, and their ends to *Briareus*-his hundred Hands, and thou art safe.

CAP. XXXII.

OF all the difficulties in a State, the Temper of a true Governement most felicifies and perpetuates it : Too sudden Alterations distempers it. Had *Nero* tuned his Kingdome as he did his Harpe, his Harmony had beene more honorable, and his raigne more prosperous.

CAP. XXXIII.

IF a Prince, fearing to be assayl'd by a forreigne Enemy, hath a well-arm'd people, well address for

Warre, let him stay at home, and expect him, there : But if his Subjects be unarm'd, or his Kingdome unacquainted with the stroke of Warre, let him meete the Enemy in his Quarters. The further he keepes the Warre from his own Home the lesse danger. The Seate of Warre is alwayes miserable.

CAP. XXXIV.

IT is a necessary wisdome for a Prince to grow in strength, as hee encreases in Dominions : It is no lesse vertue to keepe, than to get : Conquests not having power answerable to their greatnesse, invite new Conquerors to the ruine of the old.

CAP. XXXV.

IT is great prudence in a Statesman, to discover an Inconvenience in the birth ; which, so discovered, is easie to be suppress : But if it ripen into a Custome, the sudden remedy thereof is often worse than the disease : In such a Case, it is better to temporize a little, than to struggle too much. He that opposes a full-ag'd Inconvenience too suddenly, strengthens it.

CAP. XXXVI.

IF thou hast conquer'd a Land, whose Lawes and language differ not from thine, change not their Lawes and Taxes, and the two Kingdomes will in a short time, incorporate, and make one body : But if the Lawes and Language differ, it is difficult to maintaine thy Conquest ; which that thou maist the easier doe, observe three things : First, to live there in person, (or rather send Colonies :) Secondly, to assist the weake Inhabitants, and weaken the mighty : Thirdly, to admit no powerfull Forreiner to reside there : Remember *Lewis* the thirteenth of *France* : how suddenly he tooke *Milan*, and how soone hee lost it.

CAP. XXXVII.

IT is a gracious wisdom in a Prince, in civill Com-motions, rather to use *Iulips*, than *Phlebotomy* ; and better to breathe the distemper by a wise delay, than to correct it with too rash an Onset : it is more honorable, by a slow preparation to declare himselfe a gracious Father, than by a hasty Warre to appeare a furious Enemy.

CAP. XXXVIII.

IT is wisdome for a Prince in faire weather to provide for Tempests : hee that so much relies upon his people's faith, [as] to neglect his owne preparation, discovers more Confidence than wisdome : He that ven-

tures to fall from above, with hopes to be catcht below, may be dead ere he come to ground.

CAP. XXXIX.

HE that would reform an ancient State in a free City, buyes convenience with a great danger : To worke this Reformation with the lesse mischiefe, let such a one keepe the shadowes of their ancient Customes, though in substance they be new : Let him take heed when hee alters the natures of things, they beare at least the ancient names. The Common people, that are naturally impatient of Innovations, will be satisfied with that which seemes to be, as well as that which is.

CAP. XL.

VPON any difference between forreigne States : It is neither safe nor honorable for a Prince, either to buy his Peace, or to take it up at Interest : He that hath not a Sword to command it, shall either want it, or want Honor with it.

CAP. XLI.

IT is very requisite for a Prince, not onely to weigh his designs in the flower, but likewise in the fruit : Hee is an unthrift of his honor that enterprizes a designe, the failing wherein may bring him more Disgrace, than the successe can gain him Honor.

CAP. XLII.

IT is much conduceable to the happinesse of a Prince, and the security of his State, to gaine the hearts of his Subjects : they that love for feare, will seldome feare for love : It is a wise Governement which gaines such a Tye upon the Subject, that hee either can not hurt, or will not : But that governement is best and most sure, when the Subject joyes in his obedience.

CAP. XLIII.

LET every Souldier arme his minde with hopes, and put on courage : Whatsoever disaster falls, let not his heart sinke. The Passage of providence lyes through many crooked wayes ; A despairing heart is the true Prophet of approaching evil : his Actions may weave the webbes of fortune, but not breake them.

CAP. XLIV.

IT is the part of a wise Magistrate to vindicate a man of Power or State-employment from the malicious scandalls of the giddy-headed multitude, and to punish it with great severity : Scandall breeds Hatred ; Hatred begets Division ; Division makes Faction, and Faction brings Ruine.

CAP. XLV.

THE strongest Castles a Prince can build, to secure him from Domestick commotions, or forreigne Invasions, is, in the hearts of his Subjects; And the meanes to gaine that strength is, in all his actions to appeare for the publike good, studious to contrive, and resolute to performe.

CAP. XLVI.

A KINGDOME is a great Building, whose two maine Supporters are the government of the State, and the government of the Church: It is the part of a wise Master to keepe those Pillours in their first posture, irremovable: If either faile, it is wisdomes rather to repaire it, than remove it: He that pulls downe the old, to set up a new, may draw the roofoe upon his head, and ruine the foundation.

CAP. XLVII.

IT is necessary wisdomes in a Prince to encourage in his Kingdome, *Manufacture, Merchandise, Arts, and Armes*: In *Manufacture* lye the vitall spirits of the body politique: In *Merchandise*, the spirits naturall; In *Arts and Armes*, the Animall: If either of these languish, the Body droopes: As these flourish, the Body flourishes.

CAP. XLVIII.

TRUE Religion is a Setler in a State, rather than a Stickler; While shee confirms an establishd government, she moves in her owne Sphere: But when she endeavours to alter the old, or to erect a new, shee workes out of her owne Vineyard: When shee keeps the Keyes, she sends showers of Milke; But when she drawes the Sword, she sayles in Seas of Blood: Labour therefore to settle Religion in the Church; and Religion shall settle Peace in thy Land.

CAP. XLIX.

IF thou entertaine any forreigne Souldiers into thine Army, let them beare thy Colors, and be at thy Pay, lest they interest their owne Prince: auxiliary Souldiers are the most dangerous: A forreigne Prince needs no greater invitation to seize upon thy City, then when he is requir'd to defend it.

CAP. L.

BE cautious in undertaking a designe, upon the report of those that are banished their Countrey, lest thou come off with shame, or losse, or both. Their end expects Advantages from thy Actions, whose miseries lay hold of all opportunities, and seeke to be redrest by thy Ruine.

CAP. LI.

IF thou endeavourst to make a Republique in a Nation where the Gentry abounds, thou shalt hardly prosper in that designe: And if thou wouldest erect a Principality in a Land, where there is much equality of people, thou shalt not easily effect it. The way to bring the first to passe, is to weaken the Gentry: The meanes to effect the last, is to advance and strengthen ambitious, and turbulent spirits; so that being placed in the midst of them, their forces may maintaine thy power; and thy favour may preserve their Ambition: Otherwise there shall be neither proportion nor continuance.

CAP. LII.

IT is more excellent for a Prince to have a provident Eye for the preventing future mischiefs, than to have a potent Arme for the suppressing present evils: Mischiefs in a State are like Hectique Feavours in a Body: In the beginning hard to be knowne, but easie to be cured; but, let it alone a while, it becomes more easie to be knowne, but more hard to be cured.

CAP. LIII.

IF a Kingdome be apt to Rebellion, it is wisdomes to preserve the Nobility and Commons at variance: Where one of them is discontented, the danger is not great: The Commons are slow of motion, if not quickned with the Nobility: The Nobility is weake of power, if not strengthened by the Commons: Then is danger, when the Cominallty troubles the water, and the Nobility steppes in.

CAP. LIV.

IT is very requisite for a Prince to have an Eye that the Clergy be elected, and come in, either by collation from him, or particular Patrons, and not by the People; and that their power hold dependance upon home, and not forreigne Authority: It is dangerous in a Kingdome, where the *Crosiars* receive not their power from the Regall Sword.

CAP. LV.

IT is a perillous weakenesse in a State, to be slow of resolution in the time of Warre: To be ir-resolute in determination is both the signe, and the ruine of a weake State: Such affaires attend not Time: Let the wise Statesman therefore abhorre delay, and resolve rather, what to doe, than advise what to say: Slow deliberations are Symptomes, either of a faint Courage, or weake Forces, or false Hearts.

CAP. LVI.

IF a conqueror hath subdued a Country, or a City abounding with pleasures, let him be very circumspect to keepe himselfe and his Souldiers temperate. Pleasures bring effeminacy; and effeminacy fore-runs ruine: Such Conquests, without blood or sweat, sufficiently do revenge themselves upon their intemperate Conquerours.

CAP. LVII.

IT is an infallible signe of approaching ruine in a Republike, when Religion is neglected, and her establish't Ceremonies interrupted: Let therefore that Prince that would be potent, be pious; And that he may punish loosenesse the better, let him be Religious: The joy of *Ierusalem* depends upon the peace of *Sion*.

CAP. LVIII.

LET that Prince that desires full sovereignty, temper the greatnesse of too potent a Nobilitie: A great and potent Nobility quickens the people, but presses their fortunes: It adds Majestie to a *Monarch*, but diminishes his power.

CAP. LIX.

IT is dangerous for a Prince to use ambitious *Natures*, but upon necessitie, either for his Warres, or to be Skreens to his dangers, or to be instruments for the demolishing insolent greatnesse: And that they may be the lesse dangerous, let him chuse them rather out of meane births then noble; and out of harsh natures, rather than plausible. And alwayes be sure to ballance them with those that are as proud as they.

CAP. LX.

LET Princes be very circumspect in the choyce of their Councillours, chusing neither by the greatnes of the Beard, nor by the smoothnesse of the face: Let him be wise, but not crafty: Active, without private ends: Courageous, without Malice: Religious without Faction: Secret without Fraud: One better read in his Prince's businesse, than his Nature: And a Riddle onely to be read above.

CAP. LXI.

IN a mixt *Monarchy*, if the *Hierarchy* grow too absolute, it is wisdom in a Prince, rather to deprime it than suppress it: All Alterations in a fundamentall Government bring apparent dangers; but too sudden Alteration threatens inevitable ruine: when *Aaron* made a moulten Calfe; *Moses* alred not the Government, but reprov'd the Governor.

CAP. LXII.

BEFORE thou build a Fortresse, consider to what end: If for resistance against the Enemy, it is uselesse; A valiant Army is a living Fortresse: If for suppressing the subject, it is hurtfull: It breeds Jealousies, and Jealousies begets hatred: If thou hast a strong Army to maintaine it, it adds nothing to thy strength: If thy Army be weake, it conduces much to thy danger: The surest fortresse is the hands of thy Souldiers, and the safest Citadell is the hearts of thy Subjects.

CAP. LXIII.

IT is a Princely Alchymie, out of a necessary Warre to extract an honourable Peace, and more becomming the Majestie of a Prince to thirst after Peace, than Conquest: Blessednesse is promis'd to the Peace-maker; not to the Conqueror: It is a happy State, whose Prince hath a peacefull Hand, and a Martiall Heart, able both to use Peace, and to manage Warre.

CAP. LXIV.

IT is a dishonourable thing for a Prince to runne in debt for State service; but to pay it in the pardon of a Criminall Offence, is most dangerous. To cancell the faults of Subjects, with their deserts, is not onely the symptome of a disordered Commonwealth, but also of her Ruine.

CAP. LXV.

LET not a Commander be too forward to undertake a Warre, without the person of his Prince: It is a thanklesse imploiment, where mischief attends upon the best successe; and where (if a *Conquerour*) he shall be in danger, either through his owne ambition, or his Prince's suspicion.

CAP. LXVI.

IT is a great oversight in a Prince, for any respects, either Actively or Passively, to make a forreigne Kingdome strong: He that gives meanes to another to become powerfull weakens himselfe, and enables him to take the advantage of his own weakenesse.

CAP. LXVII.

WHEN the humors of the people are stirr'd by discontent, or popular grieve, it is wisdom in a Prince to give them moderate liberty to evaporate: Hee that turns the humour backe too hastily makes the wound bleed inwardly, and fills the body with malignity.

CAP. LXVIII.

IF having levyed an Army, thou findest thy selfe too weake, either through the want of men, or money;

the longer thou delayst to fight, the greater thy Inconvenience grows : If once thy Army falls asunder, thou certainly locest by thy delay : Where hazarding thy Fortunes betimes, thou hast the Advantage of thy men, and mayst by Fortune winne the day : It is lesse dishonor to bee overcome by force than by flight.

CAP. LXIX.

IT is the part of a wise Commander in Warres, either Offensive or Defensive, to worke a necessity of fighting into the breasts of his Souldiers : Necessity of Action takes away the feare of the Act, and makes bold Resolution the favorite of Fortune.

CAP. LXX.

CLEMENCY and mildnesse is most proper for a Principality, but Reserv'dnesse and severity for a Republique ; hut moderation in both : Excesse in the one breeds contempt : In the other, Hatred ; when to sharpen the first, and when to sweeten the last, let Time and Occasion direct thy Judgement.

CAP. LXXI.

IT is very requisite for a Prince that desires the continuance of Peace, in time of Peace to encourage, and respect his Commanders : When brave Spirits finde neglect to be the effect of quiet Times, they devise all meanes to remove the Cause, and by suggesting Inducements to new Warres, disturbe and unsettle the old Peace, buying private honor with publique danger.

CAP. LXXII.

BE not covetous for priority in advizing thy Prince to a doubtfull Attempt, which concerne his State : If it prosper, the Glory must be his ; If it faile, the dishonor will be thine : When the Spirit of a Prince is stopped in the discharge, it will recoyle and wound the first adviser.

CAP. LXXIII.

IF, being the Commander of an Army, thou espist a grosse and manifest error in thine Enemy, look well to thy selfe, for treachery is not farre off : Hee whom desire of victory blinds too much, is apt to stumble at his owne Ruine.

CAP. LXXIV.

IT is the height of a provident Commander not only to keepe his own designes indiscoverable to his Enemy ; but likewise to be studious to discover his : Hee that can best doe the one, and nearest guesse at the other, is the next step to a Conqueror. But hee that failes in both, must either ascribe his Overthrow to his owne Folly, or his Victory to the Hand of Fortune.

CAP. LXXV.

IF thou be ambitious of Honor, and yet fearefull of the Canker of Honor, Envy ; so behave thy selfe, that Opinion may be satisfied in this, that thou seekest Merit, and not Fame ; and that thou attributest thy Preferment rather to Providence, than thy owne Vertue : Honor is a due debt to the Deserver ; and whoever envyed the payment of a debt ? A just Advancement is a providentiall Act ; and who ever envied the Act of Providence ?

CAP. LXXVI.

IT behoves a Prince to bee very circumspect before hee make a League ; which, being made, and then broke, is the forfeiture of his honor : Hee that obtaines a Kingdome with the rupture of his faith, hath gain'd the Glory of a Conquest, but lost the honor of a Conquerour.

CAP. LXXVII.

LET States that ayme at greatnesse, beware lest new Gentry multiply too fast, or grow too glorious : Where there is too great a disproportion betwixt the Gentry and the common Subject, the one growes insolent ; the other slavish : When the body of the Gentry growes too glorious for a Corslet, there the heads of the Vulgar waxe too heavy for the Helmet.

CAP. LXXVIII.

VPON the beleaguering of a City, let the Commander endeavour to take from the Defendants, all scruples which may invite them to a necessity of defence : Whom the feare of slavery necessitates to fight, the boldnesse of their resolution will disadvantage the Assaylants, and difficillitate their designe : Sense of necessity justifies the Warre : And they are hopefull in their Armes, who have no other hope but in their Armes.

CAP. LXXIX.

IT is good for States and Princes (if they use Ambitious men for their advantage) so to order things, that they be still progressive, rather than retrograde : When ambitious men finde an open passage, they are rather busie than dangerous ; And if well watcht in their proceedings, they will catch themselves in their own snare, and prepare a way for their own distruction.

CAP. LXXX.

OF all Recreations, Hunting is most profitable to a commander ; by the frequency whereof he may be instructed in that necessary knowledge of situation, with pleasure ; which, by earnest experience, would be

dearly purchas'd. The Chase is a faire Resemblance of a hopefull Warre, proposing to the Pursuer a fleeing Enemy.

CAP. LXXXI.

EXPECT the Army of thy Enemy on plaine and easie ground, and still avoyd mountainous and rocky places, and straigte passages, to the utmost of thy power: It is not safe to pitch any where, where thy whole Forces can not be brought together: He never deserv'd the name of good Gamster, that hazards his whole Rest, upon lesse than the strength of his whole Game.

CAP. LXXXII.

IT matters not much whether, in government, thou treade the steps of severe *Hanibal*, or gentle *Scipio*, so thy Actions be honorable, and thy life vertuous: Both in the one, and the other; there is both defect and danger, if not corrected, and supported by the faire Repute of some extraordinary Endowments: No matter, whether blacke or white, so the Steede be good.

CAP. LXXXIII.

IT is the safest way in a Martiall expedition, to commit the maine charge to one: Companions in command beget Confusion in the Campe: When two able Commanders are joynd in equall Commission, each is apt to thinke his owne way best, and by mutuall thwarting each other, both give opportunity to the Enemy.

CAP. LXXXIV.

IT is a high point of Providence in a Prince, to observe popular Sects in their first Rise, and with a severe hand, to nippe them in the Budde: But being once full ag'd, it is wisdomes not to oppose them with too strong a hand; least in suppressing one, there arise two: A soft Current is soon stopped; but a strong streame resisted, breakes into many, or overwhelmes all.

CAP. LXXXV.

IT makes very much to thy Advantage to observe strictly the Nationall vertues, and vices, and humors of forreigne Kingdoms, whereby the times past shall read usefull Lectures to the times present: Hee that would see what shall be, let him consider what hath beene.

CAP. LXXXVI.

IF, like *Manlius*, thou command stout and great things, be like *Manlius* stout to execute great commands: It is a great blemish in Sovereignty when the

Will roares, and the Power whispers: If thou canst not execute as freely as thou commandst, command no more than what thou mayst as freely execute.

CAP. LXXXVII.

IF one Prince desire to obtaine any thing of another, let him (if occasion will beare it) give him no time to advise: Let him endeavour to make him see a necessitie of sudden resolution, and the danger either of Deniall, or Delay: he that gives time to resolve, gives leasure to deny, and warning to prepare.

CAP. LXXXVIII.

LET not thine Army at the first encounter, be too prodigall in her Assaults, but husband her strength for a dead lift: When the Enemy hath abated the fury of his first heate; let him then feele thou hast reserv'd thy forces for the last blow; So shall the honor hee hath gain'd by his valour encrease the glory of thy victory: Fore-games when they prove, are speediest, but after-gaines, if wisely play'd, are surest.

CAP. LXXXIX.

IT is very requisite for a Prince to keepe the Church alwayes in proportion to the State. If the Government of the one be *Monarchicall*, and the other *Democraticall*, they will agree, like Metall joynd with clay, but for a while. Durable is that State, where *Aaron* commands the people, and where *Moses* commands *Aaron*: But most happy in the Continuance, where God Commands both.

CAP. XC.

LET not the Covetousnesse of a Captaine purloine to his owne use, or any way bereave his Souldiers of any profit due unto their service, either in their meanes or spoyle: Such injuries (being quickned by their daily necessities) are never forgot: What Souldiers earne with the hazard of their lives, (if not enjoy'd) prophesies an overthrow in the next Battell.

CAP. XCI.

IF a Prince expect vertuous subjects, let his Subjects have a vertuous Prince; So shall hee the better punish the vices of his degenerate Subjects; So shall they trulier prize vertue, and follow it, being exemplified in their Prince.

CAP. XCII.

IT is the property of a wise commander, to cast an eye rather upon Action, than upon Persons; and rather

to reward the merits of men than to reade the Letters of Ladies: He that for favour, or reward, preferres a worthlesse Souldier, betrayes a Kingdome, to advance a Traytor.

CAP. XCIII.

WHERE order and Fury are well acquainted, the Warre prospers, and Souldiers end no lesse men than they begun: Order is quickned by Fury, and Fury is regulated by Order: But where Order is wanting, Fury runnes her owne way, and being an unthrif of its owne strength, failing in the first Assault, cravens; And such, beginning more than men, end lesse than women.

CAP. XCIV.

IT is the quality of a wise Commander, to make his Souldiers confident of his wisdom, and their owne strength: If any danger be, to conceale it; If manifest, to lessen it: Let him possesse his Army with the justnesse of the Warre, and with a certainty of the victorie. A good Cause makes a stout heart, and a strong Arme. They that feare an overthrow, are halfe conquer'd.

CAP. XCV.

IT is requisite in a Generall to mingle love with the severity of his Discipline: they that can not be induced to feare for love, will never be inforced to love for feare: Love opens the heart, Feare shuts it: That encourages, This compelles: And victory meets encouragement, but flees Compulsion.

CAP. XCVI.

IT is the part of a well advised State, never to entrust a weighty service, [to one] unto whom a noted Injury or dishonor hath been done; He can never be zealous in performance of Service, the height of whose expectation can rather recover a lost name, than gaine a fresh honor.

CAP. XCVII.

THREE wayes there be to beginne a Repute, and gaine dignities in a Common-wealth: The first, by the vertue of glorious Parents, which, till thou degenerate too much, may rayse thee upon the wings of Opinion: The second is, by associating with those, whose Actions are knowne eminent: The third, by acting some exploit, either publique or private, which in thy hand, hath proved honorable. The two first may misse, being

founded on Opinion: the last seldome failes, being groundd upon Evidence.

CAP. XCVIII.

IF thou art call'd to the Dignity of a Commander, dignifie thy place by thy Commands: And that thou mayst be the more perfect in commanding others, practice upon thy selfe: Remember, thou art a Servant to the publike weale, and therefore forget all private respects, either of kin or friend: Remember thou art a Champion for a Kingdome; forget therefore all private Affections either of Love or Hate: He that would doe his Country right, must not be too sensible of a personall wrong.

CAP. XCIX.

IT is the part of a wise Commander to reade bookes, not so much as Men; nor Men so much as Nations: Hee that can discern the Inclinations, Conditions, and Passions of a Kingdome, gaines his Prince a great advantage both in Peace and Warre.

CAP. C.

AND you, most High and Mighty Princes of this lower World, who at this intricate and various game of Warre, vye Kingdomes, and winne Crownes; and by the death of your renowned Subjects, gaine the lives of your bold-hearted Enemies; Know there is a *Quo Warranto*, whereto you are to give Account of your Eye-glorious Actions, according to the righteous Rules of sacred Justice: How warrantable it is to rend Imperiall Crownes from off the Sovereigne heads of their too weake Possessours; or to snatch Scepters from out the Conquer'd hand of heav'n-annointed Majestie, and by your vast Ambitions still to enlarge your large Dominions, with Kingdoms ravisht from their naturall Princes, judge you. O let your brave designes, and well-weigh'd Actions, be as just as ye are glorious; And consider, That all your Warres, whose ends are not to defend your owne Possessions, or to recover your dispossessions, are but Princely Injuries, which none but heaven can right. But where necessity strikes up her hard Alarmes, or wrong'd Religion, beats her zealous Marches, Go on, And prosper, And let both Swords and Stratagems, proclaim a victory, whose noys'd renowne may fill the world with your eternall glory.

The End of the First Centry.





ENCHYRIDION.

THE SECOND BOOKE. 1641.





To The
Faire Branch of Growing Honor
and True *Vertue*,

Mrs. *Elizabeth Usher*,

Onely Daughter and Heire-Apparent to the most Reverend
Father in God, IAMES, Arch-Bishop of Armagh,
Lord Primat of all Ireland, His Grace.

SWEET LADY,

I PRESENT your faire hands with this my Enchyridion, to begin a new Decade of our blest Account: If it adde nothing to your well-instructed Knowledge, it may bring somewhat to your well-dispos'd Remembrance: If either, I have my end; and you, my endeavour: The service which I owe, and the affection which I bear your most incomparable Parents, challenges the utmost of my abilitie; wherein, if I could light you but the least steppe towards the happinesse you aime at, how happy should I be? Goe forward in the way which you have chosen; wherein, if my Hand cannot leade you, my Heart shall follow you; and where the weaknesse of my power shoves defect, there the vigour of my Will shall make supply.

Who am Covetous of Your happinesse In both Kingdomes and Worlds.

FRA. QVARLES.



ENCHYRIDION.

CENT. 2.

CHAP. I.

APROMISE is a Childe of the Understanding and the Will : the Understanding begets it, the Will brings it forth : He that performes it, delivers the mother : he that breakes it, murders the childe. If he be gotten in the absence of the Understanding, it is a Bastard ; but the child must be kept. If thou mistrust thy Understanding, promise not ; If thou hast promised, breake it not : It is better to maintaine a Bastard than to murder a childe.

CAP. II.

CHARITY is a naked childe giving hony to a Bee without wings : Naked, because excuselesse and simple ; a child, because tender and growing : giving Honey, because Honey is pleasant and comfortable : to a Bee, because a Bee is laborious and deserving : without wings, because helplesse, and wanting. If thou deniest to such, thou killest a Bee ; If thou giv'st to other than such, thou preserv'st a Drone.

CAP. III.

BEFORE thy undertaking of any designe, weigh the glory of thy action with the danger of the attempt : If the glory outweigh the danger, it is cowardize to neglect it : If the danger exceede the glory, it is rashnesse to attempt it : If the Balances stand poyz'd, let thy owne Genius cast them.

CAP. IV.

WOULDST thou know the lawfulnessse of the Action which thou desirest to undertake ? Let thy devotion recommend it to divine blessing : If it be lawfull, thou shalt perceive thy heart encouraged by thy prayer ; If unlawfull, thou shalt finde thy prayer discourag'd by thy heart. That Action is not warrantable, which either blushes to begge a blessing, or having succeeded, dares not present thanksgiving.

CAP. V.

IF evill men speake good, or good men evill of thy conversation, examine all thy Actions, and suspect thy selfe. But if evill men speake evill of thee, hold it as thy honour, and by way of thankfulnessse, love them, but upon condition, that they continue to hate thee.

CAP. VI.

IF thou hope to please all, thy hopes are vaine ; If thou feare to displease some, thy feares are idle. The way to please thy selfe is not to displease the best ; and the way to displease the best, is to please the most : If thou canst fashion thy selfe to please all, thou shalt displease him that is *All in All*.

CAP. VII.

IF thou neglectest thy love to thy neighbour, in vaine thou professest thy love to God : for by thy love to God, the love to thy neighbour is begotten, and by the love to thy neighbour, thy love to God is nourisht.

CAP. VIII.

THY ignorance in unrevealed Misteries, is the mother of a saving Faith ; and thy understanding in revealed Truths, is the mother of a sacred Knowledge : understand not therefore that thou mayst beleeve ; but beleve that thou mayst understand : Understanding is the wages of a lively Faith, and Faith is the reward of an humble ignorance.

CAP. IX.

PRIDE is the Ape of Charitie ; in show, not much unlike ; but somewhat fuller of action. In seeking the one, take heede thou light not upon the other : They are two Paralels ; never but a sunder : Charity feeds the poore, so does Pride : Charity builds an Hospitall, so does Pride : In this they differ : Charity gives her glory to God ; Pride takes her glory from man.

CAP. X.

HAST thou lost thy money, and dost thou mourne? Another lost it before thou hadst it: Be not troubled: Perchance if thou hadst not lost it now, it had lost thee for ever: Think therefore what thou rather hast escaped than lost: perhaps thou hadst not beene so much thy owne, had not thy money been so little thine.

CAP. XI.

FLATTER not thy selfe in thy faith to God, if thou wantst charity for thy neighbour; and thinke not, thou hast charity for thy neighbour, if thou wantest faith to God: Where they are not both together, they are both wanting; They are both dead, if once divided.

CAP. XII.

BE not too slow in the breaking of a sinfull custome: A quick courageous resolution is better then a graduall deliberation: In such a combate, hee is the bravest Souldier that layes about him without feare or wit. Wit pleades; Feare disheartens; hee that would kill *Hydra*, had better strike off one neck then five heads: Fell the Tree, and the branches are soone cut off.

CAP. XIII.

BE carefull rather of what thou dost, than of what thou hast: For what thou hast is none of thine, and will leave thee at thy death, or thou the pleasure of it, in thy sicknesse. But what thou dost, is thine, and will follow thee to thy grave, and plead for thee or against thee at thy Resurrection.

CAP. XIV.

IF thou enjoyest not the God of love, thou canst not obtaine the love of God, neither untill then canst thou enjoy a desire to love God, nor relish the love of God: Thy love to God is nothing but a faint reflection of God's love to thee: Till hee please to love thee, thy love can never please him.

CAP. XV.

LET not thy fancy bee guided by thine eye; nor let thy Will be governed by thy Fancie: Thine eye may be deceived in her object, and thy Fancie may be deluded in her subject: Let thy understanding moderate betweene thine Eye, and thy fancie; and let thy Judgement arbitrate betweene thy Fancie and thy Will; so shall thy Fancie apprehend what is true: so shall thy Will elect what is good.

CAP. XVI.

ENDEAVOUR to subdue as wel thy irascible, as thy concupiscible affections: To endure injuries with a brave mind, is one halfe of the conquest; and to abstaine from pleasing evils with a courageous spirit is the other: The summe of all humanity, and height of morall perfection, is *Beare* and *Forbeare*.

CAP. XVII.

IF thou desire not to be too poore, desire not to be too rich: He is rich, not that possesses much, but hee that covets no more: and he is poore, not, that enjoys little, but he that wants too much: The contented minde wants nothing which it hath not: the covetous mind wants not onely what it hath not, but likewise what it hath.

CAP. XVIII.

THE outward senses are the common Cinque-ports where every subject lands towards the Understanding. The eare heares a confused noyse, and presents it to the common sense. The common sense distinguishes the severall sounds, and conveys it to the Fancie: The fancie wildly descants on it: The understanding (whose object is Truth) apprehending it to be Musicke, commends it to the Judgement. The Judgement severally and joyntly examines it, and recommends it to the Will: The Will (whose object is Good) approves it, or dislikes it; And the Memory records it. And so in the other senses according to their subjects. Observe this *progresse*, and thou shalt easily finde where the defect of every Action lyes.

CAP. XIX.

THE way to subject all things to thy selfe, is to subject thy selfe to Reason: thou shalt governe many, if Reason governe thee: Wouldst thou be crowned the Monarch of a little world? command thy selfe.

CAP. XX.

THOUGH thou givest all thou hast for Charity sake, and yet retainest a secret desire of keeping it for thy owne sake, thou rather leav'st it than forsak'st it: He that hath relinquisht all things, and not himselfe, hath forsaken nothing; Hee that sets not his heart on what hee possesses, forsaketh all things, though he keep his possessions.

CAP. XXI.

SEARCH into thy selfe before thou accept the Ceremony of Honor: If thou art a Palace, honor (like

the Sun-beames) will make thee more glorious : If thou art a Dunghill, the Sun may shine upon thee, but not sweeten thee. Thy Prince may give thee honour, but not make thee honorable.

CAP. XXII.

EVERY man is a King in his owne kingdome. If Reason command, and Passion obey, his government speakes a good King : If thine inordinate affection rules, it shews a proud Rebell ; which, If thou destroy not, will depose thee : There is no meane betweene the death of a Rebell, and the life of a Prince.

CAP. XXIII.

A VOW, a Promise, and a Resolution, have all one object, onely differ in respect of the persons to whom they are made ; the first is betweene God and man ; the second, betweene man and man ; the third, betweene man and his owne soule : they all bind, if the object bee lawfull, to necessity of performance : if unlawfull, to the necessity of sinne : They all take thee prisoner : if the object be lawfull, thy performance hath redeem'd thee ; if unlawfull, blood and teares must ransom thee.

CAP. XXIV.

IF thou hast any businesse of Consequence in agitation, let thy Care be reasonable, and seasonable : Continuall standing bent weakens the Bow : Too hasty drawing breakes it. Put off thy Cares with thy cloathes : So shall thy Rest strengthen thy Labour ; and so shall thy Labour sweeten thy Rest.

CAP. XXV.

WHEN thy inordinate affections doe flame towards transitory happinesse, quench them thus : Thinke with thy selfe ; If my Prince should give me what honour he hath to bestow, or bestow on me what wealth he hath to give, it could not stay with me, because it is transitory ; not I, with it, because I am mortall : Then revise thy Affections, and weigh them with their object, and thou wilt either confesse thy folly, or make a wiser choyce.

CAP. XXVI.

WITH three sorts of men enter no serious friendship : The Ingratefull man, the Multiloquious man, the Coward : the first cannot prize thy Favours ; the second cannot keep thy Councell ; the third dare not vindicate thy Honour.

CAP. XXVII.

IF thou desire the time should not passe too fast, use not too much pastime : Thy life in Jollity blazes

like a Tapour in the winde : the blast of Honor wasts it, The heat of pleasure melts it : If thou labour in a painful calling, thou shalt be lesse sensible of the flux of Time, and sweetlier satisfied at the time of Death.

CAP. XXVIII.

GOD is *Alpha* and *Omega*, in the great world ; endeavour to make him so in the little world : Make him thy evening Epilogue, and thy morning Prologue : Practice to make him thy last thought at night when thou sleepest ; and thy first thought in the morning when thou awakest ; so shall thy fancy be sanctified in the night, and thy Understanding rectified in the day ; so shall thy rest be peacefull, thy labours prosperous, thy life pious, and thy death glorious.

CAP. XXIX.

BE very circumspect in the choise of thy company : In the society of thine equals thou shalt enjoy more pleasure ; In the society of thy superiours thou shalt finde more profit : To be the best in the company, is the way to grow worse : The best meanes to grow better, is to be the worst there.

CAP. XXX.

THINKE of God (especially in thy devotion) in the abstract, rather than the concrete : If thou conceive him good, thy finite thoughts are ready to terminate that good in a conceived subject ; if thou thinke him great, thy bounded conceipt is apt to cast him into a comprehensible figure : Conceive him therefore, a diffused goodnesse without quality, and represent him an incomprehensible Greatnesse without quantity.

CAP. XXXI.

IF thou and true Religion be not as yet met ; or met, unknowne ; by these markes thou shalt discover it. First, it is a Religion that takes no pleasure in the expence of blood ; Secondly, It is a Religion whose Tenets crosse not the Booke of Truth ; Thirdly, It is a Religion, that takes most from the Creature, and gives most to the Creator : If such a one thou meete with, assure thy selfe it is the Right, and therefore professe it in thy Life, and protect it to thy Death.

CAP. XXXII.

LET another's Passion be a Lecture to thy Reason, and let the Shipwracke of his Understanding be a Seamarke to thy Passion : So shalt thou gaine strength out of his weaknesse ; safety out of his danger ; and raise thy selfe a Building out of his Ruines.

CAP. XXXIII.

IN the height of thy Prosperity expect Adversity, but feare it not : If it come not, thou art the more sweetly possest of the happinesse thou hast, and the more strongly confirmed ; If it come, thou art the more gently dispossessed of the happinesse thou hadst, and the more firmly prepared.

CAP. XXXIV.

TO tremble at the sight of thy sinne, makes thy Faith the lesse apt to tremble : The Devils beleefe, and tremble, because they tremble at what they beleefe ; Their beleefe brings trembling : Thy trembling brings Beleefe.

CAP. XXXV.

AUTHOLOGY is the way to Theology : Untill thou seest thy selfe empty, thou wilt not desire to be fill'd : He can never truly relish the sweetnesse of God's Mercy, that never tasted the bitternesse of his owne Misery.

CAP. XXXVI.

IS any outward Affliction fallen upon thee, by a temporary losse ? Advise with thy selfe, whether it be recoverable, or not : If it be, use all such lawfull and speedy meanes (the violence and unseasonableness whereof may not disadvantage thee in the pursuit) to recover it ; If not recoverable, endure with patience what thou canst not recure with paines : He that carnally afflicts his soule for the losse of a transitory good, casts away the Kinnell, because hee hath lost the Shell.

CAP. XXXVII.

NATURALL Anger glances into the breasts of wise men, but rests in the bosome of Fooles : In them, it is infirmitie ; in these, a Sinne : There is a naturall Anger, and there is a spirituall anger ; The common object of that, is the Person ; Of this, his Vice : Be angry, but sinne not : He that is alwayes angry with his sinne, shall seldome sinne in his Anger.

CAP. XXXVIII.

IF any hard Affliction hath surprized thee, cast one eye upon the Hand that sent it ; and the other, upon the Sin that brought it : If thou thankfully receive the Message, hee that sent it will discharge the Messenger.

CAP. XXXIX.

ALL Passions are Good or Bad, according to their Objects : Where the Object is absolutely good,

there the greatest Passion is too little : Where absolutely evill, there the least Passion is too much : Where indifferent, there a little is enough.

CAP. XL.

WHEN thou dost Evill that Good may come thereon, the evill is surely thine : If good should happen to ensue upon the evill which thou hast done, the good proceedes from God ; If therefore thou doe evill, thereby to occasionate a Good, thou laist a bad foundation for a good building ; and servest the devill that God may serve thee : Where the end of evill is good in the Intention, there the end of that good is evill in the extention.

CAP. XLI.

BE as farre from desiring the popular love, as fearefull to deserve the popular hate : Ruine dwells in both : The one will hug thee to death ; the other will crush thee to destruction : To escape the first, be not Ambitious ; to avoid the second, be not Seditious.

CAP. XLII.

WHEN thou seest misery in thy brother's Face, let him see mercie in thine Eye ; The more the oyle of mercy is pow'd on him by thy pitty, the more the oyle in thy Cruse shall be encreased by thy Piety.

CAP. XLIII.

READE not Bookes alone, but Men, and amongst them chiefly thy selfe : If thou finde any thing questionable there, use the Commentary of a severe Friend, rather then the glosse of a sweete-lipt Flatterer : There is more profit in a distastfull Truth, then deceitfull sweetnesse.

CAP. XLIV.

IF the opinion of thy worth invite any to the desire of thy Acquaintance, yeeld him a respect sutable to his Quality : Too great a Reservation will expose thee to the Sentence of Pride ; Too easie Accesses will condemne thee to the censure of Folly : Things, too hardly endeavour'd, discourage the seeker ; Too easily obtain'd, disparage the thing sought for ; Too easily got, is lowly priz'd, and quickly lost.

CAP. XLV.

WHEN conveniencie of time hath ripen'd your Acquaintance, be cautious what thou say'st, and courteous in what thou do'st : Observe his Inclination : If thou finde him weight, make him thine owne, and

lodge him in a faithfull bosome : Be not rashly exceptious, nor rudely familiar : The one will breede Contention ; The other Contempt.

CAP. XLVI.

WHEN Passion is grounded upon Fancie, it is commonly but of short continuance : Where the foundation is unstable, there the building is not lasting : He that will be angry for any Cause, will be angry for no Cause ; and when the Understanding perceives the Cause vaine, then the Judgement proclaimes the effect void.

CAP. XLVII.

IF thou desire to purchase Honor with thy wealth ; consider first how that wealth became thine : If thy labour got it, let thy wisdom keepe it : If Oppression found it, let Repentance restore it : If thy parent left it, let thy virtues deserve it : So shall thy Honor be safer, better, and cheaper.

CAP. XLVIII.

SINNE is a *basiliske* whose eyes are full of venom. If the eye of thy soule see her first, it reflects her own poyson and kills her : If she see thy soule, unseene, or seene too late, with her poyson, she kills thee : Since therefore thou canst not escape thy Sinne, let not thy Sinne escape thy observation.

CAP. XLIX.

IF thou expect'st to rise by the meanes of Him whom thy Father's greatnes rais'd from his service to Court preferment, thou wilt be deceiv'd : For the more in Esteeme thou art, the more sensible is Hee of what hee was, whose former servitude will be Chronicled by thy Advancement, and glory obscured by thy greatnesse : However he will conceive it a dead service, which may be interpreted by thee, as a merited Reward, rather than a meritorious Benefit.

CAP. I.

TRUST not to the promise of a common swearer, for he that dare sinne against his God, for neither profit nor pleasure, will trespass against thee for his owne advantage. He that dare break the precepts of his Father, will easily be perswaded to violate the promise unto his Brother.

CAP. I.I.

LET the greatest part of the newes thou hearest be the least part of what thou beleevest, lest the greatest part of what thou beleevest be the least part of

what is true. Where lies are easily admitted, the Father of lyes will not easily be excluded.

CAP. LII.

DELIBERATE long, before thou consecrate a Friend ; And when thy impartiall Judgement concludes him worthy of thy bosome, receive him joyfully, and entertaine him wisely : Impart thy secrets boldly, and mingle thy thoughts with his : He is thy very selfe ; and use him so : If thou firmly think him Faithfull, thou makest him so.

CAP. LIII.

AS there is no worldly gaine without some losse, so there is no worldly losse without some gaine. If thou hast lost thy wealth, thou hast lost some trouble with it : If thou art degraded from thy Honor, thou art likewise freed from the stroke of envie ; If sicknesse hath blurr'd thy beauty, it hath deliver'd thee from pride. Set the allowance against the losse, and thou shalt finde no losse great : he loses little or nothing, that reserves himselfe.

CAP. LIV.

IF thou desire to take the best advantage of thy selfe (especially in matters where the Fancie is most imploy'd) keep temperate diet, use moderate exercise, observe seasonable, and set hours for Rest ; Let the end of thy first sleepe raise thee from thy Repose : Then hath thy Body the best temper ; Then hath thy Soule the least incumbrance : Then, no noise shall disturbe thy Eare ; No object shall divert thine Eye : Then, if thy sprightly Fancie transport thee not beyond thy common pitch, and shew thee not the *Magazen* of high Invention, returne thee to thy wanton Bed, and there conclude thy selfe more fit to wear thy Mistressse Favour, than *Apolloe's* Bayes.

CAP. LV.

IF thou art rich ; strive to command thy money, least she command thee : If thou know how to use her, shee is thy Servant : If not, thou art her Slave.

CAP. LVI.

BRING thy daughter a husband of her own Religion, and of no hereditary disease : Let his wisdom outweigh his wealth : Let his parentage excell his person, and let his yeares excede hers : Let thy prayers recommend the rest to providence : If hee prove, thou hast found a Sonne : If not, thou hast lost a Daughter.

CAP. LVII.

SO use Prosperity, that Adversity may not abuse thee : If in the one, Security admits no fears ; in the

other, Despaire will afford no hopes : He that in prosperity can foretell a danger, can in Adversity foresee deliverance.

CAP. LVIII.

IF thy Faith have no doubts, thou hast just cause to doubt thy faith ; And if thy doubts have no hope, thou hast just reason to feare despaire : When therefore thy doubts shall exercise thy Faith, keepe thy hopes firme to qualifie thy doubts ; So shall thy Faith be secured from doubts : So shall thy doubts be preserved from despaire.

CAP. LIX.

IF thou desire to be truly valiant, feare to doe any Injury : Hee that feares not to doe evill, is alwayes afraid to suffer evill : Hee that never feares is desperate : And hee that feares alwayes, is a Coward : He is the true valiant man, that dares nothing but what he may, and feares nothing but what he ought.

CAP. LX.

ANGER may repast with thee for an houre, but not repose with thee for a night : The continuance of Anger is Hatred, the continuance of Hatred turnes Malice. That Anger is not warrantable, which hath seen two Sunnes.

CAP. LXI.

IF thou stand guilty of Oppression, or wrongfully possest of another's Right ; see, thou make Restitution before thou givest an Almes : If otherwise, what art thou but a Thiefe, and makest God thy Receiver.

CAP. LXII.

WHEN thou pray'st for spirituall Graces, let thy prayer be absolute ; When, for temporall Blessings, adde a clause of God's pleasure : In both, with Faith, and Humiliation : So shalt thou undoubtedly receive what thou desirest, or more, or better ; Never prayer rightly made, was made unheard, or heard, ungranted.

CAP. LXIII.

HE that gives all, though but little, gives much ; because, all : God lookes not to the quantity of the Gift, but to the quality of the Givers : He that desires to give more than hee can, hath equall'd his Gift to his desire, and hath given more than he hath.

CAP. LXIV.

BE not too greedy in desiring Riches, nor too eager in seeking them : nor too covetous in keeping them ;

nor too passionate in losing them : the first will possesse thy soule of discontent ; The second will dispossesse thy body of Rest ; The third will possesse thy wealth of thee ; The last will dispossesse thee of thy selfe : Hee that is too violent in the concupiscible, will be as violent in the irascible.

CAP. LXV.

BE not too rash in the breaking of an inconvenient custome : as it was gotten, so leave it by degrees. Danger attends upon too sudden Alterations : He that puls down a bad building by the great, may be ruin'd by the fall : But hee that takes it down Brick by Brick, may live to build a better.

CAP. LXVI.

IF thou desire that inestimable Grace of saving Faith, detest that insatiable vice of damnable Covetousnesse : It is impossible, one heart (though never so double) should lodge both : Faith possessees thee of what thou hast not ; Covetousnesse dispossessees thee of what thou hast : Thou canst not serve God, unlesse Mammon serve thee.

CAP. LXVII.

BEWARE of him that is slow to Anger : Anger, when it is long in comming, is the stronger when it comes, and the longer kept. Abused patience turns to furie : When fancie is the ground of passion, that Understanding which composes the Fancie qualifies the passion ; But when Judgement is the ground, the Memory is the Recorder.

CAP. LXVIII.

HE that professes himselfe thy open enemy, armes thee against the evill he means thee, but he that dissembles himselfe thy secret Friend, strikes beyond Caution, and wounds above Cure : From the first, thou mayst deliver thy selfe : From the last, good Lord deliver thee.

CAP. LXIX.

IF thou hast wrong'd thy brother in thought, reconcile thee to him in thought ; If thou hast offended him in words, let thy reconciliation be in words : If thou hast trespassed against him in deedes, by deedes be reconciled to him : That Reconciliation is most kindly which is most in kinde.

CAP. LXX.

NOT to give to the poore is to take from him : Not to feede the hungry, if thou hast it, is the utmost of thy power to kill him : That therefore thou mayst avoid both Sacriledge and Murther, Be Charitable.

CAP. LXXI.

So often as thou remembrest thy sinnes without Griefe, so often thou repeatest those sinnes for not grieving : He that will not mourne for the Evill which he hath done, gives earnest for the Evill he meanes to doe : Nothing can asswage that fire which Sinne hath made, but onely that Water which repentance hath drawne.

CAP. LXXII.

LOOKIE well before thou leape into the chaire of Honor : The higher thou climbest, the lower thouallest : If Vertue preferre thee, Vertue will preserve thee ; If Gold or Favour advance thee, thy Honor is pinn'd upon the wheele of Fortune : When the wheele shall turne, thy Honor fals, and thou remain'st an everlasting Monument of thy owne ambitious folly.

CAP. LXXIII.

WE are borne with our temptations : Nature sometimes presses us to evill, sometimes provokes us unto good ; If therefore thou givest her more than her due, thou nourishest an enemy ; If lesse than is sufficient, thou destroyest a friend : Moderation will prevent both.

CAP. LXXIV.

IF thou scorne not to serve Luxury in thy Youth, Chastity will scorne thy service in thy Age ; and that the Will of thy green yeares thought no Vice in the acting, the necessity of thy gray haire makes no Vertue, in the forbearing : Where there is no Conflict, there can be no conquest ; where there is no Conquest, there is no Crowne.

CAP. LXXV.

THOU didst nothing towards thy own Creation, for thou wert created for thy Creator's glory ; Thou must doe something towards thy owne Redemption, for thou wert redeemed for thy owne good ; He that made thee without thee, will not save thee without thee.

CAP. LXXVI.

WHEN thy tongue and heart agree not in confession, that confession is not agreeable to God's pleasure : Hee that confesses with his tongue, and wants confession in his heart, is either a vaine man, or an Hypocrite : Hee that hath confession in his heart, and wants it in his tongue, is either a proud man or a timorous.

CAP. LXXVII.

GOLD is *Cesar's* Treasure ; Man is God's : Thy Gold hath *Cesar's* Image ; and thou hast God's ;

give therefore those things unto *Cesar*, which are *Cesar's*, and unto *God*, which are *God's*.

CAP. LXXVIII.

IN the Commission of evill, feare no man so much as thy owne selfe : Another is but one witnesse against thee : Thou art a thousand : Another thou mayst avoid, but thy selfe thou canst not ; Wickednesse is its owne punishment.

CAP. LXXIX.

IN thy Apparell avoyd Singularity, Profusenesse and Gaudinesse : Be not too early in the fashion ; nor too late : Decency is the halfe way betweene Affectation and Neglect : The Body is the Shell of the Soule ; Apparell is the Huske of that Shell ; The Huske often tells you what the Kinnell is.

CAP. LXXX.

LET thy Recreation be manly, moderate, seasonable, lawfull ; If thy life be Sedentary, more tending to the exercise of thy Body ; If active, more to the refreshing of thy minde : The use of Recreation is to strengthen thy Labour, and sweeten thy Rest.

CAP. LXXXI.

BE not censorious, for thou know'st not whom thou judgest ; It is a more dexterous error to speak well of an evill man ; than ill, of a good man ; And safer for thy Judgement to be misled by simple Charity, than uncharitable Wisdome : He may tax others with a priviledge that hath not in himselfe, what others maytaxe.

CAP. LXXXII.

TAKE heede of that Honor which thy wealth hath purchased thee, for it is neither lasting, nor thine owne : What money creates, money preserves : If the wealth decayes, the honour dyes ; It is but a slippery happines which Fortunes can give, and Frownes can take ; and not worth the owning which a night's Fire can melt, or a rough Sea can drowne.

CAP. LXXXIII.

IF thou canst desire any thing not to be repented of, thou art in a faire way to Happinesse ; If thou hast attain'd it, thou art at thy wayes end ; He is not happy who hath all that he desires, but that desires nothing but what is good ; If thou canst not doe what thou neede not repent, yet endeavour to repent what thy necessity hath done.

CAP. LXXXIV.

SPEND a hundred yeares in Earth's best pleasures ; and after that, a hundred more ; to which being spent, adde a thousand ; and to that, ten thousand more ; the last shall as surely end, as the first are ended, and all shall be swallowed with Eternity : He that is borne to-day, is not sure to live a day ; Hee that hath lived the longest, is but as he that was borne yesterday : The happinesse of the one is, That he hath liv'd ; the Happinesse of the other is, That he may live ; and the lot of both is, That they must dye : It is no Happinesse to live long, nor Unhappinesse to dye soone : Happy is he that hath liv'd long enough, to dye well.

CAP. LXXXV.

BE carefull to whom thou givest, and how : He that gives him that deserves not, loses his Gift, and betraies the Giver ; He that confers his Gift upon a worthy Receiver, makes many debtors, and by Giving, receives. Hee that gives for his owne ends, makes his Gift a Bribe, and the Receiver a Prisoner : Hee that gives often, teaches requittance to the Receiver, and discovers a craftie confidence in the Giver.

CAP. LXXXVI.

HATH any wronged thee ? be bravely reveng'd : Slight it, and the work's begun ; Forgive it ; and 'tis finisht : He is below himselfe that is not above an Injury.

CAP. LXXXVII.

LET not thy passion miscall thy Childe, lest thou Prophesie his Fortunes : Let not thy tongue curse him, lest thy curse returne from whence it came : Curses sent in the roome of blessings are driven back with a double vengeance.

CAP. LXXXVIII.

IN all the Ceremonies of the Church which remaine indifferent ; doe according to the Constitution of that Church where thou art : the God of Order and Unitie, who created both the Soule and the Body, expects Unity in the one, and Order in both.

CAP. LXXXIX.

LET thy religious Fast be a voluntary abstinence, not so much from Flesh as Fleshly thoughts : God is pleas'd with that Fast which gives to another, what thou deniest to thy selfe ; and when the afflicting of thy owne Body, is the repairing of thy brother's. He fasts truly that abstaines sadly, grieves really, gives chearefully, and forgives charitably.

CAP. XC.

IN the hearing of Mysteries keep thy tongue quiet : five words cost *Zaccherias* fortie weekes silence : In such heights, convert thy Questions into Wonders ; and let this suffice thee, The Reason of the Deede, is the power of the Doer.

CAP. XCI.

DERIDE not him whom the looser world calls Puritane, lest thou offend a little one : If he be an Hypocrite, God, that knowes him, will reward him : If Zealous, that God that loves him, will revenge him : If he be good, he is good to God's Glory : If evill, let him be evill at his owne charges : Hee that Judges, shall be Judged.

CAP. XCII.

SO long as thou art ignorant, Be not asham'd to learne : Hee that is so fondly modest, not to acknowledge his own defects of Knowledge, shall in time, be so foulely impudent to justifie his owne Ignorance : Ignorance is the greatest of all Infirmities ; and, justified, the chiefest of all Follies.

CAP. XCIII.

IF thou be a Servant, deale just by thy Master, as thou desirest thy Servant should deale with thee : Where thou art commanded, be obedient ; where not commanded, be provident : Let diligence be thy Credit, Let faithfulness be thy crowne : Let thy Master's credit be thy care, and let his welfare be thy content : Let thine Eye be single, and thy heart, humble : Be Sober, that thou mayst be circumspect : He that in Sobriety is not his owne man, being drunk, whose is he ? be neither contentious, nor Lascivious : The one shewes a turbulent Heart ; the other an idle braine. A good Servant is a great Master.

CAP. XCIV.

LET the Foundation of thy Affection be Vertue, then make the Building as rich, and as glorious as thou canst : If the Foundation be Beauty, or Wealth, and the Building Vertue, the Foundation is too weak for the Building ; and it will fall : Happy is hee, the Palace of whose affection is founded upon Vertue, Wall'd with Riches, Glaz'd with Beautie, and roof'd with Honor.

CAP. XCV.

IF thy Mother be a Widdow, give her double honor, who now Acts the part of a double Parent. Remember her nine moneths Burthen, and her tenth moneth's Travell : Forget not her Indulgence, when thou didst hang upon her tender brest. Call to minde

her prayers for thee before thou cam'st into the world ; and her Cares for thee when thou wert come into the world. Remember her secret Groanes, her affectionate Teares, her broken Slumbers, her dayly Feares, her nightly frights. Relieve her wants ; Cover her imperfections ; comfort her Age : and the Widowe's Husband, will be the Orphan's Father.

CAP. XCVI.

AS thou desirest the Love of God and Man, beware of Pride : It is a tumour in thy minde that breakes and poysons all thy Actions ; It is a Worme in thy Treasure which eates and ruines thy Estate : It loves no man ; Is beloved of no man ; It disparages Vertue in another by detraction ; It disrewards goodnesse in itselfe, by Vaine glory : The Friend of the Flatterer, the Mother of Envie, the Nurse of Fury, the Baud of Luxury, the Sinne of Devills, and the Devill in Mankinde : It hates superiours, it scornes Inferiours, it ownes no equals : In short ; Till thou hate it, God hates thee.

CAP. XCVII.

SO behave thy selfe among thy Children, that they may love and honor thy presence : Be not too fond, lest they feare thee not : Be not too Bitter, lest they feare thee too much : Too much familiarity will embolden them ; Too little countenance will discourage them : So carry thy selfe, that they may rather feare thy Displeasure, than thy Correction : When thou reprov'st them, doe it in Season ; when thou correct'st

them, do it not in Passion : As a wise Child makes a happy Father, so a wise Father makes a happy Child.

CAP. XCVIII.

WHEN thy Hand hath done a good Act, aske thy Heart if it be well done : The matter of a good Action is the deede done : The forme of a good Action is the manner of the Doing : In the first, another hath the Comfort, and thou the Glory ; In the other, thou hast the Comfort, and God, the Glory : that Deede is ill done wherein God is no sharer.

CAP. XCIX.

WOULD'ST thou purchase Heav'n ? Advise not with thy owne Ability. The price of Heaven is what thou hast : Examine not what thou hast, but what thou art : Give thy selfe, and thou hast bought it : If thy owne vilenesse be thy feares, offer thy selfe and thou art precious.

CAP. C.

THE Birds of the Ayre dye to sustaine thee, The Beasts of the Field dye to nourish thee ; The Fishes of the sea dye to feede thee. Our stomackes are their common Sepulcher. Good God ! with how many deaths are our poore lives patcht up ! How full of death is the miserable life of momentary man !

The End of the Second Century.





ENCHYRIDION.

[THE THIRD BOOK.]





[ENCHYRIDION.]

The Third Century.

CHAP. I.

IF thou take paines in what is Good, the paines vanish, the Good remains : If thou take pleasure in what is evill, the Evill remains, and the pleasure vanishes : What art thou the worse for Paines, or the better for Pleasure, when both are past ?

CAP. II.

IF Thy Fancy, and Judgement have agreed in the choyse of a fit wife, Be not too fond, lest she surfeit, nor too peevish, lest shee languish : Love so, that thou mayst be Fear'd ; Rule so, that thou mayst be Honor'd : Be not too diffident, lest thou teach her to deceive thee, nor too suspitious, lest thou teach her to abuse thee : If thou see a fault, let thy love hide it ; If she continue it, let thy wisdom reprove it : Reprove her not openly, lest she grow bold : Rebuke her not tauntingly, lest she grow spitefull : Proclaime not her Beauty, lest she grow proud : Boast not her Wisedome, lest thou be thought foolish ; Shew her not thy Imperfections, lest she disdain thee : Pry not into her Dayry, lest shee despise thee : Prophane not her Eares with loose Communication, lest thou defile the Sanctuary of her Modesty : An understanding Husband makes a discreet Wife ; and she, a happy Husband.

CAP. III.

WRINKLE not thy Face with too much laughter, lest thou become ridiculous ; neither wanton thy Heart with too much Mirth, lest thou become vaine : The suburbs of Folly is vaine Mirth, and profusenesse of Laughter, is the City of Fooles.

CAP. IV.

LET thy tongue take counsell of one Eye, rather than of two Eares ; Let the newes thou reportest be rather stale than false, lest thou be branded with the name of L.yer. It is an intollerable dishonor to be that which onely to be call'd so, is thought worthy of a Stabbe.

CAP. V.

LET thy Discourse be such, as thy Judgement may maintaine, and thy Company may deserve. In neglecting this, thou locest thy words ; In not observing the other, thou locest thy selfe. Give Wash to Swine, and Wort to men ; So shalt thou husband thy Gifts to the advantage of thy selfe, and shape thy Discourse to the advancement of thy Hearer.

CAP. VI.

DOST thou roare under the Torments of a Tyrant ? weigh them with the sufferance of thy Saviour, and they are no plague ! Dost thou rage under the Bondage of a raving Conscience ? Compare it to thy Saviour's Passion, and it is no paine. Have the tortures of Hell taken hold of thy despairing soule ? Compare it to thy Saviour's torments, and it is no Punishment : What sense unequally compares, let Faith enterchangeably apply ; and thy pleasures have no Comparison. Thy sins are the Authors of his sufferings ; And his Hell is the price of thy Heaven.

CAP. VII.

ART thou banisht from thy owne Country ? Thanke thy owne folly : Hadst thou chosen a right home, thou hadst bin no exull : Hadst thou commanded thy owne Kingdome, all Kingdomes had bene thy owne : The Foole is banisht in his owne Country ; The Wise man is in his own Country, though banisht : The Foole wanders ; The Wise man travells.

CAP. VIII.

IN seeking Vertue, if thou finde poverty, be not ashamed : the fault is none of thine. Thy honor, or Dishonor, is purchased by thy owne Actions. Though vertue gve a ragged Livery, she gives a golden Cognizance. If her service make thee poore, blush not. Thy poverty may disadvantage thee, but not dishonor thee.

CAP. IX.

GAZE not on Beauty too much, lest it blast thee ; nor too long, lest it blind thee ; nor too near, lest it burne thee : If thou like it, it deceives thee ; If thou love it, it disturbs thee : If thou lust after it, it destroyes thee : If vertue accompany it, it is the Heart's Paradise ; If Vice associate it, it is the Soule's Purgatory : It is the Wiseman's Bonfire, and the Foole's Furnace.

CAP. X.

IF thou wouldst have a good Servant, let thy Servant find a wise Master : Let his food, rest, and wages be seasonable : Let his labour, recreations, and attendance depend upon thy pleasure : Be not Angry with him too long, lest he think thee malicious ; nor, too soone, lest hee conceive thee rash ; nor too often, lest he count thee humorous. Be not too fierce, lest hee love thee not ; nor too remisse, lest he feare thee not ; nor too familiar, lest he prize thee not. In brief, whil'st thou givest him the liberty of a Servant, beware thou locest not the Majestie of a Master.

CAP. XI.

IF thou desire to be chaste in Wedlocke, keepe thy selfe chaste before thou wedd'st : Hee that hath knowne pleasure unlawfully, will hardly be restrained from unlawfull pleasure. One Woman was created for one Man. He that straiies beyond the limits of Liberty, is brought into the verge of Slavery. Where one is enough, two is too many, and three is too few.

CAP. XII.

IF thou would'st be justified, acknowledge thy injustice : Hee that confesses his Sinne, begins his Journy towards Salvation : hee that is sorry for it, mends his pace : Hee that forsakes it, is at his Journie's end.

CAP. XIII.

BEFORE thou reprehend another, take heede thou art not culpable in what thou goest about to reprehend. He that clenches a blot with blotted fingers, makes a greater blurre.

CAP. XIV.

BEWARE of drunkennesse, lest all good men beware of thee : Where Drunkennesse reigns, there reason is an exul ; Vertue, a stranger ; God, an Enemy ; Blasphemy is Wit, Oathes are reth'ricke, and Secrets are Proclamations. *Noah* discover'd that in one houre, drunke, which sober, he kept secret six hundred yeares.

CAP. XV.

WHAT thou givest to the Poore, thou securest from the Thiefe, but what thou withhold'st from his

necessity, a Thiefe possesses. God's Exchequer is the Poore man's Box : when thou strik'st a Tally, he becomes thy debtor.

CAP. XVI.

TAKE no pleasure in the folly of an ideot, nor in the Fancy of a Lunaticke, nor in the frenzie of a Drunkard. Make them the object of thy Pitty, not of thy Pastime ; When thou behold'st them, behold, how thou art beholding to him that suffred thee not to be like them. There is no difference betweene thee and them, but God's Favour.

CAP. XVII.

IF, being in eminent place, thou hast incurr'd the obloquie of the multitude, the more thou endeavorest to stop the streame, the more it overflows ; Wisely rather divert the course of the vulgar humor, by devulging and spreading some ridiculous novelty, which may present new matter to their various Fancie, and stave their tongues from off thy worried name. The first subject of the common voyce, is the last news.

CAP. XVIII.

IF thou desire to see thy childe Vertuous, let him not see his Father's Vices : Thou canst not rebuke that in them, that they behold practis'd in thee ; Till Reason be ripe, Examples direct more than Precepts : Such as thy behaviour is before thy Children's faces, such commonly is theirs behind their Parents backs.

CAP. XIX.

USE Law and Physicke onely for necessity ; They that use them otherwise, abuse themselves, into weake Bodies, and light Purses : They are good remedies, bad Businesses, and worse Recreations.

CAP. XX.

BE not over curious in prying into Mysteries ; lest, by seeking things which are needlesse, thou omittest things which are necessary : It is more safe to doubt of uncertaine matters, than to dispute of undiscover'd Mysteries.

CAP. XXI.

IF what thou hast received from God thou sharest to the poore, thou hast gain'd a blessing by the hand ; If what thou hast taken from the poore, thou givest to God, thou hast purchased a Curse into the Bargaine. Hee that puts to pious uses, what he hath got by impious Usury, robbes the Spittle to raise an Hospitall ; and the cry of the one, will out-plead the prayers of the other.

CAP. XXII.

LET the end of thy Argument be rather to discover a doubtfull Truth, than a Commanding Wit ; In the one, thou shalt gaine Substance ; In the other, Froth : That flint strikes the Steele in vaine, that propagates no sparkles : Covet to be Truth's Champion, at least to hold her Colours : Hee that pleads against the Truth, takes paines to be overthrown ; or, if a Conqueror, gaines but false-glory by the conquest.

CAP. XXIII.

TAKE no pleasure in the death of a creature ; If it be harmlesse or uselesse, destroy it not : If usefull, or harmefull, destroy it mercifully : he that mercifully made his Creatures for thy sake, expects thy mercy upon them for his sake. Mercy turns her backe to the unmercifull.

CAP. XXIV.

IF thou art call'd to the dignity of a Priest, the same voyce calls thee to the honour of a Judge ; If thy Life and Doctrine be good, thou shalt Judge others : If thy Doctrine be good, and thy Life bad, onely thy selfe : If both be good, thou teachest thy people to escape condemnation : If this be good, and that bad, thou teachest God to condemne thee.

CAP. XXV.

IF thou be not a *Prometheus* to advise before thou doest ; be an *Epimetheus* to examine when thou hast done : When the want of advise hath brought forth an improvident Act, the Act of Examination may produce a profitable Repentance.

CAP. XXVI.

IF thou desire the happiness of thy Soule, the health of thy Body, the prosperity of thy Estate, the preservation of thy credit, converse not with a Harlot : Her eyes runne thy reputation in debt ; Her lips demand the payment ; Her breasts arrest thee ; Her armes imprison thee ; from whence, beleeve it, thou shalt hardly get forth till thou hast either ended the dayes of thy Credit, or pay'd the utmost farthing of thy Estate.

CAP. XXVII.

CARRY a watchfull eye upon those Familiars that are either Silent at thy Faults, or Soothe thee in thy Frailties, or excuse thee in thy Follies ; for such are either Cowards, or Flatterers, or Fooles : If thou entertaine them in prosperity, the Coward will leave thee in thy dangers, the Flatterer will quit thee in thy Adversity : But the Foole will never forsake thee.

CAP. XXVIII.

IF thou hast an Estate, and a Sonne to inherit it, keepe him not too short, lest he thinke thou livest too long ; what thou allowest him, let him receive from thy hand, as Gift ; not from thy Tenants, as Rent : Keepe the Reines of thy Estate in thy own hand, lest thou forsaking the Sovereignty of a Father, he forget the Reverence of a Child : Let his Liberty be grounded on thy permission, and keep him within the compasse of thy Instruction : Let him feele, thou hast the Curbe, though occasion urge thee not to checke. Give him the choise of his owne wife, if he be wise. Counsell his affection rather than crosse it, if thou beest wise ; lest his marriage-bed be made in secret, or depend upon thy Grave. If he be given to lavish Company, endeavour to stave him off with lawfull Recreations : Be chearfull with him, that he may love thy presence ; and winke at small faults, that thou mayst gaine him : Be not alwayes chiding, lest thou harden him ; neither knit thy brow too often, lest thou dishearten him : Remember, the discretion of a Father oft times prevents the destruction of a Child.

CAP. XXIX.

IF thou hide thy Treasure upon the Earth, how canst thou expect to finde it in Heaven ? Canst thou hope to be a sharer, where thou hast reposed no Stocke ? What thou givest to God's glory, and thy soule's health, is laid up in Heaven, and is onely thine ; that alone, which thou exchangest, or hidest upon Earth, is lost.

CAP. XXX.

REGARD not in thy Pilgrimage how difficult the passage is, but whether it tends ; nor how delicate the Journey is, but where it ends : If it be easie, suspect it ; If hard, endure it : Hee that cannot excuse a bad way, accuses his owne Sloth ; and he that stickes in a bad passage, can never attaine a good Journey's end.

CAP. XXXI.

MONEY is both the Generation and Corruption of purchas'd Honor. Honor is both the Childe and Slave of potent Money : the credit which Honor hath lost, Money hath found : When Honor grew Mercenary, Money grew Honourable. The way to be truly Noble, is to contemne both.

CAP. XXXII.

GIVE not thy tongue too great a liberty, lest it take thee prisoner : A word unspoken is like the Sword in thy Scabberd, thine ; If vented, the Sword is in another's hand : If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.

CAP. XXXIII.

IF thou be subject to any great vanity, nourish it not : If it will be entertained, encourage it not : If it grow strong, more strongly strive against it ; If too strong, pray against it ; If it weaken not, joyne Fasting to the Prayer ; If it shall continue, adde perseverance to both ; If it decline not, adde patience to all, and thou hast conquered it.

CAP. XXXIV.

HATH any wounded thee with Injuries ? meete them with patience ; Hasty words ranckle the wound, Soft language dresses it, Forgivenessse cures it, and Oblivion takes away the scarre. It is more noble, by silence, to avoyd an Injury, than by Argument to overcome it.

CAP. XXXV.

BE not instable in thy Resolutions, nor various in thy actions, nor inconstant in thy Affections : So deliberate, that thou maist resolve ; So resolve that thou maist performe, so performe, that thou mayst persevere : Mutability is the badge of Infirmitie.

CAP. XXXVI.

LET not thy good Intention flatter thee to an evil Action : What is essentially evil, no circumstance can make good ; It matters not with what minde thou didst that, which is unlawfull, being done : If the Act be good, the Intention crownes it ; If bad, it deposes thy Intention : No evil Action may be well done.

CAP. XXXVII.

LOVE not thy Children too unequally ; or, if thou dost, shew it not, lest thou make the one Proud, the other Envious, and both Fooles : If Nature hath made a difference, it is the part of a tender Parent to helpe the weakest. That triall is not faire, where Affection is the Judge.

CAP. XXXVIII.

IN giving of thy Almes, enquire not so much into the person, as his necessitie : God lookes not so much upon the merits of him that requires, as into the manner of him that relieves : If the man deserve not, thou hast given it to Humanity.

CAP. XXXIX.

IF thou desire the Eucharist should be thy Supper, let thy life be thy Chaplaine ; If thy owne worthnesse invites thee, presume not to come ; if the sorrowfull sense of thy owne sinnes forbid thee, presume not to forbear : If thy Faith be strong, it will confirme it ; If weak, it will strengthen it : He onely that wants Faith is the forbidden guest.

CAP. XL.

WOULDST thou trafficke with the best advantage, and Crowne thy vertues with the best returne ? Make the poore thy Chapman, and thy purse thy Factor : So shalt thou give trifles which thou could'st not keepe, to receive treasure which thou canst not lose : There's no such Merchant as the charitable man.

CAP. XLI.

FOLLOW not the multitude in the evill of sinne, lest thou share with the multitude in the evill of punishment : The number of the Offenders diminish not the qualitie of the offence : As the multitude of Suiters drawes more favour to the Suite, So the multitude of Sinners drawes more punishment on the Sin : The number of the Faggots multiplies the fury of the Fire.

CAP. XLII.

IF thou be angry with him that reproves thy Sinne, thou secretly confessest his reproofe to be just : If thou acknowledge his Reproofe to be just, thou secretly confessest thy anger to be unjust. Hee that is angry with the just Reprover, kindles the fire of the just Revenger.

CAP. XLIII.

DOE well while thou maist, lest thou doe evil when thou wouldst not : He that takes not advantage of a good Power, shall lose the Benefit of a good Will.

CAP. XLIV.

LET not mirth be thy profession, lest thou become a Make sport. He that hath but gain'd the Title of a Jester, let him assure himselfe, the Foole's not farre off.

CAP. XLV.

IN every Relative Action, change Conditions with thy brother ; Then aske thy Conscience what thou would'st be done to ; Being truly resolved exchange againe, and doe thou the like to him, and thy Charitie shall never erre : It is injustice to doe, what without impatience thou canst not suffer.

CAP. XLVI.

LOVE thy neighbour for God's sake, and God for his owne sake, who created all things for thy sake, and redeemed thee for his mercy sake : If thy love have any other Object, it is false love ; If thy Object have any other end, it is selfe-love.

CAP. XLVII.

LET thy Conversation with men, be sober and sincere ; Let thy devotion to God be dutifull and decent :

Let the one be hearty, and not haughty : Let the other be humble, and not homely : So live with men, as if God saw thee ; So pray to God, as if men heard thee.

CAP. XLVIII.

GOD's pleasure is the Winde our Actions ought to sayle by : Man's Will is the Streame that Tydes them up and downe ; If the Winde blow not, thou maist take the advantage of the Tide ; If it blow, no matter which way the Streame runs, if with thee, thy voyage will be the shorter ; If against thee, the Sea will bee the rougher : It is safer to strive against the Streame, than to sayle against the Winde.

CAP. XLIX.

IF thou desire much Rest, desire not too much : there is no lesse trouble in the preservation, than in the acquisition of abundance ; *Diogenes* found more rest in his Tubbe, than *Alexander* on his Throne.

CAP. L.

WOULDST thou multiply thy riches ? Diminish them wisely : Or wouldst thou make thy Estate entire, divide it charitably : Seeds that are scattered encrease, but hoarded up, they perish.

CAP. LI.

HOW cam'st thou by thy Honor ? By Money : How cam'st thou by thy Money ? By Extortion : Compare thy penn'worth with the price, and tell me truly, how truly Honorable thou art. It is an ill purchase that's encumbered with a Curse, and that Honor will be ruinous that is built on Ruines.

CAP. LII.

IF thy Brother hath privately offended thee, reprove him privately, and having lost himselfe in an Injury, thou shalt finde him in thy forgiveness. He that rebukes a private fault openly, betrays it, rather than reproveth it.

CAP. LIII.

WHAT thou desirest, inspect thoroughly before thou prosecute : Cast one eye upon the Inconveniencies, as well as the other upon the Conveniencies. Weigh the fulnesse of the Barne with the Charge of the Plough : Weigh Honor with her Burthen, and Pleasure with her Dangers ; So shalt thou undertake wisely what thou desirest ; or moderate thy desires in vndertaking.

CAP. LIV.

IF thou owest thy whole selfe to thy God for thy Creation, what hast thou left to pay for thy Re-

demption, that was not so cheape as thy Creation ? In thy Creation, he gave thee to thy selfe, and by thy selfe to him : In thy Redemption hee gave himselfe to thee, and through him restor'd thee to thy selfe : Thou art given and restor'd : Now what owest thou unto thy God ? If thou hast payd all thy debts, give him the Surplusage, and thou hast merited.

CAP. LV.

IN thy Discourse take heede what thou speakest, to whom thou speakest, how thou speakest, and when thou speakest : What thou speakest, speake truly, when thou speakest, speake wisely. A Foole's heart is in his Tongue ; but a Wise man's Tongue is in his heart.

CAP. LVI.

BEFORE thou act a Theft, consider what thou art about to do : If thou take it, thou lovest thy selfe ; If thou keepe it, thou disenablist thy Redemption ; Till thou restor'st it, thou canst not be restored ; When it is restor'd, it must cost thee more paine, and sorrow, than ever it brought thee pleasure or profit. It is a great folly to please the Palate with that which thou knowest, must either be vomited, or thy death.

CAP. LVII.

SILENCE is the highest wisdom of a Foole, and Speech is the greatest triall of a Wise man ; If thou would'st be knowne a Wise man let thy words shew thee so ; If thou doubt thy words, let thy silence feigne thee so. It is not a greater point of Wisdom to discover Knowledge than to hide Ignorance.

CAP. LVIII.

THE Clergy is a Coppy Booke ; Their Life is the Paper, whereof some is Purer, some Courser : Their Doctrine is the Copies, some written in Plaine Hand, others in a Flowrishing Hand, some in a Text Hand, some in a Roman Hand, others in a Court Hand, others in a Bastard Roman : If the choise be in thy power, chuse a Booke that hath the finest Paper ; Let it not be too straight, nor too loosely bound, but easie to lye open to every Eye : follow not every Coppy, lest thou be good at none : Among them all, chuse one that shall be most Legible, and Usefull, and fullest of Instructions. But if the Paper chance to have a Blot, Remember the Blot is no part of the Coppy.

CAP. LIX.

VERTUE is nothing but an Act of loving that which is to be beloved, and that Act is Prudence, from whence not to be removed by constraint is Fortitude ; not to be allur'd by enticements is temperance ; not to

be diverted by Pride is Justice. The declining of this Act is Vice.

CAP. LX.

REBUKE thy Servant's fault in private; publique reproofe hardens his shame: If he be past a youth, strike him not: He is not fit for thy service, that after wise reproofes will either deserve thy strokes, or digest them.

CAP. LXI.

TAKE heede rather what thou receivest, than what thou givest; What thou givest leaves thee, what thou takest, sticks by thee: He that presents a gift buyes the Receiver; He that takes a gift sells his liberty.

CAP. LXII.

THINGS Temporall, are sweeter in the Expectation: Thing[s] Eternall are sweeter in the Fruition: The first shames thy Hope, the second crownes it: It is a vain Journey, whose end affords lesse pleasure than the way.

CAP. LXIII.

KNOW thy selfe that thou mayst Feare God: Know God, that thou mayst Love him; In this, thou art initiated to wisdom; In that, perfected: The Feare of God is the beginning of Wisdom: The Love of God is the fulfilling of the Law.

CAP. LXIV.

IF thou hast Providence to foresee a danger, let thy Prudence rather prevent it, than feare it. The feare of future evils, brings oftentimes a present mischiefe: Whilst thou seek'st to prevent it, practice to beare it. Hee is a wise man can avoid an evill; he is a patient man that can endure it; but he is a valiant man can conquer it.

CAP. LXV.

IF thou hast the place of a Magistrate, deserve it by thy Justice, and dignifie it with thy Mercy: Take heed of early gifts: An open hand makes a blind eye: Be not more apt to punish Vice, than to encourage Vertue. Be not too severe, lest thou be hated, nor too remisse, lest thou be slighted: So execute Justice, that thou mayst be Loved: so execute Mercy, that thou maist be Feared.

CAP. LXVI.

LET not thy Table exceede the fourth part of thy Revenue: Let thy provision be solid, and not farre fetcht, fuller of Substance than Art: Be wisely frugal in thy preparation, and freely chearefull in thy

entertainment; If thy Guests be right, it is enough; If not; It is too much: Too much is a Vanitie; Enough is a Feast.

CAP. LXVII.

LET thy Apparell be decent, and suited to the quality of thy Place and Purse: Too much punctuality, and too much morosity, are the two Poles of Pride: Be neither too early in the Fashion, nor too long out of it, nor too precisely in it: What custome hath civiliz'd is become decent, till then, ridiculous: Where the Eye is the Jury, thy Apparell is the Evidence.

CAP. LXVIII.

IF thy Words be too luxuriant, confine them, lest they confine thee: He that thinkes he never can speak enough, may easily speak too much. A full tongue, and an empty braine, are seldome parted.

CAP. LXIX.

IN holding of an Argument, be neither chollericke, nor too opinionate; The one distempers thy Understanding; The other abuses thy Judgement: Above all things decline Paradoxes and Mysteries: Thou shalt receive no honor, either in maintaining ranke Falsehoods, or meddling with secret Truths; As hee that pleades against the Truth, makes Wit the Mother of his Error: So he that argues beyond warrant, makes Wisdom the Midwife of his Folly.

CAP. LXX.

DETAINE not the Wages from the poore Man that hath earn'd it, lest God withhold thy wages from thee: If he complaine to thee, heare him, lest hee complaine to Heaven, where he will be heard: If he hunger for thy sake, thou shalt not prosper for his sake. The Poore man's Penny is a Plague in the Rich man's Purse.

CAP. LXXI.

BE not too cautious in discerning the fit Objects of thy Charity, lest a soule perish through thy discretion; What thou givest to mistaken want, shall returne a blessing to thy deceived heart: Better in relieving Idlenesse to commit an accidentall evill, than in neglecting misery to omit an essentiall good; Better two Drones be preserv'd, than one Bee perish.

CAP. LXXII.

THEOLOGY is the Emperesse of the world; Mysteries are her Privie Counsell: Religion is her Clergy; The Arts her Nobility; Philosophy, her Secre-

tary; the Graces her Maids of Honor; the Morall Vertues, the Ladyes of her Bedchamber; Peace is her Chamberlaine: True Joy, and endlesse Pleasures are her Courtiers; Plenty her Treasurer; Poverty her Exchequer: The Temple is her Court; If thou desire accesse to this great Majesty, the way is by her Courtiers; If thou hast no power there, the common way to the Sovereigne is the Secretary.

CAP. LXXIII.

IT is an evill knowledge to know the good thou shouldst embrace, unlesse thou likewise embrace the good thou knowest: The breath of Divine Knowledge, is the Bellows of Divine Love, and the flame of Divine Love, is the perfection of Divine Knowledge.

CAP. LXXIV.

IF thou desire Rest unto thy Soule, Be Just; He that doth no Injury, feares not to suffer Injurie: The unjust Mind is alwayes in labour: It either practises the evill it hath Projected; or Projects to avoid the evill it hath deserved.

CAP. LXXV.

ACCUSTOME thy Palat to what is most usuall: He that delights in Rarities, must often feede displeas'd, and sometimes lye at the mercie of a deare Market: Common foode nourishes best, delicates please most: The sound stomacke preferres neither. What art thou the worse for the last year's plaine diet, or what now the better for thy last great Feast?

CAP. LXXVI.

WHO ever thou art, thou hast done more evill in one day, than thou canst expiate in six; and canst thou thinke the evill of sixe dayes, can require lesse than one? God hath made us rich in dayes, by allowing sixe, and himselfe poore by reserving but one; and shall wee spare our owne Flocke, and sheare his Lambe? He that hath done nothing but what hee can justifie in the sixe dayes, may play the seventh.

CAP. LXXVII.

HOPE and Feare, like *Hippocrates* Twins, should live and dye together; If Hope depart from Feare, it travels by Security, and lodges in presumption; If Feare depart from Hope, it travels to Infidelity, and Innes in Despaire; The one shuts up Heaven: The other opens Hell: The one makes thee insensible of God's frownes; The other, incapable of God's Favours; and both teach God to be unmerciful, and thee to be most miserable.

CAP. LXXVIII.

CLOSE thine Eare against him that shall open his Mouth secretly against another; If thou receive not his words, they flee backe, and wound the Reporter; If thou receive them, they flee forward, and wound the Receiver.

CAP. LXXIX.

IF thou wouldst preserve a sound Body, use fasting and walking; If a healthfull Soule, Fasting and Praying; Walking exercises the Body; Praying exercises the Soule; Fasting clenches both.

CAP. LXXX.

WOULDST thou not be thought a Foole in another's conceit? Be not wise in thine owne: Hee that trusts to his owne wisdom, proclaimes his owne Folly: He is truly wise, and shall appeare so, that hath Folly enough to be thought not worldly wise, or wisdom enough to see his owne Folly.

CAP. LXXXI.

DESIR'ST thou Knowledge? Know the end of thy desire: Is it onely to know? Then it is Curiosity; Is it because thou mayst be knowne? Then 'tis Vanity: If because thou maist Edifie, it is Charity: If because thou mayst be Edified, it is Wisdom. That Knowledge turnes to meere Excrement, that hath not some heate of Wisdom to digest it.

CAP. LXXXII.

WISDOM without Innocencie is Knavery; Innocencie without Wisdom is Foolery: Be therefore as wise as Serpents, and Innocent as Doves. The subtilty of the Serpent, instructs the Innocence of the Dove: The Innocencie of the Dove, corrects the subtilty of the Serpent; What God hath joyn'd together, let no man separate.

CAP. LXXXIII.

THE more thou imitatest the Vertues of a Saint departed, the better thou celebrat'st that Saint's day. God is not pleased with surfeiting for his sake, who with his fasting so often pleased his God.

CAP. LXXXIV.

CHUSE not thy serviceable Souldier out of soft Apparell, lest he prove effeminate, nor out of a full purse, lest he grow timorous; They are more fit for action, that are fiery to gaine a Fortune abroad, than they that have Fortunes to lose at home. Expectation breeds Spirit; Fruition brings Feare.

CAP. LXXXV.

GOD hath given to Mankind a Common Liberty, his Creatures; and to every man a proper Booke, Himselfe, being an Abridgement of all the others: If thou reade with Understanding, it will make thee a great Master of Philosophy, and a true Servant to the Divine Author; If thou but barely read, it will make thee thy owne Wise man, and the Author's Foole.

CAP. LXXXVI.

DOUBT is a weake Childe lawfully begotten between an obstructed Judgement, and a faire Understanding. Opinion is a bold Bastard gotten betwene a strong Fancy, and a weak Judgement; It is lesse dishonorable to be ingeniously doubtfull, than rashly opinionate.

CAP. LXXXVII.

AS thou art a morall man, esteeme thy selfe not as thou art, but as thou art esteem'd. As thou art a Christian, esteeme thy selfe as thou art, not as thou art esteem'd: Thy price in both rises and falls as the Market goes. The Market of a morall man is wilde Opinion: The Market of a Christian is a good Conscience.

CAP. LXXXVIII.

PROVIDENCE is an exercise of Reason; Experience an Act of Sense: By how much Reason excels Sense, by so much Providence exceeds Experience. Providence prevents that danger, which Experience repents: Providence is the rationall Daughter of Wisdom: Experience the Empyricall Mistresse of Fooles.

CAP. LXXXIX.

HATH Fortune dealt thee ill Cards? Let Wisdom make thee a good Gamster: In a faire Gale, every Foole may sayle; but wise behaviour in a storme commends the wisdom of a Pilot: To beare Adversity with an equall minde, is both the signe and glory of a brave Spirit.

CAP. XC.

IF any speake ill of thee, flee home to thy owne Conscience, and examine thy heart: If thou be guilty, 'tis a just Correction; If not guilty, 'tis a faire Instruction: Make use of both, so shalt thou distill Honey out of Gall, And out of an open Enemy, create a secret Friend.

CAP. XCI.

AS the exercise of the Body naturall is moderate Recreation, so the exercise of the Body Politicke, is

Military Discipline: By that, the one is made more able, by this, the other is made more active: Where both are wanting, there wants no danger to the one, through a humerous superfluity, to the other, by a negligent security.

CAP. XCII.

GOD is above thee, Beasts are beneath thee: Acknowledge him that is above thee, and thou shalt be acknowledg'd by them that are under thee: Whilst *Daniel* acknowledg'd God to be above him, the Lyons acknowledg'd *Daniel* to be above them.

CAP. XCIII.

TAKE heede whilst thou shewest Wisdom in not speaking, thou betrayest not thy folly in too long silence: If thou art a Foole, thy silence is Wisdom, If a Wise man, too long silence is folly: As too many words from a Foole's mouth, give a Wise man no leave to speake; So too long silence in a Wise man, gives a Foole the opportunity of speaking; and makes thee guilty of his Folly.

CAP. XCIV.

CONSIDER what thou wert, what thou art, what thou shalt be: What's within thee; what's above thee, what beneath thee, what's against thee? What was before thee, what shall be after thee; and this will bring to thy selfe Humility, to thy neighbour Charity, to the world, Contempt, to thy God Obedience: Hee that knows not himselfe Positively, can not know himselfe Relatively.

CAP. XCV.

THINK not thy Love to God merits God's Love to thee: His acceptance of thy duty crownes his owne Gifts in thee: Man's Love to God is nothing but a faint reflection of God's Love to man.

CAP. XCVI.

BE alwayes lesse willing to speake than to heare: what thou hearest, thou receivest; what thou speakest, thou givest. It is more glorious to give, more profitable to receive.

CAP. XCVII.

SEEST thou good dayes? prepare for evill times: No summer but hath his winter. He never reaped comfort in adversity, that sowed it not in prosperity.

CAP. XCVIII.

IF being a magistrate, thou connivest at vice, thou nourishest it : if thou sparest it, thou committest it : what is not, by thee, punished in others, is made punishable in thee. He that favours present evils, entayles them upon his posterity : he that excuses the guilty, condemnes the innocent.

CAP. XCIX.

TRUTH haunts no corners, seeks no by-ways : If thou professe it, do it openly : if thou seeke it,

do it fairly : He deserves not to professe truth, that professes it fearefully : he deserves not to finde the truth, that seekes it fraudulently.

CAP. C.

IF thou desire to be wiser yet, think not thy selfe yet wise enough : and if thou desire to improve knowledge in thy selfe, despise not the instructions of another. He that instructs him that thinkes himselfe wise enough, hath a foole to his schollar : he that thinkes himselfe wise enough to instruct himselfe, hath a foole to his master.





[ENCHYRIDION.

THE FOURTH BOOK.]





[ENCHYRIDION.]

The Fourth Century.

CHAP. I.

DEMEANE thy self more warily in thy Study, than in the Street. If thy publique Actions have a hundred witnesses, thy private have a thousand. The multitude looks but upon thy Actions : Thy Conscience looks into them : The multitude may chance to excuse thee, if not acquit thee ; thy Conscience will accuse thee, if not condemne thee.

CAP. II.

OF all Vices take heede of Drunkennesse ; Other Vices are but fruits of disordered Affections : This disorders, nay, banishes Reason : Other Vices but impair the Soule, This demolishes her two chiefe Faculties ; The Understanding, and the Will : Other Vices make their owne way ; This makes way for all Vices : Hee that is a Drunkard is qualified for all Vice.

CAP. III.

IF thy sinne trouble thee, let that trouble comfort thee ; As pleasure in the remembrance of sinne exasperates Justice, so sorrow in the repentance of sinne molifies Mercy : It is lesse danger to commit the sinne we delight in, than to delight in the sinne we have committed, and more joy is promis'd to Repentance, than to Innocencie.

CAP. IV.

THE way to God is by thy selfe ; The way to thy Selfe is by thy owne Corruptions : He that baulks this way, erres ; He that travells by the Creatures, wanders. The motion of the Heavens shall give thy soule no Rest : The Vertue of Herbs shall not encrease thine. The height of all Phylosophy, both Naturall and Morall is to know thy selfe, and the end of this Knowledge is to know God.

CAP. V.

INFAMY is where it is receiv'd : If thou art a Mudde-wall it will sticke ; If Marble, it will rebound : If thou storme at it, 'tis Thine : If thou contemne it 'tis His.

CAP. VI.

IF thou desire Magistracie, learne to forget thy selfe ; If thou undertake it, bid thy selfe farewell ; He that looks upon a Common cause with private eyes, lookes through false Glasses. In the exercise of thy politique Office, thou must forget both Ethicks and Oeconomicks. He that puts on a publique Gown, must put off a private Person.

CAP. VII.

LET the words of a Virgin, though in a good Cause, and to as good Purpose, be neither violent, many, nor first, nor last : It is lesse shame for a Virgin to be lost in a blushing Silence, than to be found in a bold Eloquence.

CAP. VIII.

ART thou in plenty ? Give what thou wilt : Art thou in Povertie ? Give what thou canst : As what is receiv'd, is receiv'd according to the manner of the Receiver ; so what is given, is priz'd according to the measure of the Giver : He is a good Workeman that makes as good worke as his Matter will permit.

CAP. IX.

GOD is the Author of Truth, the Devill the Father of Lyes : If the telling of a Truth shall endanger thy life, the Author of Truth will protect thee from the danger, or reward thee for thy damage. If the telling a Lye may secure thy Life, the Father of Lyes will beguile thee of thy gaines, or traduce the security.

Better by losing of a life to save it, than by saving of a life to lose it. However, better thou perish than the Truth.

CAP. X.

CONSIDER not so much what thou hast, as what others want: What thou hast, take heede thou lose not. What thou hast not, take heed thou covet not: If thou hast many above thee, turne thy eye upon those that are under thee: If thou hast no Inferiours, have patience a while, and thou shalt have no Superiors. The Grave requires no Marshall.

CAP. XI.

IF thou seest any thing in thy selfe, which may make thee proud, looke a little further, and thou shalt finde enough to humble thee: if thou be wise, View the Peacock's feathers with his feete, and weigh thy best parts with thy imperfections. He that would rightly prize the man, must reade his whole Story.

CAP. XII.

LET not the sweetnesse of Contemplation be so esteem'd, that Action be despis'd; *Rachel* was more faire, *Leah* more fruitfull: As contemplation is more delightfull, so is it more dangerous: *Lot* was upright in the City, and wicked in the Mountaine.

CAP. XIII.

IF thou hast but little, make it not lesse by murm'ring: If thou hast enough, make it not too much by unthankfulnesse: He that is not thankfully contented with the least favour he hath receiv'd, hath made himselfe incapable of the least favour hee can receive.

CAP. XIV.

WHAT thou hast taken unlawfully, restore speedily, for the sinne in taking it is repeated every minute thou keep'st it: If thou canst, restore it in kinde: If not, in value; If it may be, restore it to the partie; If not, to God: The Poore is God's Receiver.

CAP. XV.

LET the feare of a Danger be a spurre to prevent it: Hee that feares otherwise, gives advantage to the danger: It is lesse folly not to endeavour the prevention of the evill thou fearest, than to feare the evill which thy endeavour cannot prevent.

CAP. XVI.

IF thou hast any excellence which is thine owne, thy tongue may glory in it without shame; but if thou

hast receiv'd it, thy glory is but usurpation; and thy Pride is but the Prologue of thy shame: Where Vain-glory commands, there Folly counceles; where Pride Rides, there Shame Lacques.

CAP. XVII.

GOD hath ordained his Creatures, not onely for necessity, but delight; Since hee hath carv'd thee with a bountifull hand, feare not to receive it with a liberall heart: He that gave thee Water to allay thy Thirst, gave thee Wine to exhilarate thy heart. Restore him for the one, a necessity of thanks, returne him for the other, the chearfulness of praise.

CAP. XVIII.

IF the wicked flourish and thou suffer, discourage not: They are fatted for destruction; Thou art Dieted for health; They have no other Heav'n but the Hopes of a long Earth; thou hast nothing on Earth but the Hopes of a quicke Heaven: If there were no Journye's end, the travell of a Christian were most comfortlesse.

CAP. XIX.

IMPE not thy Wings with the Church's Feathers, lest thou flye to thy owne Ruine: Impropriations are bold Metaphors; which continued, are deadly Allegories: One foote of Land in Capite, encumbers the whole estate: The Eagle snatcht a Coale from the Altar, but it fired her Nest.

CAP. XX.

LET that Table which God hath pleas'd to give thee, please thee: He that made the Vessell knowes her burthen, and how to Ballast her; He that made all things very good, cannot but doe all things very well; If thou be content with a little, thou hast enough: If thou complainest, thou hast too much.

CAP. XXI.

WOULDST thou discover the true worth of a man? Behold him naked: Distreasure him of his Ill-got Wealth, degrade him of his deare bought Honor, Disrobe him of his purple Habit. Discard his pamper'd body; Then looke upon his Soule, and thou shalt finde how great he is. Naturall sweetnesse is never sented but in the absence of Artificiall.

CAP. XXII.

IF thou art subject to any secret Folly, blabbe it not, lest thou appear Impudent; nor boast of it, lest thou seem Insolent. Every man's Vanity ought to be his greatest Shame: And every man's folly ought to be his greatest secret.

CAP. XXIII.

IF thou be ignorant, endeavour to get Knowledge, lest thou be beaten with stripes: If thou hast attain'd Knowledge, put it in practice, lest thou be beaten with many stripes. Better not to know what we should practice, than not to practice what we know; and lesse danger dwels in unaffected Ignorance, than unactive Knowledge.

CAP. XXIV.

TAKE heede thou harbour not that Vice call'd Envie, lest another's happinesse be thy Torment, and God's blessing become thy Curse: Vertue corrupted with Vaine-glory, turnes Pride, Pride poyson'd with malice, becomes Envie: Joyne therefore Humility with thy Vertue, and Pride shall have no footing, and Envie shall finde no Entrance.

CAP. XXV.

IF thy Endeavour cannot prevent a Vice, let thy Repentance lament it: The more thou remembrest it without heart grieve; the deeper it is rooted in thy heart: Take heede it please thee not, especially in cold blood. Thy pleasure in it makes it fruitfull, and her fruit is thy destruction.

CAP. XXVI.

THE two Knowledges, of God, and thy Selfe, are the high way to thy Salvation; That breeds in thee a filiall Love; This a filiall Feare. The Ignorance of thy Selfe is the beginning of all sinne, and the Ignorance of God is the perfection of all evill.

CAP. XXVII.

RATHER doe nothing to the purpose, than be idle, that the Devill may finde thee doing: the Bird that sits is easily shot, when Fliers scape the Fowler: Idlenesse is the dead Sea that swallows all Vertues, and the Selfe-made Sepulcher of a living man: The Idle man is the Devil's hireling; whose livery is raggs, whose diet and wages are famine, and diseases.

CAP. XXVIII.

BE not so madde as to alter that Countenance which thy Creator made thee: Remember it was the worke of his Hands; If it be bad, how dar'st thou mend it? If it be good, why dost thou mend it? Art thou asham'd of his Worke, and proud of thy owne? He made thy face to be knowne by, why desirest thou to be knowne by another: It is a shame to adulterate modesty, but more to adulterate nature. Lay by thy Art, and blush not to appeare, what hee blushes not to make thee. It is better to be his Picture than thy owne.

CAP. XXIX.

LET the Ground of all thy Religious Actions be Obedience: Examine not why it is commanded, but observe it, because it is commanded. True Obedience neither procrastinates, nor questions.

CAP. XXX.

IF thou would'st buy an Inheritance in Heaven, advise not with thy Purse, lest in the meane while thou lose thy purchase: The Widow bought as much for two mites, as *Zaccheus* did for halfe his estate: The price of that Purchase is what thou hast, and is not lost for what thou hast not, if thou desire to have it.

CAP. XXXI.

WITH the same height of desire thou hast sinn'd, with the like depth of sorrow thou must repent: Thou that hast sinn'd today deferre not thy repentance till to morrow: He that hath promised Pardon to thy Repentance, hath not promised life till thou repent.

CAP. XXXII.

TAKE heed how thou receivest praise from men: From good men neither avoyd it, nor glory in it. From evill men, neither desire it, nor expect it: To be praised of them that are evill, or for that which is evill, is equall dishonor: He is happy in his worth, who is praised by the good, and imitated by the badde.

CAP. XXXIII.

PROPORTION thy Charity to the strength of thy Estate, lest God proportion thy Estate to the weakenesse of thy Charity: Let the lippes of the Poore be the Trumpet of thy Gift, lest in seeking applause, thou lose thy Reward. Nothing is more pleasing to God, than an open hand and a close mouth.

CAP. XXXIV.

DOST thou want things necessary? Grumble not: perchance it was a necessary thing thou should'st want: Endeavour lawfully to supply it; If God blesse not thy endeavour, blesse him that knoweth what is fittest for thee. Thou art God's Patient: Prescribe not thy Phisition.

CAP. XXXV.

IF another's death; or thy owne, depend upon thy confession, If thou canst, say nothing: If thou must, say the Truth: It is better, thou lose thy life, than God, his Honor: It is as easie for him to give thee life, being condemn'd; as repentance, having sinn'd: It is more wisdom to yeeld thy Body, than hazzard thy Soule.

CAP. XXXVI.

CLOATHE not thy language, either with Obscurity, or Affectation : In the one thou discover'st too much darknesse, In the other, too much lightnesse : He that speaks from the Understanding, to the Understanding, is the best Interpreter.

CAP. XXXVII.

IF thou expect Death as a Friend, prepare to entertaine it : If thou expect Death as an Enemie, prepare to overcome it : Death has no advantage, but when it comes a stranger.

CAP. XXXVIII.

FEARE nothing, but what thy Industry may prevent : Be confident of nothing but what Fortune can not defeat : It is no lesse Folly to feare what is impossible to be avoided, than to be secure when there is a possibilitie to be depriv'd.

CAP. XXXIX.

LET not the necessitie of God's Decree discourage thee to pray, or dishearten thy prayers ; doe thou thy duty, and God will doe his pleasure : If thy prayers make not him sound that is sicke, they will returne, and confirme thy health that art sound : If the end of thy prayer be to obtaine thy request, thou confinest him that is infinite : If thou hast done well, because thou wert commanded, thou hast thy reward, in that thou hast obeyed. God's pleasure is the end of our prayers.

CAP. XL.

MARRY not too yong ; and when thou art too old, marry not, lest thou be fond in the one, or thou dote in the other, and repent for both : let thy liking ripen before thou Love : Let thy Love advise before thou chuse ; and let thy choyce be fixt before thou marry : Remember that the whole happinesse or unhappinesse of thy life depends upon this one Act ; Remember nothing but Death can dissolve this knot. He that weds in hast, repent[s] oft times by leasure, And he that repents him of his owne Act, either is, or was a Foole by Confession.

CAP. XLI.

IF God hath sent thee a Crosse, take it up and follow Him : use it wisely, lest it be unprofitable ; Beare it patiently, lest it be intolerable : Behold in it God's Anger against sinne, and his Love towards thee ; in punishing the one, and chastening the other : If it be light, slight it not ; if heavy, murmur not : Not to be sensible of a Judgement is the Symptome of a hardned heart ; and to be displeas'd at his Pleasure, is a signe of a rebellious Will.

CAP. XLII.

IF thou desire to be magnanimous, undertake nothing rashly, And feare nothing thou undertak'st : Feare nothing but Infamy ; Dare any thing but Injury : The measure of Magnanimity, is neither to be Rash, nor Timorous.

CAP. XLIII.

PRACTICE in health, to beare sicknesse, and endeavour in the strength of thy life to entertaine death : He that hath a Will to die, not having power to live, shewes necessitie, not Vertue : It is the glory of a brave minde to embrace pangs in the very armes of pleasure : What name of Vertue merits hee, that goes when hee is driven ?

CAP. XLIV.

BE not too punctuall in taking place. If he be thy Superior, tis his due ; If thy Inferior, tis his dishonor ; It is thou must honor thy Place ; thy Place, not thee. It is a poore reward of worth that consists in a Right hand, or a Bricke-wall.

CAP. XLV.

PRAY often, because thou sinn'st alwayes : Repent quickly, lest thou die suddenly. Hee that repents not of a sin, till he wants power to act it, repents not, because he forsakes not : Hee that want[s] power to actuate his sinne, hath not forsaken his Sinne ; but his Sinne, him.

CAP. XLVI.

MAKE Phylosophy thy Journey ; Theology thy Journey's end : Philosophy is a pleasant way, but dangerous to him that either tires or retires : in this Journey, it's safe, neither to loyter, nor to rest, till thou hast attained thy Journey's end : He that sits downe a Philosopher, rises up an Atheist.

CAP. XLVII.

FEARE not to sinne, for God's sake, but thy owne ; Thy Sinne overthrowes not his Glory, but thy Good : He gaines his Glory not only from the Salvation of the Repentant, but also from the confusion of the Rebellious : There be Vessels for Honor, and Vessels for Dishonor, but both for his Honor. God is not griev'd for the glory hee shall lose for thy improvidence, but for the horror thou shalt finde for thy impenitence.

CAP. XLVIII.

INSULT not over misery, nor deride Infirmitie, nor despise deformity. The first, shews thy Inhumanity.

The Second, thy Folly : The Third, thy Pride : He that made him miserable, made thee happy to lament him : He that made him weake, made thee strong to support him ; He that made him deform'd gave thee favour to be humbled : He that is not sensible of another's unhappinesse, is a living stone ; but he that makes misery the Object of his triumph is an incarnate Devill.

CAP. XLIX.

MAKE thy Recreations Servants to thy businesses, lest thou become slave to thy Recreations : When thou goest up into the Mountaine, leave this Servant in the Valley ; When thou goest to the City, leave him in the Suburbs. And Remember, The Servant must not be greater than his Master.

CAP. L.

PRAISE no man too liberally before his face, nor Censure him too lavishly behinde his backe ; the one savours of Flattery ; the other, of Malice, and both are reprehensible : The true way to advance another's Vertue, is to follow it ; and the best meanes to cry downe another's Vice is to decline it.

CAP. LI.

IF thy Prince command a lawfull Act, give him all active Obedience ; If hee command an unlawfull Act, give him passive Obedience. What thy well-grounded Conscience will suffer, doe chearefully without repining ; where thou maist not doe lawfully, suffer courageously without Rebellion : Thy life and livelihood is thy Prince's, Thy Conscience is thy owne.

CAP. LII.

IF thou givest, to receive the like, it is Exchange : If to receive more, it is covetousnesse : If to receive thanks, it is Vanity : If to be seene, it is Vaine-glory ; If to corrupt, it is Bribery ; If for Example, it is formalitie ; If for compassion, it is Charitie ; If because thou art commanded, it is Obedience. The Affection in doing the work, gives a name to the worke done.

CAP. LIII.

FEARE Death, but be not afraid of Death. To feare it, whets thy expectation : To be afraid of it, duls thy preparation : If thou canst endure it, It is but a slight paine ; if not, it is but a short paine : To feare Death is the way to live long ; to be afraid of Death, is to be long a dying.

CAP. LIV.

IF thou desire the love of God and man, be humble ; for the proud heart, as it loves none but it selfe, so

it is beloved of none, but by itself : The voyce of Humilitie is God's musicke, and the silence of Humility is God's Rethoricke. Humility enforces, where neither Vertue nor Strength can prevaile, nor Reason.

CAP. LV.

LOOKIE upon thy Burning Taper, and there see the Embleme of thy Life : The flame is thy Soule ; The waxe, thy Body, and is commonly a span long ; The waxe, (if never so well tempred) can but last his length ; and who can lengthen it ? If ill tempred, it shall wast the faster, yet last his length ; An open window shall hasten either. An Extinguisher shall put out both : Husband them the best thou canst, thou canst not lengthen them beyond their date : leave them to the Injury of the Winde, or to the mercy of a wastefull hand, thou hastnest them, but still they burne their length : But puffe them out, and thou hast shortened them, and stopt their passage, which else had brought them to their appointed end. Bodies according to their constitutions, stronger or weaker, according to the equalitie or inequality of their Elements, have their dates, and may be preserv'd from shortning, but not lengthened. Neglect may wast them, Ill diet may hasten them unto their journeyes end, yet they have liv'd their length ; A violent hand may interrupt them ; a sudden Death may stoppe them, and they are shortened. It lies in the power of man, either permissively to hasten, or actively to shorten, but not to lengthen or extend the limits of his naturall life. He onely, (if any) hath the Art to lengthen out his Taper that puts it to the best advantage.

CAP. LVI.

DEMEANE thy selfe in the presence of thy Prince, with Reverence and chearfulnesse. That, without this, is too much sadnesse ; This, without that, is too much boldnesse : Let thy Wisdome endeavour to gaine his opinion, and labour to make thy loyalty his confidence : Let him not find thee false in Words ; unjust in thy actions, unseasonable in thy Suits, nor carelesse in his Service : Crosse not his passion, question not his pleasures ; Presse not into his Secrets ; Pry not into his Prerogative : Displease him not, lest he be angry ; appeare not displeas'd, lest he be jealous : The Anger of a King is implacable : The jealousie of a Prince is incurable.

CAP. LVII.

GIVE thy heart to thy Creator, and Reverence to thy Superiors : Give diligence to thy Calling, and eare to good Councell : Give Almes to the Poore, and the Glory to God : Forgive him that ignorantly offends thee, and him that having wittingly offended thee,

seekes thee. Forgive him that hath forceably abus'd thee, and him that hath fraudulently betray'd thee : Forgive all thine enemies, but least of all, thy selfe : Give, and it shall be given thee ; Forgive, and it shall be forgiven thee. The summe of all Christianity is, Give, and Forgive.

CAP. LVIII.

BEE not too great a niggard in the Commendations of him that professes thy owne Quality : If he deserve thy praise, thou hast discovered thy Judgement ; If not, thy modesty : Honor either returnes or reflects to the Giver.

CAP. LIX.

IF thy desire to raise thy Fortunes, encourage thy delights to the casts of Fortune, be wise betimes, lest thou repent too late ; What thou gettest, thou gainest by abused Providence ; What thou lovest, thou lovest by abused Patience ; What thou winnest is prodigally spent ; what thou lovest is prodigally lost : It is an evill trade that prodigality drives : And a bad voyage where the Pilot is blinde.

CAP. LX.

BEE very wary for whom thou becomest Security, and for no more than thou art able to discharge, if thou lovest thy liberty. The Borrower is a slave to the Lender : The Security is a slave to both : Whilst the Borrower and Lender are both eas'd, the Security beares both their burthens : He is a wise security that secures himselfe.

CAP. LXI.

LOOKIE upon thy affliction as thou doest upon thy Physick : Both imply a disease, and both are applied for a Cure ; That, of the Body ; This, of the soule : If they worke, they promise health : If not, they threaten death : Hee is not happy that is not afflicted ; but hee that findes happinesse by his affliction.

CAP. LXII.

IF the Knowledge of Good whet thy desire to good, it is a happy Knowledge : If by thy Ignorance of Evill, thou art surpriz'd with Evill, it is an unhappy ignorance. Happy is he that hath so much Knowledge of Good, as to desire it, and but so much Knowledge of evill, as to feare it.

CAP. LXIII.

WHEN the flesh presents thee with delights, then present thy selfe with dangers : Where the world possessees thee with vaine hopes, there possesse

thy selfe with true feare : When the Devill brings thee Oyle, bring thou Vineger. The way to be safe, is never to be secure.

CAP. LXIV.

IF thy Brother hath offended thee, forgive him freely, and be reconciled : To doe Evill for Evill, is humane corruption : To doe Good for Good is civill retribution : To doe Good for Evill is Christian perfection : The Act of Forgiveness is God's Precept : The manner of Forgiveness is God's President.

CAP. LXV.

REVERENCE the Writings of holy Men, but lodge not thy Faith upon them, because but men : They are good Pooles, but no Fountaines. Build on *Paul* Himselfe no longer than he builds on *Christ* : If *Peter* renounce his Master, renounce *Peter*. The word of man may convince Reason ; But the Word of God alone can compell conscience.

CAP. LXVI.

IN civill things follow the most ; In matters of Religion, the fewest ; In all things follow the best : So shall thy wayes bee pleasing to God ; So shall thy behaviour be plausible with men.

CAP. LXVII.

IF any losse or misery hath befallen to thy brother, dissemble it to thy selfe : And what counsell thou givest him, register carefully ; and when the Case is thine, follow it : So shall thy owne Reason convince thy passion, or thy Passion confesse her own unreasonable-nesse.

CAP. LXVIII.

WHEN thou goest about to change thy Morall Liberty into a Christian Servitude, prepare thy selfe to be the world's laughing-stock : If thou overcome her Scoffes, thou shalt have double Honor ; If overcome, double Shame : He is unworthy of a good Master, that is asham'd of a bad Livery.

CAP. LXIX.

LET not the falling of a Salt, or the crossing of a Hare, or the crying of a Cricket trouble thee. They portend no evill, but what thou fearest : He is ill acquainted with himself, that knowes not his owne Fortunes more than they. If evill follow, it is the punishment of thy Superstition ; not the fulfilling of their portent : All things are luckie to thee, If thou wilt ; nothing but is ominous to the Superstitious.

CAP. LXX.

SO behave thy selfe in thy course of life, as at a banquet. Take what is offer'd with modest thankfulness: And expect what is not as yet offer'd with hopefull patience: Let not thy rude Appetite presse thee, nor a slight carefulnesse indispose thee, nor a sullen discontent deject thee: Who desires more than enough, hath too much: And he that is satisfied with a little hath no lesse than enough: *Bene est cui Deus obtulit parca quod satis est manu.*

CAP. LXXI.

IS thy Childe dead? He is restor'd, not lost: Is thy Treasure stolne? It is not lost, it is restored: He is an ill debtor, that counts repaiment losse. But it was an evill Chance that tooke thy Childe, and a wicked hand that stole thy Treasure: What is that to thee? It matters not by whom hee requires the things from whom hee lent them: What goods are ours by lone, are not lost when willingly restored, but when unworthily receiv'd.

CAP. LXXII.

CENSURE no man, detract from no man: Praise no man before his face; traduce no man behinde his backe. Boast not thy selfe abroad, nor flatter thy selfe at home: If any thing crosse thee, accuse thy selfe: If any one extoll thee, humble thy selfe: Honor those that instruct thee, and be thankfull to those that reprehend thee. Let all thy desires be subjected to Reason, and let thy Reason be corrected by Religion. Weigh thy selfe by thy own Ballances, and trust not the voyce of wilde opinion: Observe thy selfe as thy greatest enemy, so shalt thou become thy greatest friend.

CAP. LXXIII.

ENDEAVOUR to make thy discourse such, as may administer profit to thy Selfe, or Standers by, [lest] thou incurre the danger of an idle Word: Above all Subjects, avoyd those which are Scurrilous, & Obscene; Tales that are impertinent, and improbable, and dreames.

CAP. LXXIV.

IF God hath blest thee with a Sonne, blesse thou that son with a lawfull Calling: Chuse such imploiment, as may stand with his Fancie, and thy Judgement: His Country claims his ability toward the building of her Honor. If he cannot bring a Ceder, let him bring a shrubbe. Hee that brings nothing usurpes his life, and robbes his Country of a Servant.

CAP. LXXV.

AT the first entrance into thy Estate, keepe a low saile: Thou maist rise with Honor; thou canst

not decline without shame: He that begins as his Father ended, shall end as his Father begun.

CAP. LXXVI.

IF any Obscene Tale should chance to slip into thine Eares, among the varieties of Discourse (if opportunity admit) reprove it: If otherwise, let thy silence, or change of countenance interpret thy dislike: the smiling Eare is Baud to the lascivious Tongue.

CAP. LXXVII.

BE more circumspect over the workes of thy Braine, than the Actions of thy Body: These have Infirmitie to plead for them: but they must stand upon their owne bottomes: These are but the objects of few; They, of all: These will have Equalls to defend them: They have Inferiors, to envie them; Superiors, to deride them; al, to censure them: It is no lesse danger for these to be proclaim'd at *Paul's* Crosse, then for them to be protested in *Paul's* Church-yard.

CAP. LXXVIII.

USE Common-place Bookes, or Collections, as Indexes to light thee to the Authors, lest thou be abus'd: He that takes Learning up on trust, makes him a faire Cup-bord with another's Plate. He is an illadvise'd purchaser, whose title depends more on Witnesses than Evidences.

CAP. LXXIX.

IF thou desire to make the best advantage of the Muses, either by Reading, to benefit thy selfe, or by Writing, others, keepe a peacefull Soule in a temperate Body: A full belly makes a dull braine; and a turbulent Spirit, a distracted Judgement: The Muses starve in a Cooke's Shoppe, and a Lawyer's Study.

CAP. LXXX.

WHEN thou communicates[t] thy Selfe by Letters, heighten or deprese thy Stile according to the quality of the party and businesse. That which thy tongue would present to any, if Present, let thy Pen represent to him, Absent: The tongue is the Minde's Interpreter, and the Pen is the Tongue's Secretary.

CAP. LXXXI.

KEEPE thy soule in Exercise, lest her faculties rust for want of motion: To eate, sleepe, or sport too long, stops the naturall course of her naturall Actions: To dwell too long in the employments of the Body, is both the cause, and signe of a dull Spirit.

CAP. LXXXII.

BE very Circumspect to whose Tuition thou commit'st thy Childe: Every good Scholler is not a good

Master. He must be a man of invincible Patience, and singular observation : Hee must study Children that will teach them well : and Reason must rule him that would rule wisely : He must not take advantage of an Ignorant Father, nor give too much eare to an indulgent Grand-mother : The common good must out-weigh his private gaines, and his Credit must out-bid Gratuities : He must be diligent, and sober, not too familiar, nor too reserv'd, neither amorous nor phantasticke : Just, without fiercenesse, mercifull without fondnesse : If such a one thou meete with, thou hast found a Treasure, which, if thou know'st how to value, is invaluable.

CAP. LXXXIII.

LET not thy laughter handsell thy owne Jest, lest whilst thou laugh at it, others laugh at thee : Neither tell it often to the same Hearers, lest thou be thought forgetfull, or barren. There is no sweetnesse in a Cabage twice sod, or a Tale twice told.

CAP. LXXXIV.

IF Opinion hath lighted the Lampe of thy Name, endeavour to encourage it with thy owne Oyle, lest it goe out and stinke : The Chronicall disease of Popularity is shame : If thou be once up, beware : From Fame to Infamy is a beaten Roade.

CAP. LXXXV.

CLEANSE thy morning Soule with private and due Devotions, Till then admit no businesse : The firstborne of thy thoughts are God's, and not thine, but by Sacriledge : thinke thy selfe not ready till thou hast prais'd him, and he will be alwayes ready to blesse thee.

CAP. LXXXVI.

IN all thy Actions thinke God sees thee ; and in all his Actions labour to see him ; That will make thee feare him ; This will move thee to love him. The Feare of God is the beginning of Knowledge, and the Knowledge of God is the perfection of Love.

CAP. LXXXVII.

LET not the Expectation of a Reversion entice thy heart to the wish of the Possessor's death, least a Judgement meete thee in thy Expectation or a Curse overtake thee in the Fruition : Every wish makes thee a murtherer, and moves God to be an Accessary : God often lengthens the life of the Possessor with the dayes of the Expector.

CAP. LXXXVIII.

PRIZE not thy selfe by what thou hast, but by what thou art : hee that values a Jewell by her golden frame, or a Booke by her silver claspes, or a man by his

vast Estate, erres : If thou art not worth more than the world can make thee, thy Redeemer had a bad penny-worth, or thou an uncurious Redeemer.

CAP. LXXXIX.

LET not thy Fathers, nor the Fathers, nor the Church thy Mother's Beleeve, be the ground of thine : The Scripture lyes open to the humble heart, but lockt against the proud Inquisitor. He that beleeves with an implicate Faith, is a meere Empricke in Religion.

CAP. XC.

OF all Sinnes, take greatest heede of that which thou hast last and most repented of : He that was last thrust out of doores, is the next readiest to croud in againe : And he that thou hast sorest baffled, is likeliest to call more helpe for a Revenge : It is requisite for him that hath cast one devill out, to keepe strong hold lest seven returne.

CAP. XCI.

IN the Meditation of divine Mysteries, keep thy heart humble ; and thy thoughts holy ; Let Philosophy not be asham'd to be confuted, nor Logicke blush to be confounded. What thou canst not prove, approve ; what thou canst not comprehend, beleeve ; and what thou canst beleeve, admire ; So shall thy Ignorance be satisfied in thy Faith, and thy doubts swallowed up with wonders : the best way to see day-light, is to put out thy Candle.

CAP. XCII.

IF Opinion hath cried thy name up, let thy modesty cry thy heart downe, lest thou deceive it ; or it thee : There is no lesse danger in a great name than a bad ; And no lesse Honor in deserving of praise, than in the enduring it.

CAP. XCIII.

USE the holy Scriptures with all Reverence ; Let not thy wanton Fancie carve it out in Jest, nor thy sinfull wit make it an Advocate to thy Sinne : It is a subject for thy Faith, not Fancy ; where Wit and Blasphemy is one Trade, the Understanding's Bankrupt.

CAP. XCIV.

DOST thou complaine that God hath forsaken thee ? It is thou that hast forsaken him : Tis thou that art mutable : In him there is no shadow of change : In his light is life. If thy Will drive thee into a Dungeon, thou mak'st thy owne darknesse, and in that darknesse dwells thy death ; from whence, if he Redeeme thee, hee is mercifull : If not, he is just ; In both, he receives glory.

CAP. XCV.

MAKE use of Time, If thou lov'st Eternitie : Know, yesterday can not be recall'd, To morrow cannot be assured : To day is onely thine ; which if thou procrastinate, thou locest, which lost, is lost for ever : *One to day is worth Two to Morrowes.*

CAP. XCVI.

IF thou be strong enough to encounter with the Times, keepe thy Station ; If not, shift a foote to gaine advantage of the Times. He that acts a Begger to prevent a Thiefe, is ne're the poorer : It is a great part of Wisdom, some times to seeme a Foole.

CAP. XCVII.

IF thou intend thy Writings for the publique view, lard them not too much with the choice Lines of another Author, lest thou lose thy owne Gravy : What thou hast read and digested being delivered in thy owne Stile becomes thine : It is more decent to weare a plaine suit of one entyre cloth, than a gaudy garment chequer'd with divers richer fragments.

CAP. XCVIII.

IF God hath blest thee with Inheritance and children to inherit, trust not the Staffe of thy Family to the hands of one. Make not many Beggers in the building up of one great heire, lest if he miscarry through a prodigall Will, the rest sinke through a hard necessitie. God's allowance is a double portion : When high blood, and generous breeding breake their fast in Plenty, and dine in Poverty, they often Sup in Infamy : If thou deny them Faulkons wings to prey on Foule, give them Kites stomachs to seize on Garbage.

CAP. XCIX.

BE very vigilant over thy Childe in the *April* of his understanding, lest the Frosts of *May* nippe his Blossomes. While he is a tender Twigge, streighten him ; Whilst he is a new *Vessel*, season him. Such as thou makest him, such commonly thou shalt finde him. Let his first Lesson be *Obedience*, and the second shall

be what thou wilt. Give him Education in good Letters, to the utmost of thy ability, and his Capacity. Season his youth with the love of his *Creator*, and make the feare of his God the beginning of his knowledge : If he have an Active spirit, rather rectifie than curbe it ; But reckon Idlenesse among his chiefest faults. Above all things, keepe him from vaine lascivious and amorous Pamphlets, as the *Primmers* of all Vice. As his judgement ripens, observe his inclination, and tender him a *Calling*, that shall not crosse it : Forced *Marriages* and *Callings* seldome prosper, shew him both the *Mow*, and the *Plough* ; and prepare, him as well for the danger of the *skirmish*, as possesse him with the honor of the *Prize*. If he chuse the profession of a Scholler, advise him to study the most profitable Arts : *Poetry*, and the *Mathematicks*, take up too great a latitude of the Soule, and moderately used, are good *Recreations*, but bad *Callings*, bring nothing but their owne *Reward* : If hee chuse the profession of a *Souldier*, let him know, with all, *Honor* must be his greatest Wages, and his enemies his surest *paymaster*. Prepare him against the danger of a Warre, and advise him of the greater mischiefes of a *Garrison* ; Let him avoyd *Debauchesse* and *Duels*, to the utmost of his power, and remember he is not his owne man, and (being his Countrie's servant) hath no Estate in his owne life. If he chuse a *Trade*, teach him to forget his Father's *House*, and his Mother's *Wing* : Advise him to be conscionable, carefull, and constant : This done, thou hast done thy part, leave the rest to *Providence*, and thou hast done it well.

CAP. C.

CONVAY thy love to thy Friend, as an Arrow to the Marke, to sticke there, not as a Ball against the Wall, to rebound backe to thee : That friendship will not continue to the End that is begun for an End.

MEDITATION is the life of the Soule ; Action is the Soule of Meditation ; Honor is the Reward of Action : So meditate, that thou maist doe ; So doe, that thou mayst purchase Honor : For which purchase, give God the Glory.

The End of the Fourth CENTURY.



II.

Observations

concerning

PRINCES AND STATES,

upon

PEACE AND WARRE.

1642.



NOTE.

THESE 'Observations' might well have formed a fifth 'Century' in 'Enchyridion.' In substance and form and detail they are identical with the 'Observations' in 'Enchyridion.' Hence I place them next it. This tractate (14 leaves 4to) is rarely to be met with. My own exemplar is a very fine one.

G.

OBSERVATIONS
CONCERNING
PRINCES and STATES,
UPON
PEACE and WARRE.

By FRAN. QUARLES.

Nulla salus Bello ; Pacem te poscimus omnes.



LONDON,

Printed for *John Sweeting*, and are to be sold at his shop,
at the signe of the Angell in *Popes-head-Alley*.

1642.



TO
The truely Vertuous
AND
No leffe Noble Sifters,

Mrs. { *Susanna*
 Anne } the Wife of { *Henry Wilford*
 Robert Hales } Esquires.

Mrs. { *Mary*
 Francesse
 Dorothy } *Frank.*

Sweete Ladies,

W*Hen the Drum beates loud, soft language is not heard: Martiall sounds,
and Mollitious Straynes are inconsistent. The Accent of my Subject,
rather suites the Times then your eares: But You have wisdom to digest any
thing to a right use; and, I hope, Candor to interpret my Intentions to a right
end, which is to be knowne, as well as be*

The true Honorer of

Your Vertues,

FRAN. QUARLES.





OBSERVATIONS

concerning

PRINCES and STATES,

upon

PEACE and WARRE.

Observat. 1.

THe *Glory* of a kingdome, is a *pious* and a *potent* Prince : The *strength* of a Prince, is a *religious* and a *loyall* Subject : The *happinesse* of a Subject, is a *long-settled*, and a *well-establisht* Peace : The fruits of that Peace, is *Plenty*, and all worldly *Felicity*.

Observ. 2.

IT is the part of a wise *Counsell* to use all meanes for the preventing *Jealousie* betweene the King and his People, as the greatest evill in a Common-wealth, and the deadliest enemy to *affection* and *Obedience*. Griefes are more troublesome in the *apprehension* than in the *Sense* : Evils that are *felt*, are farre more cureable than those which are *feard*.

Observ. 3.

AS unity within it selfe felicifies, and perpetuates, so *civill discord* demolishes, and destroyes the very *Being* of a Common-wealth. A *Kingdome that is divided cannot stand*. It is better for a State to admit of two Inconveniences than one such *Mischiefe*, and more honorable to comply with some losse on both sides, than by weakening one another to give advantage to a *foreign enemy*. That body is in great danger that bleeds inwardly.

Observ. 4.

LEt that kingdome which hath injoyed a long *peace*, expect a hard *Bargaine* in the next *warre* : Long-settled *humors* give foment to the *distemper* when it

breakes forth, and prolongs the cure when it seekes Remedy : No surfeit so mortall, as what proceedes from the *security* of a long continued peace.

Observ. 5.

THe true *Protestant* Religion stands like a *vertue* betweene two *vices*, *Papery* and *Separatisme* : That, an extremity, in the *Excesse* ; This, in the *Defect* : That aymes at the confusion of the *State* ; This makes confusion in the *Church*. Let that Prince that desires the welfare of his Kingdome, crush the power of the one, and curbe the malice of the other : So shall his *Church* be peacefull, his State honorable, and on his head shall his Crowne flourish.

Observ. 6.

LEt every Prince that loves *Rest*, make Warre his last *Refuge* : A desperate *remedy* is unseasonable, but where the *disease* is desperate : Be the warre never so just, the effect is miserable. Farre safer is a certaine *Peace*, than an uncertaine *victory* ; That, is concluded by *Reason* ; This, by *Fortune*.

Observ. 7.

IT is safer for a Prince to trust *Providence* and a *weake* Army, than to strengthen it with *foreign* forces ; Yet when his necessity borrowes their presence to compass a *Conquest*, let his wisdom purchase their absence though at a high price. He that entertaines *Auxiliaries*, holds a *wolfe by the eares*.

Observ. 8.

AS it is a stain to the honor of a Prince to breake his *promise*; so it is no lesse blemish to the wisdom of a State, not to prevent the meanes of breaking it. To take too open notice of a Prince's *Infirmities*, if guilty, fills him with desperate *Rage*; If not, with implacable *Revenge*.

Observ. 9.

LET not the Civill *discords* in a foreigne kingdome encourage thee to make Invasion: They that are factious among themselves, and jealous one of another, are more strongly prepar'd to encounter with a Common *Enemy*: Those whom *Civill Commotions* set at variance, *foreign Hostilitie* reconciles. Men rather affect the possession of an inconvenient *good*, than the possibility of an uncertaine *better*.

Observ. 10.

LET no price, nor promise of Honor bribe thee to take part with the *Enemy* of thy Prince: Assure thy selfe, whosoever wins, thou art lost. If thy Prince pre-*vayle*, thou art branded for a *Rebell*, and markt for death; If the enemy prosper, thou shalt be reckned as a *Traytor*, and not secur'd of thy life. He serves his kingdome that destroyes a *Rebell*; And it is a common thing for him that loves the *Treason* to hate the *Traytor*.

Observ. 11.

IF thy strength of parts hath rais'd thee to an eminent place in the Commonwealth, take heed thou sittest sure; If not, thy fall will be the greater: As great worth is fit matter for *Glory*; so glory is a faire marke for *Envy*. By how much the more thy advancement was thought the reward of *desert*, by so much thy fall will administer matter for *disdayne*. It is the fortune of a *strong braine*, if not to be dignified as *meritorious*, to be deprest as *dangerous*.

Observ. 12.

IT is the duty of a Statesman, especially in a *Free State*, to hold the Commonwealth to her *Principles*, and *first forme* of Government, from the which the more she swerves, the more she declines: which being declined, she is not commonly reduced, without that extremity, the danger whereof rather ruins than rectifies. Fundamentall alterations bring inevitable perils.

Observ. 13.

LET not the proceedings of a Commander, though never so commendable, be confin'd to all *times*; As these alter, so must *they*: If these vary, and not they,

ruine is not farre off: He least failes in his designe, that meets *Time* in its owne way; And he that observes not the *Alteration* of the *Times*, shall seldome bee victorious but by *Chance*: But he that cannot alter his *course* according to the alteration of the *Times*, shall never be a Conqueror. Hee is a wise Commander, and onely He, that can discover the *Alteration* of the *Times*, and proportion his proceedings according to the *Alteration* he discovers.

Observ. 14.

Necessity of fighting doubles courage in the Souldier, and an *impossibility* of Escape addes Spirit to the Coward: It is great wisdom in a Commander alwayes to leave a *Port* open, to encourage his enemy to flight: It is better to build him a *Silver bridge*, to invite him to goe, then bul-warkes of earth to necessitate him to stay.

Observ. 15.

IT is the part of a wise Commander, not to suffer his souldiers to fall to the *spoyle* till his Conquest be perfected, being the ready way to snatch victory out of his hands: He that takes up the *Stakes* ere the Game be done, layes them often downe againe with shame and disadvantage.

Observ. 16.

THE greatest weakning to an Army is *disorder*: The greatest cause of disorder is *want of Pay*; by reason whereof the souldiers either mutiney, or revolt: Let that Prince that would be obeyed in his Commands, not suffer a *greater* power in the Campe then himselfe: The powerfulllest Commander in an Army is *Necessity*.

Observ. 17.

IT is greater wisdom in Counsellours of State to make hast, *leisurely*: State Alterations are best *gradwall*: It is lesse danger to anticipate *occasion* then to forslowe it. To reape in a right season makes a full Barne, and a rich Farmer.

Observ. 18.

THOSE *Counsels* are best carried, which the Enemy rather finds by *execution*, than *relation*: And which trust not to any, without whom they may be put in Act: As expedition is the life of Action, so *secrecy* is the life of consultation.

Observ. 19.

PREPARE to warre when thou propoundest for *Peace*: Otherwise thy peace will be hardly obtain'd, or too highly priz'd: What ere thy first *Article* be, let *disbanding* be the last; A cunning Curre though he

waggs his taylor, will shew his teeth : The best Treaty is with a *drawne* Sword, and the safest peace is concluded under a *Buckler*.

Observ. 20.

IT is a thanklesse, and a dangerous office, to make an *Award* betwixt two differing States, wherein as thou shalt seldome content above one party, so thou shalt often displease both : It is a bad service, wherein, whilst thou endeavourest to make two, friends betweene themselves, thou gainest two Enemies to thy selfe.

Observ. 21.

IT is more dangerous for a Prince to be *disdained* by his subjects, then to be *hated* : *Hatred* admits Feare, and Feare forces *Loyalty*. But *disdaine* excludes both *Love* and *Feare*, and consequently dissolves *obedience*. That Prince that is hated, is in his high *Road* to Ruine ; And he that is disdain'd, is at his *journey's end*.

Observ. 22.

THERE be three sorts of Government *Monarchicall*, *Aristocraticall*, *Democraticall* : And they are apt to fall three severall wayes into *Ruine* : The first, by *Tyranny* ; The second, by *Ambition* ; The last, by *Tumult*. A Common-wealth groundred upon any one of these, is but of short *Continuance* ; But being wisely *mingled*, either guard the other, and makes the Government exact.

Observ. 23.

BEfore thou undertake a warre, let thine eye *number* thy Forces, and let thy judgement *weigh* them : If thou hast a *rich* enemy, no matter how *poore* thy souldiers be, if *couragious* and *faithfull*. Trust not too much to the power of thy *Treasure*, for it will deceive thee, being more apt to expose thee for a *Prey*, than defend thee. *Gold* is not able to make good souldiers, but *good souldiers* are able to finde out gold.

Observ. 24.

IF the Territories of thy equall enemy are situated farre *South* from thee, the advantage is thine, whether bee make *offensive*, or *defensive* warre ; If *North*, the advantage is his. *Cold* is lesse tolerable than *Heate*. This is a *Friend* to Nature ; That, an *enemy*.

Observ. 25.

IT is not onely uncivill, but dangerous, for souldiers by *reproachfull words*, to throw disgrace upon an *Enemy* : Base termes are *Bellows* to a slaking Fury, and *Goades* to quicken up *Revenge* in a fleeing Foe : He that objects *Cowardise* against a fayling enemy, adds

spirit to him, to disprove the Aspersion, at his owne Cost : It is therefore the part of a wise souldier to refrain it, or of a wise Commander to reprove it.

Observ. 26.

LET that Commander, which desires to give a faire Accompt, be very strict, both in *punishments*, and *Rewards*, and proportion them according to the merit of the *Deserver*, and the fault of the *Delinquent* : Let the service of the one bee duely rewarded, lest thou discourage *worth*, and the demerits of the other strictly punished, lest thou encourage *vice* : The neglect of the one *weakens* an Army ; The omission of both *ruines* it.

Observ. 27.

IT is wisdom for him that sits at the Helme of a settled State, to demean himselfe toward his subjects at *all times*, so, that in *hard times* they may be willing and ready to serve his occasions : He that is onely *gratious* at the approach of *danger*, will be in danger, when he expects *Deliverance*.

Observ. 28.

IN all Designes, which require not sudden execution, take mature and serious *Consideration*, and weigh the *Convenients*, with the *inconvenients*, and then resolve ; And having resolv'd, neither delay the *Execution*, nor bewray thy *intention*. He that discovers himselfe, till he hath made himselfe *Master* of his desires, layes himselfe open to his owne *Ruine*, and makes himselfe prisoner to his owne *Folly*.

Observ. 29.

LIBerality in a Prince is no vertue, when maintained at the subjects' unwilling *cost* : It is lesse reproach, by *miserableness* to preserve the popular *love*, then by *liberality* to deserve private thanks.

Observ. 30.

IT is the excellent property of a wise Prince to use warre as he doth *Physicke*, carefully, unwillingly, and seasonably ; either to prevent *approaching* dangers, to correct a *present* mischief, or to recover a *former* losse. He that declines physick, till he be accosted with the danger, or too much weakned with the disease, is bold too long, and wise too late : That peace is too precise, that limits the Justnesse of a warre to a *drawne* sword, or a blow given.

Observ. 31.

LET that Prince that would beware of *Conspiracies*, be rather jealous of such, whom his extraordinary favours have *advanced*, then of those, whom his displeasure hath *discontented* : These want meanes to

execute their pleasures, but they have meanes at pleasure, to execute their desires. *Ambition*, to rule, is more vehement then *Malice*, to revenge.

Observ. 32.

BEfore thou undertake a *warre*, cast an impartiall eye upon the *occasion*: If it be just, prepare thy *Army*, and let them all know, they are to fight for *God* and *thee*: It addes fire to the Spirit of a souldier, to be assured, that he shall either prosper in a faire *Warre*, or perish in a just Cause.

Observ. 33.

IF thou desire to know the power of a State, observe in what correspondence it lives with her neighbours. If it make *Alliance* with the Contribution of money, it is an evident signe of *weaknesse*; If with her *valour*, or repute of forces, it manifests a native strength: It is an infallible signe of power to *sell* Friendship; and of *weaknesse* to *buy* it. That which is bought with *Gold*, will hardly be maintained with *steels*.

Observ. 34.

IF thy two neighbouring Princes be at variance, shew thy selfe either a true *Friend*, or a faire *Enemy*: It is indiscretion to adhere to him, whom thou hast least cause to feare, if he vanquish: *Neutrality* is dangerous; whereby thou becomest a necessary *Prey* to the Conquerour.

Observ. 35.

IT is a greater Argument of a Prince's wisdom, not onely to chuse, but also to preferre wise *Counsellours*: And such are they, that seek lesse their own *Advantages* then his; whom wise Princes ought to reward, lest they become their owne *Karvers*, and so of good servants become bad *Masters*.

Observ. 36.

IT is very dangerous to try *experiments* in a State, unlesse extreme *necessity* be urgent, or popular *utility* be palpable. It is better for a State to connive a while at an *Inconvenience*, then too suddenly to rush upon a *Reformation*.

Observ. 37.

IF a valiant Prince be succeeded by a weake *Successour*, he may for a while maintaine a *happy State*, by the remaining vertue of his glorious *Predecessour*: But if his life be long; or dying, he be succeeded by one lesse valiant then the first, his Kingdome is very likely to fall to ruine. That Prince is a true *Father* to his Country, that leaves it the rich inheritance of a *brave Sonne*. When *Alexander* succeeded *Philip*, the world was too little for the Conquerour.

Observ. 38.

IT is very dangerous for a *Prince*, or a *Republique*, to make continuall practice of cruell *exaction*. Where the Subject stands in the *Sense* or *expectation* of evill, he is apt to provide for his safety, either from the evill he *feels*, or from the danger he *feares*, and growing bold in conspiracy makes *Faction*, which faction is the Mother of *Ruine*.

Observ. 39.

That Prince who stands in feare more of his owne People, then Strangers, ought to build Fortresses in his Land. But he that is more affraid of Strangers then his owne Subjects, shall build them more securely in the Affections of his People.

Observ. 40.

Carry a watchfull eye upon dangers, till they come to *ripenesse*, & when they are ripe, let loose a speedy hand: He that expects them too long, meets them too *late*; And he that meets them too soone, gives *Advantage* to the evill. Commit their beginning to *Argus* his eyes, and their ends to *Briareus* his hands, and thou art safe.

Observ. 41.

OF all difficulties in a State, the *temper* of true Government most felicifies and perpetuates it. Too *sudden* Alterations distempers it; Too *contrary*, destroyes it. Had *Nero* tuned his *Kingdome*, as he did his *Harpe*, his harmony had beene more Honorable, and his *Reigne* more Prosperous.

Observ. 42.

IF a Prince, fearing to be assayl'd by a foreigne Enemy, hath a well-armed people, and well-address for warre, let him stay at *home*, and expect him there. But if his Subjects be unarmed, or his Kingdome unacquainted with the stroke of warre, let him meet the Enemy in his *Quarters*: The further he keeps the warre from his owne home, the lesse danger.

Observ. 43.

IT is great prudence in a Statesman to discover an Inconvenience in the *birth*; which, so discovered, is easie to be suppress. But if it ripen into *custome*, the sudden *Remedy* is often worse then the disease: In such a case, better to *temporize* a little, then struggle too much. He that opposes a *full-ag'd* inconvenience too suddenly, *strengthens* it.

Observ. 44.

Let a Prince preserve himselfe rather in the favour of the *People*, then the *Great ones*: They, are

many ; These, but few : These cannot be satisfied upon easie termes ; whereas, they are content with small matters. Moreover, the Prince is necessitated to live alwayes with the same *People*, but may do well enough without the same *Great ones* : *Tumults* in a State, are more dangerous, then *Ambition*.

Observ. 45.

IT is neither safe, nor honourable for a Prince to buy his *Peace*, or take it up at *Interest*. He that hath not a *Sword* to command it, shall either want it, or want *Honour* with it.

Observ. 46.

IT is very requisite for a Prince, not onely to weigh his designs in the *Flower*, but likewise in the *Fruit* : He is an unthrift of his honour, that enterprizes any designe, the failing wherein, may bring him more *disgrace*, then the good successe can gaine him *honor*.

Observ. 47.

IT is much conduceable to the happinesse of a Prince and the security of his Kingdome, to gaine the hearts of his Subjects : They that love for feare, will hardly be induced to feare for love : it is a wise Government, which gaines such a *Tye* upon the Subject, that be either can not hurt, or will not : But that *Government* is best and most sure, when the Prince commands with *Love*, and the Subject joyes in his *Obedience*.

Observ. 48.

LEt every Souldier arme his mind with hopes, and put on *courage* : Whatsoever dysaster fals, let not his heart sinke : The passage of *Providence* lyes through many crooked wayes ; And a despairing heart is the true Prophet of approaching *Ruine*. His Actions may weave the webs of fortune, but not breake them.

Observ. 49.

IT is the part of a wise Magistrate to vindicate a man of *Power*, or State-employment, from the malicious *Scandall* of the giddy-headed Multitude, and to punish it with great severity : *Scandall* breeds *hatred* ; *Hatred* begets *division* : *Division* makes *faction* ; and *Faction* brings Ruine.

Observ. 50.

THE strongest *Castles* that a Prince can build, to secure him from domestick Commotions, or foreigne Invasion, is the *hearts* of his loving Subjects ; and the meanes to gaine that strength, is in all his actions to appeare for the publique good ; studious to contrive, and resolute, to performe.

Observ. 51.

IT much conduces to the publique weale, either of a Principality, or Republique, not to suffer the *money* and *Treasure* of a State, to be engrost into the hands of few : Money is like *Mucke* ; not good, unlesse it be spread.

Observ. 52.

IT is a necessary Providence in a Prince to encourage in his Kingdome, *Manufacture*, *Merchandize*, *Arts* and *Armes*. In *Manufacture* lye the *vital spirits* of the body politique ; In *Merchandize*, the spirits *naturall* ; In *Arts* and *Armes*, the *animall* : If either of these languish, the body droopes : As they flourish, the body flourishes.

Observ. 53.

IT is more dangerous for a Prince to violate his *Laws*, then his Subjects : They are lyable to punishment, and punishment satisfies, and satisfaction cures, and rectifies the *Breach* : But, in him, the wound ranckles, for want of cure : That however, a Prince begins to breake his owne lawes, and ancient Customes, his State begins her Ruine.

Observ. 54.

IF thou chance to entertaine any *foreigne* Souldiers into thy Army, let them beare thy *Colours*, and be at thy *Pay*, lest they interest their owne Prince : *Auxiliary* Souldiers are most dangerous : A foreigne Prince needs no greater invitation to seize upon thy Country, then when he is required to defend it.

Observ. 55.

BE cautious in undertaking a designe upon the report of such as are *exiled* their Country, lest thou come off with shame, or losse, or both : Their ends expect *Advantages* from thy Actions, whose miseries lay hold of all *Opportunities*, and seeke to be made whole upon thy *Ruine*.

Observ. 56.

IF thou endeavourest to make a *Republique* in a Nation where the *Gentry* abounds, thou shalt hardly prosper in that designe : and if thou wouldst erect a *Principality* in a Land where there is much equality of people, thou shalt not easily effect it : the way to bring the first to passe, is to weaken the *Gentry* ; The meanes to effect the last, is to advance and strengthen *turbulent* and ambitious Spirits : So that being placed in the midst of them, their forces may maintaine thy *Power*, and thy favour may preferre their *Ambition* : Otherwise there shall be neither *proportion*, nor *continuance*.

Observ. 57.

IT is more excellent in a Prince, to have a *provident* eye for the preventing *future* mischeifes, then to have a potent arme for the suppressing of present evils : Mischeifes in a State are like *Hectique* fevers in a body naturall ; In the beginning, hard to be knowne, but easily to be cured : but being let alone a while, more easy to be knowne, but harder to be cured.

Observ. 58.

IF a Kingdome be apt to *rebellion*, it is wisdom to preserve the *Nobility*, and *Commonalty* still at variance. Where one of them is discontented, the danger is not great : The Commons are slow of *motion*, if not quickned by the Nobility : The Nobility weake in *power*, if not strengthened by the Commons : Then is danger, when the Commonalty troubles the *water*, and the Nobility steps in.

Observ. 59.

IT is very requisite for a Prince to have an eye, [that] the *Clergy* are elected, and come in by the Collation of him, or particular *Patrons*, and not wholly by the people : and that their power hold dependance, not from foreigne *Authority* : It is dangerous in a Kingdome, where the *Crossiers* receive not power from the *Regall* sword.

Observ. 60.

IT is a perilous weaknesse in a State to be slow of *Resolution* in the time of warre : To be irresolute in determination, is both the signe and ruine of a weake State : Such affaires attend not time : Let the wise States-man abhorre *delay*, and resolve rather what to *doe*, then advise what to *say* : Slow deliberations in a quicke businesse are Symptoms, either of a faint Courage, or weake forces, or false hearts.

Observ. 61.

IF a Conquerour hath subdued a Country or a City abounding with *pleasure*, let him be very circumspect to keepe himselfe and Souldiers *temperate* : Pleasure brings *effeminacy* ; and Effeminacy fore-runnes *ruine* : Such Conquests without blood or sweat, sufficiently revenge them selves upon the heads of their intemperate Conquerours.

Observ. 62.

IT is a dangerous signe of approaching Ruine in a Republique, when *Religion* is neglected, and her establish'd *Ceremonies* interrupted. Let therefore that Prince or State that would be potent, be *pious* : and that they may punish *prophanenesse* the better, et them

be religious : The *joy of Jerusalem* depends upon the *peace of Sion*.

Observ. 63.

IT is dangerous for a Prince to use *ambitious* Natures, but upon necessity, either for his warres, or to be skreenes to his danger, or to be instruments for the demolishing insolent greatnesse : And that they may be the lesse dangerous, let him choose them, rather out of meane births, then noble ; and out of harsh natures, rather then plausible ; and alwayes be sure to balance them with those that are as proud as themselves.

Observ. 64.

LET Princes be very carefull in the Choyce of their Counsellors, choosing neither by the greatnesse of the Beard, nor the smoothnesse of the face, nor by the *Forme* of the head, but by the *Squarenesse* of their actions : Let them be wise, but not crafty ; Active without private ends ; Courageous without malice ; Religious without faction ; Secret without fraud ; one better read in his Prince's *businesse*, then his *Nature*, and a *Riddle* onely to be read above.

Observ. 65.

LET him that desires to enjoy happinesse in a State, reverence good things *past* ; submit to lawfull things *present* ; be provident for things *future* : Let him wish for good *Princes* : If *good*, prize them without satiety ; If *bad*, endure them without Rebellion.

Observ. 66.

BEFORE thou build a *Fortresse*, consider to what end ; If for resistance against the *Enemy*, it is uselesse : A valiant Army is a living Fortresse : If for suppressing the *Subject*, it is hurtfull. It breeds *Jealousies*, and Jealousies beget *Hatred*. Howsoever, if thou hast a strong Army, it adds nothing to thy strength : If thy Army be weake, it conduces much to thy *danger* : The surest *Fort* is the hand of thy Souldiers, & the safest Cittadell is the *hearts* of thy subjects.

Observ. 67.

IT is a Princely Alchymie, out of necessary *warre*, to extract an honourable peace ; and more beeseeming the Majesty of a Prince, to thirst after peace, then Conquest : *Blessednesse* is promised to the *Peace-maker*, not to the *Conquerour* : It is a happy State whose Prince hath a peacefull *hand*, and a martiall heart ; able both to use peace, and to manage *warre*.

Observ. 68.

LET not a Commander be too forward to undertake a warre without the person of his Prince : It is a

thanklesse employment, where *Mischiefe* attends upon the best successe, and where (if a Conquerour) he shall be in danger, either through his owne *Ambition*, or his Prince's *suspition*.

Observ. 69.

WHen the Humors of the people are stirr'd by *discontents*, or *griefe*, it is wisdom in a Prince to give them moderate liberty to evaporate : He that turns the *Blood* back too hastily, makes the wound bleed inwardly, and fills the Body with *Malignity*.

Observ. 70.

IF, having levied an Army, thou findest thy self too weak, either through want of men or money, the longer thou delayest to fight, the greater the inconvenience growes : If once thy Army falls asunder, thou certainly lovest by delay ; Where, hazarding thy fortunes betimes, thou hast the advantage of thy Men ; and mayst, by fortune, win the day : It is lesse dishonour to be overcome by *force*, then *flight*.

Observ. 71.

IT is the part of a wise Commander in warres, whether offensive, or defensive, to worke into the breasts of the Souldiers, a *necessity* of fighting : Necessity of the *Action*, takes away the feare of the *Act*, and makes bold Resolution the favorite of *Fortune*.

Observ. 72.

Clemency and *mildnesse* is most proper for a Principality ; But *reservednesse*, and *severity*, for a Republicke ; But *moderation* in both : Excesse in the one, breeds *Contempt* ; In the other, *Hatred* : When to sharpen the first, and when to sweeten the last, let *Time* and *occasion* direct thy Judgement.

Observ. 73.

BE not covetous for Priority, in advising thy Prince to doubtfull Attempts, which concerne his State : If they prosper, the Glory must be his ; If they faile, the dishonor will be thine : When the Spirit of a Prince is stopt in the discharge, it will recoyle, and wound the first Adviser.

Observ. 74.

IF, being Commander of an Army, thou espyest a grosse and manifest *Error* in thy Enemy, looke well to thy selfe, *Stratagem* is not farre off : He that sets his *Queene* in palpable danger, may chance, at next remove, give thy King *Checkmate* : He whom desire of victory blindes too much, is apt to stumble at his owne destruction.

Observ. 75.

IT is very requisite for a Prince that desires the continuance of Peace, in times of Peace to encourage, and make much of his *Commanders* : When brave spirits find *neglect* to be the effect of quiet times, they devise all meanes to remove the *Cause*, and by suggesting inducements to new warres, disturb and unsettle the old Peace, buying *private* honour with *publique* dangers.

Observ. 76.

IT is the height of a provident Commander, not onely to keepe his owne designs undiscoverable to the Enemy, but likewise to be studious in discovering his : He that can best doe the one, and nearest guesse at the other, is the next step to a *Conqueror* : But he that failes in both, must either ascribe his overthrow to his owne *folly*, or his victory to extraordinary *Providence*.

Observ. 77.

LET States, that aime at greatnesse, beware lest new *Gentry* multiply too fast, or grow too glorious : Where there is too great a disproportion betwixt the *Gentry*, and the common *subject*, the one growes insolent, the other slavish : Where the body of the *Gentry* growes too glorious for the *Corslet*, there the heads of the vulgar waxe too heavy for the *Helmet*.

Observ. 78.

Vpon the beleaguering of a City, let the Commander endeavor to take from the defendants all *scruples* which may dis-invoke them to a necessity of defence : Whom the feare of slavery necessitates to fight, the boldnesse of their Resolution will dis-advantage the *Assaylants*, and diffcultate their designe : Sense of *necessity* justifies the warre ; and they are hopefull in their *Armes*, which have no other hope but in their *Armes*.

Observ. 79.

IT is good for Princes, and States (if they use *ambitious* men for their advantage) so to order things, that they be still *progressive*, rather then *retrograde*. Where *ambitious* natures find open passage, they are rather *busy* then *dangerous* ; And if well-watcht in their proceedings, they will catch themselves in their owne snare, and prepare a way to their owne destruction.

Observ. 80.

EXPECT the Army of thy Enemy, on *plaine* and *easy* Ground, and still avoyd *mountainous* and *rocky* places, and *straite* passages, to the utmost of thy power : It is not safe to pitch any where, where thy whole forces can not be brought together : He never deserved the name of good *Gamester*, that hazards his whole *Rat* upon lesse then the strength of his whole Game.

Observ. 81.

IT matters not much, whether in Government, thou tread the steps of severe *Haniball*, or gentle *Scipio*, so thy actions be *honourable*, and thy life *vertuous*: Both in the one, and the other, there is *defect* and *danger*, if not corrected and supported by the faire Repute of some extraordinary *endowments*: No matter, blacke, or white, so the *Steede* be good.

Observ. 82.

IT is the safest way, in a martiall expedition, to commit the maine charge to the hands of one: *Companions* in Command begets *Confusion* in the Campe. When two able Commanders are joyn'd in equall Commission, each is apt to think his owne way best, and by mutuall thwarting each other, both give opportunity to the enemy, and make *distraction* in the Army.

Observ. 83.

LET that Capitaine who is appointed for the guard of an Assaulted City, avoyd as a Rock, all manner of *Confusion*: When a *Multitude* takes Armes without order, that city becomes ruinous, without redresse.

Observ. 84.

IF like *Manlius*, thou commandest stout and great things, be like *Manlius* stout to execute thy great commands; It is a foule blemish in Sovereignty, when the will *roares*, and the Power *whispers*: If thou canst not execute as freely as thou commandest, command no more then what thou mayst as freely execute.

Observ. 85.

IF one party desire to obtaine any thing of the other being in a mutuall difference, let him (if occasion will beare it) give him no time to advise himselfe: Let him endeavour to make him see a *necessity* of suddaine *Resolution*, and the *danger* of either denyall or delay: He that gives time to resolve, teaches to deny, and gives warning to prepare.

Observ. 86.

LET not thy Army at the first encounter be too *prodigall* in her Assaults, but husband her strength for a *dead lift*: When the enemy hath abated the fury of his *first* heate, let him then feel, thou hast reserv'd the forces for the *last* blow: So shall the *honour* he hath gain'd by his valour, be turn'd to thy use, and encrease the glory of thy *victory*. *Foregames*, when they prove, are *surest*; but *Aftergames*, if wisely play'd, are *surest*.

Observ. 87.

IT is very Requisite for a wel advised Republique to cast a strict and serious eye upon those that seeke

Favour by their service: Some seeke it in a *publique* way; some in a *private*: The first brings *honour* to a Republique, and ought to receive encouragement: The second is very *pernitious* & dangerous, & ought to be rewarded with severe *punishment*: That brings forth *glory* and *emulation*; This, *popularity*, and *faction*, and (if not punisht) *Ruine*.

Observ. 88.

LET not the *Covetousnesse* of a Capitaine purloyne to his owne use, or any way bereave his souldiers of any profit due unto their services, either in their *Meanes* or *Spoyles*. Such injuries (being quickned by their dayly necessities) are never forgot: What souldiers earne with the hazard of their lives (if not enjoy'd) prophesies an overthrow in the next Battaile.

Observ. 89.

IF a Prince would have vertuous *Subjects*, let his Subjects have a vertuous *Prince*: So shall he better punish the vices of his people; So shall they trulier prize vertue, and follow it, being exemplified in their Prince.

Observ. 90.

IT is the part of a wise Commander to cast an eye rather upon the *actions*, then the *Persons*, and rather to reade men, in their merits, then in Ladies letters: He that for favour, or for base reward preferres a Souldier, betrays his Kingdome for a bribe, or sels his honour for a kisse.

Observ. 91.

WHERE *Order* and *Fury* are wel acquainted, the warre prospers, and the souldiers end no lesse men, then they begun: *Order* takes spirit of *Fury*; and *Fury* takes rules of *Order*: But where *Order* is wanting, *Fury* runs madde; And when *Fury* is wanting, *Order* lyes dead: In the absence of *Order*, *Fury* runs her owne way; and, being an unthrif of her owne strength, failes in the first Assault, and cravens: And such, beginning more then Men, end lesse then Women.

Observ. 92.

IT is the quality of a wise Commander, to make his souldiers confident in his wisdom, and their owne strength: If any danger be, to conceale it; If manifest, to lessen it: Let him possesse his Army with the justnesse of the warre, and a certainty of the victory: A good cause makes a stout heart, and a strong Arme: They that feare an *overthrow*, are halfe Conquered.

Observ. 93.

IT is requisite in a Generall to mingle *love* with the *severity* of his discipline: They that cannot be in-

duced to feare for love, will never be forced to love for feare: Love *opens* the heart; Feare *shuts* it: That *encourages*; This *compells*: And victory meets Encouragement, but flees Compulsion.

Observ. 94.

IT is the part of a well-advised State not to entrust a weighty service unto whom a noted *Injury*, or *dishonour* hath beene done, and not first righted: He can never be a zealous performer of service, the height of whose expectation can rather recover a lost *name*, then gaine a fresh *honour*.

Observ. 95.

IT is the property of a wise Commander, not to reade Bookes so much as men; nor men, so much as Nations: He that can discern the Inclinations, Conditions, and Passions of a Kingdome, gaines his Prince or State a great advantage both in peace, and warre.

Observ. 96.

IF thou art call'd to the dignity of a Commander, dignify thy place by thy commands; And that thou mayst be the more perfect in commanding others, practise dayly upon thy selfe. Remember thou art a servant to the *publique weale*, and therefore forget all *private* respects: Remember thou art a Champion for a Kingdome; forget therefore all private *affections*, either of love or hate: Hee that would doe his country right, must not be too sensible of personall wrongs. He that would be remembered in the *Rolls* of honor, must count it no dishonor to forget himselfe.

Observ. 97.

IN the tender of an Oath of *Association*, or *Covenant*, behave thy selfe wisely: Either take it not; or being

taken, breake it not: Wit may finde out *niceties* to wrest it, but no just *Arguments* to avoyd it: An *Oath* is taken, not in the sense of him that *takes* it; but of him that takes *Assurance* by it.

Observ. 98.

IN Domesticke *Commotions*, being doubtful which side to take, if the Cause be *Religion*, thou needst no Counsellour: If meere *civill*, let the *Scriptures* and *Reason* direct thee: However, there is a way presents it selfe to thy wisdom, whereby, if thou hast an Estate, thou mayst make it sure, whosoever winnes; and save thy owne Stake, whosoever loses. *Casat, qui capere potest.*

Observ. 99.

THE lower sort of people are desirous of *Novelties*, and apt for *Change*; weighing *Government* with the scales of their owne *Fortunes*: They are too sensible of evils in present, to feare worse in future: Let such know, they move in their particular *Orbes*, not in the Common *Sphaere*; And that the alteration of heavens makes no starre greater: Which way soever the change moves, a Cobler shall be but a Cobler still.

Observ. 100.

IT is high wisdom in a Prince to weigh the severall *actions* of his Counsellors: For the want whereof so many good Princes have both lost themselves, and ruined their Kingdomes: It is a common thing, to make *private* ends under publike *pretenses*: It is better for a State to have a wicked Prince, of a *good nature*; then a good Prince, with such *Counsellours*.

FINIS.



III.

Judgement and Mercy

for

Afflicted Soules.

1646.

PART I.



NOTE.

BIBLIOGRAPHERS who do not look beyond title-pages, have misled us in regard to Quarles's book 'Judgement and Mercy.' Thus, Mr. W. C. Hazlitt (*Hand-book s.n.*) records this :—

'Barnabas and Boanerges: or, Wine and Oyle for afflicted Soules. Poured forth and applied in

Consolatory { Promises
Prayers, and
Soliloquies.

'By Fra. Quarles. London, Printed by R. Bishop for Richard Lowndes, etc. 1644 (Nov. 15.)
18mo., L 6, in twelves, except A, 4 leaves.'

He adds, 'Of this there were many editions, and it continues to be in request.'

He farther records the following :—

'Judgement and Mercie for afflicted Soules: Or Meditations, Soliloquies, and Prayers. By Fr. Quarles. Cambridge.
Printed by R. Daniel for V[erula] Q[uarles] Ann. Dom. 1646. Sm. 8vo, A, 2 leaves: A-H 4, in eights.

He annotates :—'This was the second edition: the first (a spurious one) appeared the same year: London, Printed by Ric. Cotes, for Richard Royston, at the Angell in Ivy-Lane. 1646. With an engraved title. A-I 4, in eights. The latter was reprinted by Dibdin, 1807, 8vo.'

This is a strange tissue of inaccuracies :—

- (a.) The 'Barnabas and Boanerges,' etc., of 1644, is that surreptitious edition of part second of 'Judgement and Mercy' referred to by the Author's widow in the Epistle to her own edition of 1646, Thus :—'Now when the theme of every man's discourse is his sad losses in these times, your Authour bids me tell you, that in these he had not the least share: for from him his very Religion was stolne away: nay, yet more cruell, even then when he had the most need of it, in the time of his sicknesse: I mean, this small Essay (the Epitome of his ejaculatory soul) was then taken from him by a sle hand, and presently printed without his knowledge; so that, as in like cases it alwayes happens, it came forth much unsuitable to the Authour's mind, both in the form and matter of it.'
- (b.) The surreptitious edition never was reprinted.
- (c.) 'Barnabas and Boanerges' was thus not an independent or distinct work from 'Judgement and Mercy' but an imperfect fragment of the second part of it.
- (d.) Dr. Dibdin did not reprint a (supposed) 'spurious' edition of 1646; but the complete work in its two parts (1646).
- (e.) The volumes of 1646 were both authorized: the first, or part 1st, being then for the first time published, the second, or part 2d, being a correct text of the 'spurious' publication of 1644, *ut supra*. Mr. Hazlitt has confounded the 1646 edition of part 2d with that of 1644.

In his 'Collections and Notes' (*s.n.*) Mr. Hazlitt records the 1646 'Judgement and Mercy' (= part 1st), but is still unaware of his mistake about the 'spurious' edition, and equally that 'Barnabas and Boanerges' (1644) was not a distinct work from 'Judgement and Mercy' (part 2d).

Our text is necessarily that of 1646 of both parts. In the former (*i.e.* part 1st) there is prefixed the well-known copper-plate engraved portrait of Quarles—reproduced for us (to face Vol. I. of the Works). On the top (left-hand) corner is his arms: to the right, a hand above the Temple of Fame reaching a wreath, and beneath it 'Effigies Francisci Quarles,' and lower, 'Aetatis Suae 52.' Under the portrait are these lines :—

'Pictor adumbravit Vultum quem cernimus, ast hic
Non valet egregias pingere mentis Opes.
Has si scire cupis, sua consule Carmina, in illis
Dotes percipies pectoris eximias.

'What heere wee see is but a Graven face,
Onely the shaddow of that brittle case
Wherein were treasur'd up those Gemms, which he
Hath left behind him to Posteritie. AL: Ross.'

Facing this is an engraved title-page: on the left a male figure, holding in the one hand a heart and touching a table of the Law with the other: on the right a female figure, holding a branch of olive: between, an altar blazing. At the top is :—

'I will sing of Iudgment
and Mercy
Psal. 101. 1.'

At the bottom :—

'Iudgment and Mercy
for afflicted soules
by Fra: Quarles
1646.'

The printed title-page is reproduced in its place. In the latter (*i.e.* part 2d) there is no engraved work, simply the title-page, as also given in its place.

Of the 'spurious' volume of 1644, and the Bibliography of 'Judgment and Mercy,' see our Memorial-Introduction. As an Appendix I add an anonymous but admirable 'Preface to the Reader,' from the 7th edition of 'Judgment and Mercy,' 1671. A spare additional page is occupied with 'A short Narrative of the Author's Life,' which will be utilized in our Memorial-Introduction.—G.



JUDGEMENT & MERCY

FOR

AFFLICTED SOULES.

OR

{ *Meditations,*
Soliloquies,
And
Prayers.

BY

FRA. QVARLES.



LONDON,

Printed by *Ric. Cotes*, for *Richard Royston*,
at the Angell in *Ivy-Lane*, 1646.

TO MY
MOST GRATIOVS
SOVERAIGNE
KING CHARLES.

SIR,

I Beleeve you to be such a Patron of *Vertue*, that if this Treatise had the least probabilitie of cherishing *Vice*, my countenance durst not admit a thought of this dedication to your Majestie.

But my owne reason (seconded by better approbations) assures mee, these *Disquisitions* and *Prayers* are like to beget *grace* in those where it was not, and confirme it where it was.

And being so usefull, I dare not doubt your patronage of this *Child*, which survives a *Father* whose utmost abilities were (till death darkned that great light in his soule) sacrificed to your service.

But, if I could question your willing protection of it, I might strengthen my petition for it, by an unquestionable commendation of the Author's publisht meditations, in most of which (even those of Poetry begun in his youth) there are such tinctures of *Pietie*, and Pictures of *devout passions*, as gain'd him much love, and many Noble friends.

One of that number (which is not to bee numbred) was the Religious, Learned, Peaceable, humble *Bishop of Armagh*; whom I beseech God to blesse, and make your Majestie and him, in these bad, sad times, instruments of good to this distracted, distemper'd Church and State.

This is my unfained prayer: and I doubt not but all that wish well to *Sion* will seale it with their *Amen*.

Your Majestie's poore
and most faithfull
Subject,
RICHARD ROYSTON.

The Preface.

Reader,

I *thought fit to say this little, and but this little, of the Author and his booke.*

He was (for I speak to those that are strangers to his extraction and breeding) a branch of a deserving family, and the sonne of a worthy father: his education was in the Vniversities, and Innes of Court, but his inclination was rather to Divine studies then the Law.

This appeares in most of his publisht books, (which are many) but I thinke in none more then this, which was finisht with his life.

Wherein the Reader may behold (according to the arguments undertaken by the Author) what passions, and in what degrees those passions have possest his soule, and whether grace have yet allayed, or expel'd them, (those that are inconsistible with vertue) from the strong-hold of his affections.

Such this Treatise is, and being such, I commend it to the Reader, and this wish with it, that those many (too many) writers who mistake malice for zeale, and (being transported) speake evill of government, and meddle with things they understand not, Iude 8, 10. forgetting there is such sinnes as sedition and heresie, (sinnes which Saint Paul, Gal. 5. 20. 21. parallels with murder and witchcraft) would change their disputes into devout meditations, such as these be; in which the pious man shall see vertue adorned with beautifull language, and vice so presented, as 'tis not like to infect the minde, nor corrupt the conscience.

The method, the arguments, the stile, all speake Mr. Quarles the Author of the booke, and the booke speaks his commendations so much, that I need not commend it; but I doe thee to God.

Farewell.



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Judgement and Mercy for Afflicted Soules.

The fenfuall man's Solace.

Come, let's bee merry, and rejoyce our soules, in frolique and in fresh *delights*: Let's skruce our pamp'rd hearts a pitch beyond the reach of dull-browd sorrow: Let's passe the slowpac'd time in melancholy charming *mirth*, and take the advantage of our *youthfull* dayes: Let's banish care to the *dead Sea* of Phlegmatick old age: Let a deepe sigh be high *Treason*, and let a solemne look be adjudg'd a *Crime* too great for Pardon. My serious studies shall be to draw *mirth* into a Body, to analyse *laughter*, and to paraphrase upon the various Texts of all *delights*. My *recreations* shall be to still pleasure into a Quintessence, to reduce Beautie to her first principles, and to extract a perfect innocence from the milke-white Doves of *Venus*. Why should I spend my pretious minutes in the sullen and dejected *shades* of sadnesse? or ravel out my short-liv'd dayes in solemne and heart-breaking *Care*? Howers have Eagles' wings, and when their hasty flight shall put a *Period* to our numbred dayes, the world is gone with us, and all our forgotten joyes are left to bee enjoyed by the succeeding *Generations*, and wee are snatcht wee know not how, wee know not whither; and wrapt in the darke *bosom* of eternall night. Come then my soule; be wise, make use of that which gone, is past recalling, and lost, is past redemption: Eate thy Bread with a *merry* heart, and gulp downe care in *frolique* cups of liberall Wine. Beguile the tedious nights with *dalliance*, and steepe thy stupid senses in unctious, in delightfull *sports*. Tis all the portion that this transitory world can give thee: Let Musick, Voices, Masques and midnight Revells, and all that melancholy wisdom censures *vaine*, bee thy delights. And let thy care-abjuring soule cheare up and sweeten the short dayes of thy consuming *youth*. Follow the wayes of thy own *heart*, and take the freedom of thy sweet *desires*: Leave not delight untryed,

and spare no cost to heighten up thy *Lusts*. Take pleasure in the *choyce* of pleasures, and please thy curious eyes with all *varieties*, to satisfie thy soule in all things which thy heart desires. I, but my soule, when those *evill* dayes shall come wherein thy wasting pleasures shall present their *Items* to thy bedrid view, when all diseases and the *evils* of age shall muster up their Forces in thy crazy bones, where be thy *comforts* then?

His Sentence.

COnsider O my soule, and know that day will come, and after that, another, wherein for all these things
God will bring thee to judgement, Eccles. 11. 9.

His Proofs.

Prov. 14. 13.

Even in laughter the heart is sorrowfull, and the end of that mirth is heavinesse.

Eccles. 2. 2.

I said in my heart, Goe to now, I will prove thee with mirth, and therefore enjoy pleasure, and behold this also is vanitie: I said of laughter, It is madde; and of mirth, What doth it?

St. James.

Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts as in the day of slaughter.

Eccles. 7. 4.

The heart of the wise man is in the house of mourning: but the heart of fooles is in the house of mirth.

Isid. in Synonymis.

Pleasure is an Inclination to the unlawfull objects of a corrupted mind, allured with a momentary sweetnesse.

Hugo.

Sensuality is an immoderate indulgence of the flesh, a sweet poyson, a strong plague, a dangerous Potion which effeminates the body, and enerves the soule.

Cass. Lib. 4. Ep.

They are most sensible of the burthen of affliction that are most taken with the pleasures of the flesh.

His Soliloquie.

What hast thou now to say O my soule, why this judgement, seconded with divine *proofes*, backt with the *harmony* of holy men, should not proceed against thee? Dally no longer with thy owne *Salvation*, nor flatter thy owne *Corruption*: Remember, the wages of flesh are *sinne*, and the wages of sinne, *death*: God hath threatned it, whose judgements are *terrible*; God hath witnessed it, whose words are *Truth*. Consider then my soule, and let not momentary pleasures flatter thee into eternitie of torments: How many, that have trod thy *steps*, are now roaring in the *flames* of Hell! and yet thou triflest away the time of thy *Repentance*. O my poore deluded soule, presume no longer; Repent to day, lest to morrow come too late: Or couldst thou ravell out thy dayes beyond *Methusalem*, tell me, alas, what will *Eternitie* bee the shorter for the deduction of a thousand yeers? Be wisely provident therefore O my soule, and bid *vanitie* the common sorceresse of the world, farewell; life and death are yet before thee: Chuse *life*, and the God of life will seale thy *choyce*. Prostrate thy selfe before him who delights not in the death of a *sinner*, and present thy *Petitions* to him who can deny thee nothing in the name of a *Saviour*.

His Prayer.

O God, in the beautie of whose holinesse is the true joy of those that love thee, the full happinesse of those that feare thee, and the onely rest of those that prize thee; In respect of which the transitory pleasures of the world are lesse then nothing, in comparison of which the greatest wisdom of the world is folly, and the glory of the earth but drosse, and dung; How dare my boldnesse thus presume to presse into thy glorious presence? What can my prayers expect but thy just wrath and heavy indignation? O what returne can the tainted breath of my polluted lipps deserve, but to bee bound hand and foot, and cast into the flames of Hell? But Lord, the merits of my Saviour are greater then the offences of a sinner, and the sweetnesse of thy mercy exceeds the sharpnesse of my misery: The horreur of thy judgments have seized upon mee, and I languish through the sense of thy displeasure; I have forsaken

thee the rest of my distressed soule, and set my affections upon the vanitie of the deceitfull world. I have taken pleasure in my foolishnesse, and have vaunted my selfe in mine iniquitie, I have flattered my soule with the hony of delights, whereby I am made sensible of the sting of my affliction; wherefore I loath, and utterly abhorre my selfe, and from the bottome of my heart repent in dust and ashes. Behold O Lord, I am impure and vile, and have wallowed in the puddle of mine owne Corruptions; The Sword of thy displeasure is drawne out against mee, and what shall I plead O thou preserver of mankind? Make mee a new Creature O my God, and destroy the old man within mee. Remove my affections from the love of transitory things, that I may runne the way of thy Commandements. Turne away mine eyes from beholding vanitie, and make thy Testimonies my whole delight. Give me strength to discerne the emptinesse of the creature, and inebriate my heart with the fulnesse of thy joyes. Bee thou my portion O God, at whose right hand stand pleasures for evermore. Bee thou my refuge and my shield, and suffer me not to sinke under the corruptions of my heart; let not the house of mirth beguile mee, but give mee a sense of the evill to come. Accept the free-will offerings of my mouth, and grant my petitions for the honour of thy Name; then will I magnifie thy mercies O God, and praise thy Name for ever and ever.

The Vain-glorious man's Vaunt.

What tell'st thou me of *Conscience* or a *pious* life? They are good *trades* for a *leadens* spirit, that can stand bent at every *frowne*, and wants the *braines* to make a *higher Fortune*, or *courage* to atchieve that *honour* which might *glorifie* their names, and write their *memories* in the *Chronicles* of Fame. 'Tis true, *Humilitie* is a *needful* gift in those that have no *Qualitie* to exercise their *pride*; and *Patience* is a *necessary Grace* to keepe the world in *peace*, and him that hath it in a *whole skinne*, and often proves a *vertue* borne of a *meere necessitie*. And civill *Honesty* is a *fair pretence* for him that hath not wit to act the *Knave*, and makes a man capable of a little higher stile then *Foole*. And blushing *Modesty* is a pretty *innocent qualitie*, and serves to vindicate an easie nature, from the imputation of all *ill-breeding*. These are *inferiour Graces*, that have got a *good opinion* in the *dull wisdom* of the world, and appeare like water among the *Elements*, to moderate the *body Politique*, and keep it from *combustion*; nor doe they come into the *worke* of *honour*. *Virtue* consists in *Action*, and the *reward* of *Action* is *Glory*. *Glory* is the *great soule* of the *little world*, and is the *Crowne* of all *sublime attempts*, and the *point* whereto the *crooked wayes* of *policy* are all *concen-*

trick. Honour consists not with a *pious life*. Let those that are *ambitious of a religious reputation*, abjure all *honourable Titles*, and let their *dough-bak'd spirits* take a pride in *sufferance* (the Anvil of all injuries) and bee thankfully baffled into a quiet pilgrimage. Rapes, murthers, treasons, disposessions, riots, are veniall things to men of honour, and oft co-incident in high pursuits. Had my dull *Conscience* stood upon such nice points, that little honour I have wonne had glorified some other arme, and left mee *begging Morrels* at his Princely gates. Come, come, my soule, *Id factum iuvat quod fieri non licet.* Fear not to doe, what *crownes* thee being done. Ride on with thy honour, and create a name to live with faire *Eternitie*. Enjoy thy purchas'd *Glory* as the merit of thy renowned *Actions*, and let thy memory entaile it to succeeding generations. Make thy owne game: and if thy *Conscience* check thee, correct thy sancy *Conscience*, till shee stand as mute as metamorphos'd *Niobe*. Feare not the *frownes of Princes*, or the imperious hand of various *Fortune*: Thou art too bright for the one to obscure, and too great for the other to cry downe.

His Verdict.

But harke, my soule, I heare a voice that thunders in mine care.

I will change their glory into shame. Hos. 4. 7.

His Proofs.

Psal. 49. 20.

MAN that is borne in honour and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish.

Prov. 25. 27.

It is not good to eat too much Hony: so for men to search their owne glory is not glory.

Jer. 9. 23.

Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mightie man glory in his might, nor let the rich man glory in his riches, but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord.

Gal. 5. 26.

Let us not be desirous of vain-glory, &c.

St. August.

The vaine-glory of the world is a deceitfull sweetness, an unfruitfull labour, a perpetuall feare, a dangerous bravery, begun without providence, and finished not without repentance.

Chrysost.

[If thou desirest to be magnified and accounted honourable, despise honour, so shall thou be honoured even of all.]

S. Greg.

He that makes transitory honour the reward of a good work, sets eternall glory at a low rate.

His Soliloquie.

VAINE-glory is a *Froth*, which blowne off discovers a great want of measure. Canst thou, O my soule, be guiltie of such an emptinesse, and not be challeng'd? Canst thou appeare in the searching eye of heaven, and not expect to be cast away? Deceive not thy selfe, O my soule, nor flatter thyselfe with thy owne greatness. Search thy selfe to the bottome, and thou shalt find enough to humble thee. Dost thou glory in the favour of a Prince? The frowne of a Prince determines it. Dost thou glory in thy strength? A poor *Ague* betraies it. Dost thou glory in thy wealth? The hand of a *theefe* extinguishes it. Dost thou glory in thy Friends? One cloud of adversitie darkens it. Dost Thou glory in thy parts? Thy owne pride obscures it. Behold, my soule, how like a *Bubble* thou appearest and with a *Sigh* breake into sorrow. The gale of heaven is strait; canst thou hope to enter without breaking? The *Bubble* that would passe the Flood-gates must first dissolve. My soule, melt then in tears, and empte thy selfe of all thy vanity, and thou shalt find divine *Repletion*; evaporate in thy Devotion, and thou shalt recrate thy greatness to eternall *Glory*.

Anonym.

[Remember, O man, from whence thou wert taken, and that thou art brother to the dunghill.]

His Prayer.

AND can I choose O God but tremble at thy judgments? Or can my stony heart not stand amazed at thy Threatnings? It is thy voyce O God, and thou hast spoken it: It is thy voyce O God, and I have heard it. Hadst thou so dealt by mee, as thou didst by *Babel's* proud King, and driven mee from the sonnes of men, thou hadst but done according to thy righteousness, and rewarded mee according to my deservings: What couldst thou see in mee lesse worthy of thy vengeance then in him, the example of thy justice? or Lord, wherein am I more incapable of thy indignation? There is nothing in mee to move thy mercy but in misery. Thy goodnesse is thy selfe, and hath no ground but what proceedeth from it selfe, yet have I sinned against that goodnesse, and have thereby heaped up wrath against the day of wrath; that insomuch, had not thy Grace abounded with my sinne, I had long since been confounded in my sinne, and swallowed up in the

Gulph of thy displeasure. But Lord thou takest no delight to punish, and with thee is no respect of persons: Thou takest no pleasure in the confusion of thy creature, but rejoicest rather in the conversion of a sinner. Convert mee therefore O God, I shall bee then converted: Make mee sensible of my owne corruptions, that I may see the vilenesse of my owne condition. Pull downe the pride of my ambitious heart, humble me thou O God, and I shall bee humbled: Weane mee from the thirst of transitory honour, and let my whole delight bee to glory in thee: Touch thou my conscience with the feare of thy name, that in all my actions I may feare to offend thee. Endue mee O Lord with the spirit of meeknesse, and teach mee to overcome evill with a patient heart: moderate and curb the exorbitances of my passion, and give mee temperate use of all thy creatures. Replenish my heart with the Graces of thy Spirit, that in all my wayes I may bee acceptable in thy sight. In all conditions give mee a contented minde, and upon all occasions grant mee a gratefull heart, that honoring thee here in the Church militant before men, I may bee glorified hereafter in the Church Triumphant before thee and Angells, where filled with true glory according to the measure of Grace thou shalt bee pleased to give mee here, I may with Angels and Archangels praise thy Name for ever and ever.

The Oppressor's Plea.

I Seeke but what's my owne by *Law*: It was his owne free *Act* and *Deed*: The execution lies for *goods* or *body*, and *goods* or *body* I will have or else my *money*. What if his beggerly children pine, or his proud wife perish? They perish at their owne charge, not mine, and what is that to mee? I must be paid, or hee lie by it untill I have my utmost farthing, or his *bones*. The *Law* is just and good, and being ruled by that, how can my faire proceedings bee unjust? what's *thirty* in the hundred to a man of *Trade*? Are we borne to thrum Caps, or pick strawes? and sell our *livelihood* for a few teares, and a whining face? I thanke God they move mee not so much as a *howling* dog at midnight: I'll give no day if heaven it selfe would bee *securitie*; I must have present money or his *bones*. The *Commodity* was good enough, as wares went then, and had hee had but a thriving *wit*, with the necessary helpe of a good merchantable *conscience* he might have gained perchance as much as now hee lost; but howsoever, gaine or not gaine, I must have my money. Two tedious *Termes* my dearest gold hath laine in his unprofitable hands. The cost of *Suit* hath made mee bleed above a score of *Royals*, besides my *Interest*, travell, halfe pints, and bribes; all which does but encrease my beggerly defendant's damages, and sets him deeper on my score;

but right's right, and I will have my money or his *bones*. Fiftene shillings in the pound composition? He hang first. Come, tell not mee of a good *conscience*, a good conscience is no parcell of my trade; it hath made more *Bankrupts* then all the loose wives in the universall Citie. My conscience is no foole. It tells mee that my owne's my owne, and that a well-cramm'd *bagge* is no deceitfull friend, but will stick close to mee when all my friends forsake mee: If to gaine a good *estate* out of nothing, and to regaine a desperat debt which is as good as nothing, bee the fruits and signe of a *bad* conscience, God helpe the *good*. Come, tell me not of griping and *Oppression*. The world is hard, and hee that hopes to thrive must gripe as hard: What I give I give, and what I lend I lend; If the way to heaven bee to turn *begger* upon earth, let them take it that like it. I know not what ye call *Oppression*. The *Law* is my direction; but of the two it is more profitable to oppresse then to bee opprest. If debtors would bee honest and discharge, our hands were bound; but when their failing offends my *bagges* they touch the *Apple* of my eye, and I must right them.

His Punishment.

BUT hah! what voyce is this that whispers in mine eare,

The Lord will spoile the soule of the Oppressors, Prov. 22. 23.

His Proofs.

Prov. 21. 22.

Robbe not the poore because hee is poore, neither oppresse the afflicted in the gates, for the Lord will plead their cause, and spoile the soule of those that have spoiled him.

Ezek. 22. 19.

The people of the land have used oppression, and exercised Robbery, and have vexed the poore and needy; yea, they have oppressed the stranger wrongfully. Therefore I have poured out my indignation upon them, I have consumed them with the fire of my wrath.

Zach. 7. 9.

Execute true judgement and shew mercy and compassion every man to his brother, and oppresse not the widow nor the fatherlesse, nor the stranger, nor the poore, and let none of you imagine evill in your hearts against his brother. But they refused to hearken; therefore came a great wrath from the Lord of Hosts.

Bernard, p. 1691.

Wee ought so to care for our selves, as not to neglect the due regard of our neighbour.

Bern. *ibid.*

He that is not mercifull to another shall not find mercy from God; but if thou wilt be mercifull and compassionate, thou shalt be a benefactor to thy owne soule.

His Soliloquie.

IS it wisdom in thee O my soul to covet a *happinesse*, or rather to account it so, that is sought for with a *judgement*, obtained with a *Curse*, and punished with *damnation*; And to neglect that *good* which is assured with a *promise*, purchased with a *blessing*, and rewarded with a *Crowne* of Glory? Canst thou hold a full *estate*, a good pennyworth, which is bought with the deare price of thy God's displeasure? Tell mee, what continuance can that *Inheritance* promise that is raised upon the *ruines* of thy Brother? Or what *mercy* canst thou expect from heaven, that hast denied all mercy to thy *Neighbour*? O my hard-hearted soule consider, and relent: Build not an house whose posts are subject to be rotted with a *curse*: Consider what the God of truth hath threatned against thy *crueltie*; Relent, and turne compassionate, that thou mayst be capable of his *compassion*. If the *desire* of Gold hath hardned thy heart, let the teares of true *Repentance* mollifie it; soften it with *Aaron's oyntment*, untill it become Wax to take the impression of that *seale* which must confirme thy *Pardon*.

His Prayer.

BUT will my God be now entreated? Is not my crying sinne too loud for Pardon? Am I not sunke too deepe into the Jawes of Hell, for thy strong arme to rescue? Hath not the hardnesse of my heart made mee incapable of thy compassion? O if my teares might wash away my sinne, my head should turne a living Spring: Lord I have heard thee speake and am affraid; the word is past, and thy judgements have found mee out. Fearefulnesse and trembling are come upon mee, and the Jawes of Hell have overwhelmed mee: I have oppressed thy poore, and added affliction to the afflicted, and the voyce of their misery is come before thee. They besought mee with teares, and in the anguish of their soules, but I have stopt mine eares against the cry of their complaint. But Lord, thou walkest not the wayes of man, and remembrest mercy in the midst of thy wrath, for thou art good and gracious, and ready to forgive, and plenteous in compassion to all that shall call upon thee. Forgive mee O God my sinnes that are past, and deliver mee from the guilt of my Oppression: Take from mee O God this heart of stone, and create in my brest a heart of flesh: Asswage the vehemency of

my desires to the things below, and satisfie my soule with the sufficiency of thy Grace. Inflame my affections, that I may love thee with a filiall love, and incline mee to relie upon thy fatherly providence: Let mee account godlinesse my greatest gaine, and subdue in mee my lusts after filthy lucre. Preserve mee O Lord from the vantie of self-love, and plant in my affections the true love of my neighbours: Endue my heart with the bowels of compassion, and then reward mee according to thy righteousness: Direct mee O God in the wayes of my life, and let a good Conscience be my continuall comfort. Give mee a willing heart to make restitution of what I have wrongfully gotten by oppression. Grant mee a lawfull use of all thy Creatures, and a thankfull heart for all thy benefits. Be mercifull to all those that groane under the burthen of their owne wants, and give them patience to expect thy deliverance: Give mee a heart that may acknowledge thy favours, and fill my tongue with praise and thanksgiving, that living here a new life I may become a new creature, and being engrafted in thee by the power of thy grace I may bring forth fruit to thy honour and glory.

The Drunkard's Iubile.

WHAT *Complement* will the severer world allow to the vacant houres of frolique-hearted youth! How shall their free, their joviall spirits entertaine their time, their friends! What *Oyle* shall be infused into the Lampe of deare societie, if they deny the privilege of a civill rejoycing *Cup*? It is the life, the radicall humor of united soules, whose love-digestive beate even ripens and ferments the greene *materialls* of a plighted faith; without the helpe whereof new-married friendship falls into *divorce*, and joyn'd acquaintance soone resolves into the first Elements of *strangenesse*. What meane these strict *Reformers* thus to spend their houre-glasses, and bawle against our harmelesse *Cups*? to call our meetings Riots, and brand our civill mirth with stiles of loose *Intemperance*? where they can sit at a sister's Feast, devoure and gurmundize beyond excesse, and wipe the guilt from off their marrowed mouths, and cloath their surfeits in the long fustian *Robes* of a tedious Grace: Is it not much better in a faire friendly *Round* (since youth must have a swing) to steep our soule-afflicting sorrows in a chirping *Cup*, then hazard our estates upon the abuse of providence in a folish cast at *Dice*? Or at a *Cockpit* leave our doubtfull fortunes to the mercy of unmercifull *contention*? Or spend our wanton dayes in sacrificing costly presents to a fleshly *Idoll*? was not *Wine* given to exhilarate the drooping hearts, and raise the drowzie spirits of *dejected* soules? Is not the liberall Cup the *Sucking-bottle* of the sonnes of *Phabus*, to solace and refresh their palats in the nights of sad

Invention? Let dry-brain'd *Zelots* spend their idle breaths, my cups shall bee my *cordials* to restore my care-befeebled heart to the true *Temper* of a well-complexioned mirth: My solid *Brains* are potent, and can beare enough, without the least offence to my distempered *Senses*, or interruption of my boone companions: My tongue can in the very *Zenith* of my Cups deliver the expressions of my composed thoughts with better sense, then these my grave *Reformers* can their best advised prayers. My *Constitution* is pot-proof, and strong enough to make a fierce encounter with the most stupendous vessell that ever sailed upon the tides of *Bacchus*. My *Reason* shrinkes not; my *passion* burnes not.

His judgement.

O But my soule, I heare a threatening voyce that interrupts my language,

Woe be to them that are mightie to drinke Wine, Essay
5. 22.

His Proofs.

Prov. 20. 1.

Wine is a mocker; strong drinke is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

Essay 5. 11.

Woe bee to them that rise up early in the morning to follow strong drinke, that continue till night, untill wine enflame them.

Prov. 23. 20.

Bee not amongst wine-bibbers.

1 Cor. 5. 1.

Now I have written unto you, not to keepe company, if any that is called a Brother bee a drunkard, with such a one, no not to eate.

Aug. in lib. pen.

Whilst the drunkard swallows wine, wine swallows him; God disregards him, Angels despise him, Men deride him, vertue declines him, the devill destroys him.

Aug. ad sac. virg.

Drunkenness is the mother of all evill, the matter of all mischief, the well-spring of all vices, the trouble of the senses, the tempest of the tongue, the shipwrack of chastitie, the consumption of time, a voluntary madness, the corruption of manners, the distemper of the body and the destruction of the soule.

His Soliloquie.

MY soule, It is the voyce of God, digested into a judgement: There is no kicking against *Pricks*,

or arguing against a divine *Truth*; Pleadest thou *Custom*? *Custom* in *sinne* multiplies it: Pleadest thou *societie*? *Societie* in the offence, aggravates the punishment: Pleadest thou *help* to Invention? Woe bee to that barrenness, that wants such *showers*: Pleadest thou *strength* to beare much Wine? *Woe to those that are mightie to drinke strong drinke*: My soule, thou hast sinned against thy *Creator* in abusing that creature he made to serve thee: Thou hast sinned against the creature, in turning it to the *Creator's* dishonor: Thou hast sinned against thy selfe, in making thy comfort thy confusion. How many want that *blessing* thou hast turn'd into a curse? How many thirst whilst thou surfeitest? What *satisfaction* wilt thou give to the *Creator*, to the creature, to thy selfe, against all whom thou hast transgress? To thy selfe, by a *sober life*: To the Creature, by a *right use*: To thy *Creator*, by a true *Repentance*: the way to all which, is *Prayer* and *Thanksgiving*.

His Prayer.

HOW truly then, O God, this heavy woe belongs to this my boasted sinne! How many judgements are comprised, and abstracted in this woe, and all for mee, even mee O God, the miserable subject of thy eternal wrath; Even mee O Lord, the marke whereat the shafts of thy displeasure levell! Lord, I was a sinner in my first conception, and in sinne hath my mother brought mee forth; I was no sooner, but I was a slave to sinne, and all my life is nothing but the practise and the trade of high Rebellion; I have turn'd thy blessings into thy dishonour, and all thy graces into wantonnesse; Yet hast thou been my God even from the very wombe, and didst sustaine mee when I hung upon my mother's breast: Thou hast washed mee O Lord from my pollution, but like a Swine I have returned to my mire. Thou hast glauced into my breast the blessed motions of thy holy Spirit, but I have quenched them with the spring-tides of my borne corruption. I have vomited up my filthinesse before thee, and like a dog have I returned to my vomit. Bee mercifull O God unto mee, Have mercy on mee O thou sonne of *David*; I cannot O Lord expect the children's bread, yet suffer mee to lick the crummes that fall beneath their table, I that have so oft abused the greatest of thy blessings am not worthy of the meanest of thy favours. Look, look upon me according to the goodnesse of thy mercy, and not according to the greatnesse of my offences: Give mee O God a sober heart, and a lawfull moderation in the enjoyment of thy Creatures. Reclaime my appetite from unseasonable delights, lest I turne thy blessings into a curse; In all my dejections, bee thou my comfort, and let my rejoycing bee onely in thee. Propose to mine eyes the evillesse

of my dayes, and make mee carefull to redeeme my time : Weane mee from the pleasure of vaine societie, and let my Companions bee such as feare thee ; Forgive all such as have been partners in my sinne, and turne their hearts to the obedience of thy Lawes. Open their eares to the reproofs of the wise, and make them powerfull in reformation. Allay that lust which my intemperance hath inflam'd, and cleanse my affections with the grace of thy good spirit ; make mee thankfull for the strength of my body, that I may for the time to come returne it to the advantage of thy glory.

The Swearer's Apologie.

Will *Boanarges* never cease? And will these *Plague-denouncers* never leave to thunder judgements in my trembling eare? Nothing but *plagues*? Nothing but *judgements*? Nothing but *damnation*? What have I done to make my case *desperate*? And what have they not done to make my soule *despair*? Have I set up false Gods like the *Egyptians*? Or have I bowed before them like the *Israelites*? Have I violated the Sabbath like the *Libertines*? Or like cursed *Cham* have I discovered my father's nakednesse? Have I embrued my hands in blood like *Barabbas*? Or like *Absolon* defiled my father's Bed? Have I like *Jacob* supplanted my elder brother? Or like *Ahab* intruded into *Nabal's* Vineyard? Have I borne false witness like the wanton *Elders*? Or like *David* coveted *Uriah's* wife? Have I not given *Tithes* of all I have? Or hath my purse beene hidebound to my hungry brother? Hath not my life been *blamelesse* before men? And my demeanour *unreprovable* before the world? Have I not hated *Vice* with a perfect hatred? and countenanc'd *virtue* with a due respect? What meane these strict *observers* of my life, to ransack every *Action*, to carpe at every word, and with their sharpe censorious tongues to sentence every *frailtie* with *damnation*? Is there no *allowance* to *humanitie*? No *Graines* to flesh and blood? Are wee all *Angels*? Has *mortalitie* no *priviledge*, to supersede it from the utmost punishment of a little *necessary* frailtie? Come, come, my soule, let not these *judgement-thunderers* fright thee: Let not these *Qualmes* of their exuberous zeale disturbe thee. Thou hast not cursed like *Shemei*, nor rail'd like *Rabshekah*, nor lied like *Ananias*, nor slander'd like thy *accusers*. They that censure thy *Gnats* swallow their owne *Camels*. What if the luxuriant stile of thy discourse doe chance to strike upon an obvious *Oath*, art thou straight hurried into the bosome of a *Plague*? What if the *custome* of a harmlesse oath should captivate thy heedlesse tongue, can nothing under sudden *judgement* seize upon thee? What if another's *diffidence* should force thy earnest lips into a

hasty Oath, in confirmation of a suffering Truth ; must thou be straightwayes branded with *damnation*? Was *Joseph* mark'd for everlasting death, for swearing by the life of *Egypt's* King? Was *Peter* when hee so denied his master, straight damn'd for *swearing*, and for *swearing*? O flatter not thy selfe my soule, nor turne thou *Advocate* to so high a sinne : Make not the *ships* of Saints a *precedent* for thee to fall.

His Arraignment.

If the *Rebukes* of flesh may not prevaile, heare then the *threatning* of the Spirit which saith,
The *Plague* shall not depart from the house of the swearer.

His Proofs.

Exod. 20. 7.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vaine, for the Lord will not hold him guiltlesse that taketh his Name in vaine.

Zach. 5. 3.

And every one that sweareth shall bee cut off.

Matth. 5. 34.

Swear not at all, neither by heaven, for it is God's Throne, nor by the earth, for it is his footstool: But let your communication be Yea, yea, Nay, nay, for whatsoever is more then these cometh of evil.

Jer. 23. 10.

Because of swearing the land mourneth.

Ang. in Ser.

The murderer killeth the body of his brother, but the swearer murders his owne soule.

August. in Psal. 88.

It's well that God hath forbidden man to swear, lest by custome of swearing (in as much as wee are apt to mistake) wee commit perjury: there's none but God can safely swear, because there's no other but may be deceived.

August. de Mendacio.

I say unto you, Swear not at all, lest by swearing ye come to a facilitie of swearing, from a facilitie to a custome, and from a custome ye fall into perjury.

His Soliloquie.

O What a *judgement* is here! How terrible! How full of Execution! The *Plague*? the extract of all diseases! none so mortall; none so comfortlesse! It makes our house a *Prison*, our friends *strangers*; No comfort but in the expectation of the month's end: I,

but this judgement excludes that comfort too; *The Plague shall never depart from the house of the swearer*: What never? *Death* will give it a Period: No, but it shall bee entail'd upon his *house*, his *family*: O detestable! O destructive sinne! that leaves a *Crosse* upon the dores of Generations, and layes whole *families* upon the dust; A sinne whereto neither *Profit* incites, nor *Pleasure* allures, nor *Necessitie* compells, nor *Inclination* of nature perswades; a meere voluntary, begun with a *malignant* imitation, and continued with an *habitually* presumption. Consider O my soule, every *Oath* hath been a nayle to wound that *Saviour*, whose *blood* (O mercy above expression!) must save thee: Bee sensible of thy *Actions* and his sufferings: Abhorre thy selfe in *dust* and *ashes*, and magnifie his Mercy that hath turn'd this judgement from thee. Goe wash those wounds which thou hast made, with teares, and humble thy selfe with Prayer, and true repentance.

His Prayer.

ETernall and omnipotent God, before whose glorious name Angels, and Archangels bow, and hide their faces, to which the blessed Spirits, and Saints of thy triumphant Church sing forth perpetuall *Hallelujahs*, I a poore Sprig of disobedient *Adam* doe here make bold to take that holy Name into my sinne-polluted lippes: I have hainously sinned O God against thee, and against it; I have disparaged it in my thoughts, dishonoured it in my words, profaned it in my actions, and I know thou art a jealous God, and a consuming fire, as faithful in thy promises, so fearefull in thy judgements; I therefore flie from the dreadfull Name of Jehovah, which I have abused, to that gracious Name of Jesus, wherein thou art well pleased; in that most sacred Name, O God, I fall before thee, and for his beloved sake O Lord I come unto thee. Cleanse thou my heart O God, and then my tongue shall praise thee: Wash thou my soule, O Lord, and then my lippes shall blesse thee. Worke in my heart a feare of thy displeasure, and give mee an awfull reverence of thy Name. Set thou a Watch before my lips, that I offend not with my tongue: Let no respects entice mee to bee an instrument of thy dishonour, and let thy attributes bee pretious in mine eyes, teach mee the way of thy Precepts, O Lord, and make me sensible of all my offences: Let not my sinfull custome in sinning against thy Name take from my guiltie soule the sense of my sinne: Give mee a respect unto all thy Commandements, but especially preserve mee from the danger of this my bosome sinne. Mollifie my heart at the rebukes of thy servants, and strike into my inward parts a feare of thy judgements: Let all my communication bee order'd as in thy presence, and let the words of my mouth bee governed by thy Spirit. Avert those

judgements from mee which thy Word hath threatned, and my sinne hath deserved, and strengthen my resolution for the time to come; Worke in mee a true godly sorrow, that it may bring forth in mee a newnesse of life. Sanctifie my thoughts with the continuall meditation of thy Commandements, and mortifie those passions which provoke mee to offend thee. Let not the examples of others induce mee to this sinne, nor let the frailties of my flesh seek Fig leaves to cover it. Seale in my heart the full assurance of thy Reconciliation, and looke upon mee in the bowells of compassion, that crowning my weak desires with thy All-sufficient power, I may escape this judgement which thy justice hath threatned here, and obtaine that happinesse thy mercy hath promised hereafter.

The Procrastinator's Remoras.

TEll mee no more of *fasting*, *prayer*, and *death*: They fill my thoughts with *dumps* of Melancholy. These are no *subjects* for a youthfull care; no *contemplations* for an active soule: Let them whom sullen *Age* hath weaned from aery pleasures, whom wayword *fortune* hath condemn'd to sighes and groanes, whom sad diseases have beslaved to *drugs* and *diets*; let them consume the remnant of their wretched dayes in dull *devotion*: Let them afflict their aking soules with the untunable discourses of *mortalitie*; Let them contemplate on *evil* dayes, and reade sharpe *Lectures* of their owne experience: For me, my bones are full of unctious *marrow*, and my blood, of sprightly *Youth*: My faire and free estate secures me from the feares of fortune's *frowne*. My *strength* of constitution hath the power to grapple with sorrow, sicknesse, nay the very pangs of death, and overcome. 'Tis true, God must bee *sought*; What impious tongue dare be so basely bold to contradict so knowne a *Truth*? And by *repentance* too; What strange impietie dare deny it? Or what presumptuous lips dare disavow it? But there's a *time* for all things, yet none prefixt for this, no day designed, but, *At what time soever*: If my *unseasonable* heart should seeke him now, the worke would be too serious for so greene a *seeker*. My *thoughts* are yet unsettled, my *fancy* yet too too gamesome, my *judgement* yet unsound, my *Will* unsanctified: To seeke him with an *unprepared* heart is the high way not to finde him; or to finde him with *unsettled* resolution is the next way to lose him; and indeed it wants but little of prophanesesse, to bee *unseasonably* religious. What is once to bee done is long to bee deliberated. Let the boying pleasures of the rebellious flesh *evaporate* a little, and let mee drayn my boggy soule from those corrupted, inbred humors of collapsed *nature*, and when the tender *blossomes* of my youthfull vanitie shall begin to fade, my settled *under-*

standing will begin to *knot*, my solid judgement will begin to *ripen*, my rightly guided will be *resolved*, both what to *seek*, and when to find, and how to prize; till then my tender youth, in her pursuit, will be disturb'd with every *blast* of honour, diverted with every *flash* of pleasure, misled by *Counsell*, turned back with feare, pussl'd with *doubt*, interrupted by *Passion*, withdrawne with *prosperitie*, and discourag'd with *adversitie*.

His Repulse.

TAKE heed my soul, when thou hast lost thy self in thy journey, how wilt thou find thy God at thy journey's end? Whom thou hast lost by too long delay, thou wilt hardly find with too late a *diligence*. Take time while time shall serve, that day may come wherein Thou shalt seek the Lord, but shalt not finde him, Hos. 5. 6.

His Proofs.

Esay 55. 6.

Seeke the Lord while he may bee found, call upon him while he is neare.

Heb. 12. 17.

He found no place for repentance, though hee sought it with teares carefully.

Thou foole, this night will I take thy soule from thee.

Revel. 2. 21.

I gave her a space to repent, but shee repented not; Behold therefore I will cast her.

Greg. lib. Mor.

Seeke God whilst thou canst not see him, for when thou seest him thou canst not find him: seeke him by hope and thou shalt finde him by faith; In the day of grace hee is invisible, but neare; in the day of judgement he is visible, but farre off.

Ber. Ser. 24.

If wee would not seeke God in vaine, let us seeke him in truth, often, and constantly; Let us not seeke another thing in stead of him, nor any other thing with him, nor for any other thing, leave him.

His Soliloquie.

O My soule, thou hast sought *wealth*, and hast either not found it, or *cares* with it; thou hast sought for *pleasure*, and hast found it, but no comfort in it: Thou soughtest *honour* and hast found it, and perchance fallen with it: Thou soughtest *friendship*, and hast found it false: *societie*, and hast found it vaine; And yet thy God, the fountaine of all wealth, pleasure,

honour, friendship, and societie, thou hast slighted as a *toy* not worth the finding: Be wise, my soule, and blush at thy owne *folly*. Set thy desires on the right *object*: Seeke *wisdom*, and thou shalt find knowledge, and wealth, and honour, and length of dayes: Seeke *heaven*, and earth shall seeke thee; and deferre not thy *Inquest*, lest thou lose thy *opportunitie*: To day thou maist find him, whom to *morrow* thou mayst seek with teares, and misse: Yesterday is too late, to morrow is *uncertaine*, to day is onely *thine*: I, but my soule, I feare my too long delay hath made this day too late; feare not my soule, hee that has given thee his *Grace* to-day will forget thy *neglect* of yesterday; seeke him therefore by true *repentance*, and thou shalt find him in thy Prayer.

His Prayer.

O God, that like thy pretious Word art hid to none but who are lost, and yet are found by all that seek thee with an upright heart, cast downe thy gracious eye upon a lost sheep of *Israel*, strayed through the vanitie of his unbridled youth, and wandred in the wilderness of his owne invention. Lord I have too much delighted in mine owne wayes, and have put the evill day too farre from mee; I have wallowed in the pleasures of this deceitfull world, which perish in the using, and have neglected thee my God, at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore; I have drawne on iniquitie as with Cart-ropes, and have committed evill with greedinesse: I have quencht the motions of thy good spirit, and have delayed to seeke thee by true and unfained repentance: In stead of seeking thee whom I have lost, I have withdrawne my selfe from thy presence when thou hast sought mee. It were but justice therefore in thee to stop thine eares at my petitions, or turne my Prayers as sinne into my bosome; But Lord, thou art a gracious God, and full of pity, and unwearied compassion, and thy loving-kindnesse is from generation to generation: Lord, in not seeking thee I have utterly lost my selfe, and if thou find mee not I am lost for ever, and if thou find mee, thou canst not but finde mee in my sinnes, and then thou findest mee to my owne destruction. How miserable O Lord is my condition! How necessary is my confusion! that have neglected to seeke thee, and therefore am afraid to bee found of thee. But Lord if thou looke upon the all-sufficient merits of thy Sonne, thy justice will bee no loser in shewing mercy upon a sinner; In his name therefore I present my selfe before thee; In his merits I make my humble approach unto thee; in his name I offer up my feeble Prayers; for his merits grant mee my petitions. Call not to mind the rebellions of my flesh, and remember not O God the vanities of my youth: Inflame my heart with the love

of thy presence, and relish my meditations with the pleasure of thy sweetness. Let not the consideration of thy justice overwhelm me in despaire, nor the meditation of thy mercy perswade mee to presume. Sanctifie my will by the wisdom of thy Spirit, that I may desire thee as the chiefest good. Quicken my desires with a fervent zeale, that I may seeke my Creator in the dayes of my youth : Teach mee to seeke thee according to thy will, and then bee found according to thy promise, that living in mee here by thy grace, I may hereafter raigne with thee in glory.

The Hypocrite's Prevarication.

There is no such *stufte* to make a cloake on as *Religion* : nothing so fashionable, nothing so profitable ; it is a *Livery*, wherein a wise man may serve two masters, God and the world, and make a gainefull service by either : I serve *both*, and in both, *my selfe*, in prevaricating with both. Before *man* none serves his God with more severe devotion, for which, among the best of men I work my own ends, and serve my self. In private I serve the *world*, not with so strict devotion, but with more delight, where fulfilling of her servant's lusts I work my end, and serve my self : The house of *Prayer* who more frequents then I ? In all Christian duties who more forward then I ? I fast with those that fast, that I may eate with those that eate : I *mourne* with those that mourne : No hand more open to the *cause* then mine, and in their families none *prays* longer and with louder zeale : Thus when the *opinion* of a holy life hath cryed the goodnesse of my Conscience up, my trade can lack no *custome*, my wares can want no *price*, my words can need no *credit*, my actions can lack no *praise* : If I am *covetous*, it is interpreted providence ; if *miserable*, it is counted temperance ; if *melancholly*, it is construed godly sorrow ; if *merry*, it is voted spirituall joy ; if I be *rich*, tis thought the blessing of a godly life ; if *poor*, supposed the fruit of conscionable dealing ; if I be *well spoken* of, it is the merit of holy conversation ; if *ill*, it is the malice of Malignants ; thus I *salle* with every *winde*, and have my *end* in all conditions. This Cloake in *Summer* keepe mee coole, in *winter* warme, and hides the nasty *Bag* of all my secret lusts : Under this Cloake I walke in *publique* fairely, with applause, and in *private* sinne securely without offence, and officiate *wisely* without discovery ; I *compasse* Sea and land to make a *Proselyte*, and no sooner made but he makes mee. At a *Fast* I cry *Geneva*, and at a *Feast* I cry *Rome*. If I bee poore, I *counterfeit* abundance to save my credit ; if rich, I *dissemble* povertie to save charges. I most frequent *Schismaticall* Lectures, which I find most profitable, from whence learning to divulge and maintaine

new doctrines, they maintaine mee in suppers thrice a weeke ; I use the helpe of a lie, sometimes as a Religious *Stratagem* to uphold the Gospell, and I colour oppression with God's judgement executed upon the wicked. Charity I hold an extraordinary *dutie*, therefore not *ordinarily* to bee performed. What I openly reprove *abroad* for my owne profit, that I *secretly* act at home, for my owne pleasure.

His Woe.

But stay, I see a hand-writing in my heart damps my soule, 'tis characterd in these sad words,
Woe bee to you Hypocrites, Math. 23. 13.

His Proofs.

Job 20. 5.

The triumphing of the wicked is short, and the joy of the hypocrite is but for a moment.

Job 15. 34.

The Congregation of the hypocrites shall bee desolate.

Psal. 11. 9.

An hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbour, but through knowledge shall the just bee delivered.

Luke 12. 1.

Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees which is hypocrisy.

Job 36. 13.

The hypocrites in heart heape up wrath, they die in their youth, and their life is amongst the uncleane.

Salvian. de Gubern. Dei. l. 4.

The hypocrites love not those things they professe, and what they pretend in words they disclaime in practise ; their sinne is the more damnable, because ushered in with pretence of pietie, having the greater guilt because it obtaines a godly repute.

Hieron. Ep.

Endeavour rather to be, then to be thought holy ; for what profits it thee to bee thought to be what thou art not ? and that man doubles his guilt, who is not so holy as the world thinks him, and counterfeits that holiness which he hath not.

His Soliloquie.

How like a living *Sepulcher* did I appeare ! without, beautified with gold and rich *invention* ; within, nothing but a loathed *corruption* : So long as this faire *Sepulcher* was clos'd, it past for a curious Monument of the Builder's *Art*, but being opened by these spirituall *Keyes*, 'tis nothing but a *Receptacle* of offensive putrefaction : In what a nasty *dungeon* hast thou my soule, so

long remain'd unstified? How wert thou wedded to thy owne *corruptions*, that could'st endure thy unsavory filthinesse? The *world* hated mee, because I seemed good; God hated mee, because I onely seemed good: I had no *friend* but my selfe, and this friend was my boosome enemy: O my soule, is there *water* enough in Jordan to cleanse thee? Hath Gilead *Balmes* enough to heale thy superannuated *sores*? I have sinned, I am convinced, I am convicted: God's mercy is above *Dimensions*, when sinners have not sinn'd beyond *Repentance*: Art thou my soule truly *penitent* for thy sin? Thou hast free *Interest* in his mercy: fall then my soule before his *Mercy-seate*, and he will crown thy *Penitence* with his pardon.

His Prayer.

O God before the brightnesse of whose All-discerning eye the secrets of my heart appeare, before whose cleare omniscience the very entralls of my soule lie open, who art a God of righteousnesse, and truth, and lovest uprightness in the inward parts: How can I choose but feare to thrust into thy glorious presence, or move my sinfull lips to call upon that Name which I so often have dishonored, and made a Cloake to hide the basenesse of my close transgressions? Lord, when I look into the progresse of my filthy life, my guilty conscience calls mee to so strict account, and reflects to mee so large an Inventory of my presumptuous sinnes, that I commit a greater sinne in thinking them more infinite then thy mercy. But Lord thy mercies have no date, nor is thy goodnesse circumscribed! The gates of thy compassion are always open to a broken heart, and promise entertainment to a contrite spirit: the burthen of my sinnes is grievous, and the remembrance of my hypocrisie is intolerable; I have sinned against thy Majesty with a high hand, but I repent mee from the bottome of an humble heart: As thou hast therefore given mee sorrow for my sinnes, so crowne that gift in the freeness of remission: Bee fully reconcil'd to mee, through the all-sufficient merits of thy Sonne my Saviour, and seale in my afflicted heart the full assurance of thy gracious favour: Bee thou exalted O God above the heavens, and let mee praise thee with a single heart; cleanse thou my inward parts O God, and purifie the closet of my polluted soule: Fix thou my heart O thou searcher of all secrets, and keepe my affections wholly to thee. Remove from mee all by and base respects that I may serve thee with an upright spirit. Take not the word of truth out of my mouth, nor give mee over to deceitfull lips; Give mee an inward reverence of thy Majestie, that I might openly confesse thee in the truth of my sinceritie. Bee thou the onely object, and end of all my actions, and let thy honour bee my great reward:

Let not the hopes of filthy lucre, or the praise of men incline me to thee, neither let the pleasures of the world nor the feares of any losse entice mee from thee. Keepe from mee those judgements my hypocrisie hath deserved, and strengthen my resolution to abhorre my former life: Give me strength O God to serve thee with a perfect heart in the newnesse of life, that I may bee delivered from the old man, and the snares of death. Then shall I praise thee with my entire affections, and glorifie thy name for ever and ever.

The Ignorant man's faltering.

YOU tell mee, and you tell me that I must bee a *good man*, and serve God, and doe his *will*; and so I doe for ought I know: I am sure I am as *good* as God has made mee, and I can make my selfe no *better*, so I cannot: And as for serving God, I am sure I goe to *Church* as well as the best in the Parish, though I bee not so fine; and I make no question, if I had better *cloathes*, but I should doe God as much credit as another man, though I say it: And as for doing God's *will*, I beshrew mee, I leave that to them that are *booke-learn'd*, and can doe it more wisely: I beleieve the *Vicar* of our Parish can doe it, and has done it too, as well as any within five miles of his head, and what need I trouble my selfe to doe what is so well done already? I hope hee being so good a *Churchman*, and so great a *Schollard*, and can speake *Latine* too, would not leave that to so simple man as I. It is enough for mee to know, that God is a *good man*; and that the ten *Commandements* are the best prayers in all the book, unless it bee the *Credo*. And that I must love my *neighbour* as well as he loves mee, and for all other *Quillicoms*, they shall never trouble my braines, *an grace* a God. Let mee goe a *sundayes* and serve God, obey the *King*, (God blesse him) doe no man no wrong, say the *Lord's Prayer* every morning and evening, follow my worke, give a *Noble* to the poore at my death, and then say *Lord have mercy upon mee*, and goe away like a *Lambe*, I make no question but I shall deserve heaven as well as he that weares a *gayer coate*: But yet I am not so *ingrant* neither, nor have not gone so often to *Church*, but I know *Christ* died for mee too, as well as for any other man: I'de bee sorry else; and that, next to our *Vicar*, I shall goe to heaven when I am *dead* as soone as another; nay more, I know there bee two *Sacraments*, *bread* and *wine*, and but two, (though the *Papists* say there bee six or seven) and that I verily beleieve I shall be saved by those *Sacraments*, and that I love God above all, or else 'twere pitty of my life, and that when I am dead and rotten, (as our *Vicar* told mee) I shall *rise* againe and be the same man I was. But for that, hee must excuse mee, till I have

better *sartification* ; for all his learning, he cannot make me such a foole, unlesse hee shew mee a better reason for't, then yet hee has done.

His Award.

BUt one thing hee told me, now I thinke on't, troubles me woundly, namely that God is my *Master*, all which I confesse ; and that I must doe his *will* (whether I know how to doe it or not) or else it will goe ill with me ; He read it (he said) out of God's *Bible*, and I shall remember the words so long as I have a day to live, which are these,

He that knoweth not his master's will and doth things worthy of stripes, shall bee beaten with few stripes,
Luke 12. 48.

His Proofs.

1 Cor. 14. 20.

Brethren bee not children in understanding, howbeit in malice be ye children, but in understanding be men.

1 Cor. 15. 34.

Awake to righteousness and sin not, for some have not the knowledge of God, I speake it to your shame.

Ephes. 4. 18.

Walke not in the vanitie of your minds, having the understanding darkned, being alienated from the life of God, through the Ignorance which is in you, because of the blindness of your hearts.

Levit. 5. 17.

And if a soule sinne and commit any of these things which are forbidden to be done by the commandments of the Lord, though hee wist it not, yet is hee guilty, and shall beare his iniquitie.

2 Thes. 1. 7. 8.

The Lord Iesus shall be revealed from heaven, with his mightie Angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God.

Greg. Mag. Moral.

It is good to know much, and to live well ; but if wee cannot attaine both, it is better to desire piety then wisdom, for knowledge makes no man happy, nor doth blessedness consist in intellectuals. The onely brave thing is a religious life.

To sin against knowledge is so much the greater offence then an ignorant trespass, by how much the crime which is capable of no excuse, is more hainous then the fault which admits a tolerable plea. Iustin. Mart.
Resp. ad orthod.

His Soliloquie.

HOw well it had been for thee O my soule, if I had [been] *bookelard* : Alas I cannot *reade*, and what I heare, I cannot *understand* ; I cannot profit as I *should*, and therefore cannot be as good as I *would*, for which I am right sorry : That I cannot serve as well as my betters, hath been often a great grieve to me, and that I have been so *ingrant* in good things, hath been a great heart-breaking to me : I can say no prayers for want of knowledge to *reade*, but *Our Father* and the *Credo* : But the comfort is, God knowes my heart, but I trust in God *Our Father*, being made by Christ himselfe, will bee enough for me that know not how to make a better. I endeavour to doe all our *Vicar* bids me, and when I receive the *Communion* I truly forgive all the world for a fortnight after or such a matter, but then some old *injury* makes me forget my selfe, but I cannot helpe it, an my life should lie ont. O my ingrant soule, what shall I do to bee saved ? All that I can say is, *Lord have mercy upon me*, and all that I can doe is but to doe my good will, and that He doe with all my heart, and say my *prayers* too as well as God will give mee leave, an grace a God.

His Prayer.

O God the Father of heaven have mercy upon me miserable sinner ; I am as I must needs confesse a sinfull man, as my forefathers were before mee : I have heard many Sermons and have had many good lessons from the mouths of painefull Ministers, but through the dulnesse of my understanding, and for want of learning I have not profited so much as else I should have done ; spare mee therefore O God, spare mee whom thou hast redeemed with thy pretious blood, and bee not angry for ever ; I must confesse the painefulnesse of my calling, and the heavinesse of my owne nature hath taken from mee the delight of hearing thy Word, and the ignorance of learning which I was never brought up to, hath kept me from reading it, that insomuch, in stead of growing better, I feare I have growne worse and worse, and have been so far from doing thy will, that I doe not understand what thy will is, very well. But thou O mercifull God that didst reveale thy selfe to poore Shepherds and Fishermen that had no more learning then I, have mercy upon mee for Iesus Christ his sake. Thou that hast promised to instruct the simple, and to leade the ignorant into thy way, bee good and mercifull to mee I beseech thee ; Thou that drawest the needy out of the dust, and the poore out of the dunghill, give me the knowledge of thy will, and teach me how to serve thee : Take from me the drowzinesse of my heart, open mine eyes that I may see the truth, and mine eares that I may understand

thy Word, and strengthen my memory that I may lay it up in my heart, and show it in my life and vocation to thy glory and my comfort, and the comfort of my friends. Lord write thy will in my heart, that when I know it I may doe it willingly: O teach me what thy pleasure is that I may doe my best to performe it: Give mee faith to lay hold of Christ Jesus who died for mee, that after I am dead I may rise againe and live with him: Give mee a good heart that I may deale honestly with all men, and doe as I would be done to. Blesse mee in my calling, and prosper the labour of my hands, that I may have enough to feed mee and cloathe mee, and to give to the poore: Mend all that is amisse in me, and expect from me according to the measure thou hast given me. Forgive me all my sinnes, and make mee willing to please thee, that living a good life I may make a gracious death, and so at last I may come to heaven and live for ever, for Jesus Christ his sake, *Amen.*

The sloathfull man's slumber.

O What a world of *Curses*, the eating of the forbidden *fruit* hath brought upon mankind! and unavoidably entail'd upon the *sonnes* of men! Among all which no one appeares to me more terrible and full of sorrow, and bewraying greater wrath, then that insufferable, that horrible punishment of *labour*, and to purchase Bread with so extreame a price as *sweat*: But O what happe, what happinesse have they, whose dying *Parents* have procured a quiet fortune for their unmolested *Children*, and conveigh'd descended *Rents* to their succeeding heirs, whose *easie* and contented lives may sit and suck the sweetnesse of their cumberlesse *estates*, and with their folded hands enjoy the *delicates* of this toysome world! How blessed, how delicious are those *easie* morsells, that can finde the way to my soft palat, and then attend upon the wanton leasure of my silken *slumbers*, without the painefull *practise* of my bosome-folded hands or sad contrivement of my studious and contracted *Browes*! Why should I tire my tender youth, and torture out my groaning dayes in *toyle* and *travell*? and discompose the happy peace of my harmonious thoughts with painefull *grinding* in the common *mill* of dull mortalitie? Why should I rob my craving eyelids of their delightfull *Rest*, to cark and care, and purvey for that *Bread* which every work-abhorring *vagabond* can finde of *Almes* at every good man's doore? Why should I leave the warme protection of my care-beguiling *Downe*, to play the droyling drudge for daily *food*, when the young empty *Ravens* (that have no hands to worke, nor providence, but heaven) can call and be supplied? The pale-fac'd *Lilly* and the blushing *Rose*, neither spinnes nor sowes, yet princely *Solomon* was never robed with so much glory. And shall

I then afflict my body and beslave my heaven-borne soule to purchase *Rags* to cloathe my nakednesse? Is my condition worse then *Sheepe* ordain'd for slaughter, that crop the springing *Grasse*, cloath'd warme in soft *Arrayment*, purchac'd without their Providence or paines? Or shall the pamp'rd *Beast* that shines with fatnesse, and growes wanton through his carefull *Groome's* indulgence, find better measure at the world's too partiall hands then I? Come, come, let those take paines that love to leave their names enroll'd in memorable monuments of *Parchment*; The day has griefe enough without my helpe; and let *To morrowe's* shoulders beare to morrow's burthens.

His Doome.

BUT stay my soule, O stay thy rash resolves, take heed whilst thou avoyd the punishment of sinne, *labour*, thou meet not the reward of idlenesse, a *judgement*; *The idle soule shall suffer hunger*, Prov. 19. 15.

His Proofs.

Eccles. 10. 18.

By much slothfulnesse the building decayeth, and through idlenesse of the hands, the house droppeth thorough.

Exod. 16. 49.

Behold this was the iniquitie of thy sister Sodom, pride, fulnesse of Bread, and abundance of idlenesse was in her and in her daughters, neither did she strengthen the hand of the poore and needy.

Prov. 6. 6, 7, 8.

Goe to the Pismire O sluggard, behold her wayes and be wise.

For she having no guide, governour, nor ruler, prepareth her meat in Summer, and gathereth her food in harvest.

Nilus in Parennes.

Idlenesse is the wombe or fountaine of all wickednesse: for it consumes and wastes the riches and vertues which wee have already, and disinables us to get those we have not.

Nilus in Paren.

Woe bee to the idle soule, for he shall hunger after that which his riot consumed.

His Soliloquie.

HOW presumptuously hast thou my soule, transgress the expresse *Commandement* of thy God! How hast thou dasht thy selfe against his *judgements*? How hath thy undeserving hand usurpt thy *diet* and wearest on thy back the *wages* of the painefull soule! Art thou not condemned to *Rags*, to *Famine*, by him whose Law

commanded thee to *labour*? And yet thou pamper'st up thy sides with stolen *food*, and yet thou deck'st thy wanton body with unearn'd *ornaments*; whiles they that spend their daily strength in their commanded *callings* (whose labour gives them interest in them) want *Bread* to feed, and *Rags* to cloathe them. Thou art no young *Raven* my soule, no *Lilly*: Where *abilitie* to labour is, there Providence meets *action*, and crownes it: Hee that forbids to cark for *to morrow*, denies Bread to the *Idleness* of to-day: Consider, O my soule thy owne *delinquency*, and let imployment make thee capable of thy God's *protection*: The Bird that sits is a faire mark for the Fowler, while they that use the wing escape the danger; follow thy *calling*, and heaven will follow thee with his *Blessing*: What thou hast formerly omitted, present repentance may redeeme, and what judgements God hath threatned, early Petitions may avert.

His Prayer.

MOST great and most glorious God, who for the sinne of our first parents hast condemned our fraile bodies to the punishment of labour, and hast commanded every one a Calling and a Trade of life, that hatest idlenesse as the root of evil, and threatnest povertie to the slothfull hand; I thy poore suppliant convicted by thy judgements and conscious of my own transgression, flie from my selfe to Thee, and humbly appeale from the high Tribunall of thy Justice, and seeke for refuge in the Sanctuary of thy Mercy: Lord, I have led a life displeasing to thee, and have been a scandall to my profession; I have slighted those Blessings which thy goodnesse hath promised to a conscionable calling, and have swallowed downe the Bread of idlenesse; I have impaired the Talent thou gavest me, and have lost the opportunity of doing much good: I have filled my heart with idle imaginations, and have layd my selfe open to the lusts of the flesh: I have abused thy favours in the misexpending of my pretious time, and have taken no delight in thy Sabbaths; I have doted too much on the pleasures of this world, and like a Droane have fed upon the hony of Bees. If thou O God shouldst bee extreame to search my wayes with too severe an eye, thou couldst not choose but whet thy indignation, and powre the vialls of thy wrath upon mee; looke therefore not upon my sinnes, O Lord, but through the merits of my Saviour, who hath made a full satisfaction for all my sinnes: What through my weakness I have fail'd to doe, the fulnesse of his sufferings hath most exactly done: In Him O God in whom thou art well pleased, and for his sake bee gracious to my sinne; Alter my heart and make it willing to please thee, that in my life I may adorne my profession: Give

me a care and a conscience in my calling, and grant thy blessing to the lawfull labours of my hand; Let the fidelitie of my vocation improve my Talent, that I may enter into my Master's joy: Rouse up the dulnesse and deadnesse of my heart, and quench those flames of lust within mee. Assist mee O God in the redemption of my time, and deliver my soule from the evilnesse of my dayes; Let thy providence accompany my moderate endeavours, and let all my imployments depend upon thy providence, that when the labours of this sinfull world shall cease, I may feele and enjoy the benefit of a good conscience, and obtaine the rest of New Jerusalem in the Eternity of glory.

The proud man's Ostentation.

I'Le make him feele the *weight* of displeasure, and teach him to *repent* his saucy boldnesse: How dare his basenesse once presume to breathe so neare my *person*, much more to take my *name* into his dunghill mouth? me thinks the lustre of my *sparkling* eye might have had the power to astonish him into good manners, and sent him back to cast his mind into a faire *Petition*, humbly presented with his trembling hand. But thus to presse into my *presence*, to presse so neare my *face*, and then to *speake*, and speake to *me*, as if I were his equall, is more then sufferable: The way to be condemn'd is to digest *contempt*; but he that would be honour'd by the vulgar sort must wisely keepe a distance: A countenance that's *reserv'd*, breeds feare and observation: but *affability* and too easie an *access* makes fooles too bold, and *reputation* cheape: What price I set upon my owne deserts, instructs *opinion* how to prize me: That which base ignorance miscalls thy *pride*, is but a conscious knowledge of thy *merits*: dejected soules, craven'd with their owne distrusts, are the world's *Footballs* to be kickt and spurnd, but brave and true heroick spirits, that know the *strength* of their owne worth, shall baffold basenesse and *presumption*, into a reverentiall *silence*, and spite of envie flourish in an honorable *repute*. Come then my soule, advance thy noble, thy sublimer *thoughts*, and prize thy selfe according to those *parts*, which all may wonder at, few imitate, but none can equall: Let not the insolent *affronts* of vassals interrupt thy *Peace*, nor seeme one *scruple* lesse then what thou art: Bee thou thy selfe, *Respect* thy selfe, receive thou honour from *thy selfe*: Rejoyce thy selfe in *thy selfe*, and prize thy selfe for *thy selfe*: Like *Cesar* admit no *equall*, and like *Pompey*, acknowledge no *superior*. Be covetous of thine owne *Honour*, and hold another's glory as thy *injury*. Renounce humilitie as an *Heresie* in reputation, and meeknesse as the worst disease of a true-bred noble Spirit; Disparage *worth* in

all but in thy selfe, and make another's infamy a *foyl* to magnifie thy glory. Let such as have no reason to bee *proud*, be *humbled* of necessitie, and let them that have no parts to value, be *despondent*. But as for thee, thy *Cards* are good, and having skill enough to play thy hopefull *Game*, vie boldly, conquer and triumph.

His Desolation.

BUt stay my soule, the *Trump* is yet unturn'd, boast not too soon, nor call it a faire day till night, the turning of a hand may make such *alterations*, in thy flat'ring fortunes, that all thy glorious expectations may chance to end in losse, and unsuspected *ruine*. That God which thrust that *Babylonian* Prince from his Imperiall *Throne*, to graze with beasts, hath said,

The Lord will destroy the house of the proud, Prov. 15. 25.

His Proofs.

Prov. 11.

When pride commeth, then commeth shame, but with the lowly is wisdom.

Jer. 11. 15.

Heare ye, and give eare, and be not proud, for the Lord hath spoken.

Esay 2. 12.

The day of the Lord of Hosts shall bee upon every one that is proud and loftie, and upon every one that is lifted up, and he shall be brought low.

Prov. 16. 5.

Every one that is proud in heart is abomination to the Lord.

St. James.

God rejecteth the proud, and giveth grace to the simple.

Isidor. Hispal.

Pride made Satan fall from the highest heaven, therefore they that pride themselves in their virtues, imitate the Devill; and fall more dangerously, because they aspire and climbe to the highest pitch, from whence is the greatest fall.

Greg. Mor.

Pride growes stronger in the roote whilst it braves it selfe with presumptuous advances, yet the higher it climes the lower it falls: for he that heightens himselfe by his owne pride, is alwayes destroyed by the judgement of God.

His Soliloquie.

How wert thou muffled O my soule! How were thine eyes blinded with the *corruption* of thine owne heart! When I beheld my selfe by my owne *light*

I seem'd a glorious thing; My *sunne* knew no *eclipse*, and all my imperfections were gilded over with *vaine-glory*: But now the *day-spring* from above hath shin'd upon my heart, and the diviner *light* hath driven away those foggy *mists*; I finde my selfe another thing: My *Diamonds* are all turn'd *Pebbles*, and my glory is turn'd to shame. O my deceived soule, how great a *darknesse* was thy light! The thing that seem'd so glorious, and sparkled in the night, by day appears but *rotten wood*: and that bright *Glow-worme*, that in darknesse outshined the *Chrysolite*, is by this new-found light no better then a crawling *worme*: How inseparable O my soule is *pride* and *folly*! which like *Hippocrates' twinnes* still live and die together? It blinds the eye, befooles the judgement, knowes no superiours, hates equals, disdaines inferiors, the wise man's *scorne*, and the foole's *Idol*: Renounce it O my soule, lest thy God renounce thee; Hee that hath threatned to resist the *proud*, hath promised to give Grace to the *humble*, and what true *Repentance* speakes, free *mercy* heares and crownes.

His Prayer.

O God the fountaine of all true Glory, and the giver of all free grace, whose Name is onely honorable, and whose workes are onely glorious, that shewest thy wayes to bee meeke, and takest compassion upon an humble spirit, that hatest the presence of a loftie eye, and destroyest the proud in the imaginations of their hearts, vouchsafe, O Lord, thy gracious eare, and heare the sighing of a contrite heart: I know O God, the qualitie of my sinne can look for nothing but the extremitie of thy wrath: I know, the crookednesse of my condition can expect nothing but the Furnace of thy indignation; I know, the insolence of my corrupted nature can hope for nothing but the execution of thy judgements: Yet Lord, I know withall, thou art a gracious God, of evill repenting thee, and slow to wrath; I know thy nature and propertie is to show compassion, apt to conceive, but readier to forgive: I know thou takest no pleasure in destruction of a sinner, but rather that hee should repent and live: In confidence, and full assurance whereof I am here prostrate on my bended knees, and with an humble heart: Nor doe I presse into thy holy presence, trusting in my owne merits, lest thou shouldest deale by me, as I have dealt by others, but being encouraged by thy gracious invitation, and heavy-laden with the burthen of my sinnes, I come to thee O God, who art the refuge of a wounded soule, and the Sanctuary of a broken spirit: Forgive, O God, forgive me, what is past recalling, and make mee circumpect for the time to come: Open mine eyes that I may see how vaine a thing I am, and how polluted from my

very birth : Give me an insight of my owne corruptions, that I may truly know, and loath my selfe. Take from me all vaine-glory, and selfe-love, and make mee carelesse of the world's applause : Endue mee with an humble heart, and take this haughty spirit from me ; Give me a true discovery of my owne merits, that I may truly feare and tremble at thy judgements. Let not the world's contempt deject me, nor the disrespects of man dismay mee. Take from mee O God a scornfull eye, and curbe my tongue that speaks presumptuous things : Plant in my heart a brotherly love, and cherish in me a charitable affection ; Possesse my soule with patience O God, and establish my heart in the feare of thy name, that being humbled before thee in the meeknesse of my spirit, I may bee exalted by thee through the freenesse of thy Grace, and crowned with thee in the kingdome of glory.

The covetous man's care.

BEleeve mee, the *Times* are hard and dangerous : *Charitie* is growne cold, and *friends* uncomfortable ; an emptie *Purse* is full of sorrow, and hollow *Bagges* make a heavy heart : *Povertie* is a civill *Pestilence*, which frights away both friends and kindred, and leaves us to a *Lord have mercy upon us* : It is a *sickness* very catching and infectious, and more commonly abhord then cured : The best Antidote against it is *Angelico*, and *Providence*, and the best Cordiall is *Aurum potable*. Gold-taking fasting is an approved *soveraigne*. Debts are ill *humors*, and turne at last to dangerous *obstructions* : Lending is a meere consumption of the *radicall* humour, and if consumed, brings a patient to *nothing*. Let others trust to Courtiers' *promises*, to friends' *performances*, to Princes' *favours* ; Give me a Toy call'd *Gold*, give me a thing call'd *Money*. O blessed *Mammon*, how extreamely sweet is thy all-commanding *presence* to my thriving soule ! In banishment thou art my deare companion ; In captivitie, thou art my pretious ransom. In trouble and vexation thou art my daintie rest. In sickness, thou art my *health* ; in griefe, my onely joy ; in all extremitie, my onely *trust* : Vertue must vaile to thee ; Nay *Grace* it selfe not relisht with thy sweetnesse would even displease the righteous palates of the sonnes of men. Come then my soule, advise, contrive, project : Goe, compasse Sea, and Land : leave no exploit untryed, no *path* untrod, no *time* unspent ; afford thine eyes no sleepe, thy head no rest : Neglect thy ravenous belly, uncloathe thy *backe* ; deceive, betray, sweare and forswear to compasse such a *friend* : If thou bee base in birth, 'twill make thee *honorable* ; If weake in power, it will make thee *formidable* : Are thy friends few ? 'Twill make them *numerous*. Is thy cause bad ? 'Twill make thee *Advocates*. True, *wisdom*e is an excellent helpe,

in case it bend this way ; and *learning* is a gentle Ornament, if not too chargeable : yet by your leave, they are but estates for *tear*me of life : But everlasting Gold, if well-advantag'd, will not onely blesse thy *dayes*, but thy surviving *children* from generation to generation. Come, come," let others fill their braines with deare-bought *wit*, turne their pence into expencefull *Charitie*, and store their bosomes with unprofitable *pietie* ; let them lose all to save their imaginary *conscienc*es, and *begger* themselves at home to be thought *honest* abroad ; Fill thou thy *baggs*, and *barnes*, and lay up for many yeers and take thy rest.

His Curse.

BUt O my soule, what follows, wounds my heart and strikes me on my knees.

Thou foole this night will I take thy soule from thee,
Luk. 12. 20.

His Proofs.

St. Matth. 6. 24.

Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.

Job 20. 15.

Hee hath swallowed downe riches, and he shall vomit them up againe : God shall cast them out of his belly.

Prov. 15. 17.

He that is greedy of gaine, troubles his owne house, but he that hateth gifts shall live.

2 Pet. 2. 3.

Through covetousnesse they shall with feigned words make merchandize of you, whose judgement now of a long time lingreth not, and whose damnation stum-breth not.

Nilus in Parænes.

Woe to the covetous, for his riches forsake him, and hell-fire takes him.

S. August.

O thou covetous man, why dost thou treasure up such hidden mischiefe ? why dost thou dote on the Image of the King stamped on coyne, and hatest the Image of God that shines in men ?

August.

The riches which thou treasurest up are lost, those thou charitably bestowest is truly thine.

His Soliloquie.

WHat think'st thou now my soule ? If the judgement of holy men may not informe thee, let the judgements of thy angry God enforce thee : Weigh thy owne

carnall *affections* with the sacred *Oracles* of heaven, and light and darknesse are not more contrary. What thou approvest, thy God condemnes; What thou desirest, thy God forbids: Now my soule, if *Mammon* be God, follow him, if God be God, adhere to him; *Thou canst not serve God and Mammon*. If thy conscience feeble the *booke*, nibble no longer. Many sinnes leave thee in the way, this followes thee to thy live's *end*; the *roots* of evill, the *canker* of all goodnesse: It *blinds* Justice, *poysons* Charity, *strangles* Conscience, *beslaves* the affections, *betrayes* friendship, *breakes* all relations: It is a *root* of the Devill's owne planting: Pluck it up: Thinke not that a *pleasure* which God hath threatned; nor that a *blessing* which heaven hath cursed: Devoure not that which thou or thy heyre must *vomit* up: Bee no longer possess'd with such a *Devill*, but cast him out: and if hee bee too strong, weaken him by *Fasting*, and exorcise him by *Prayer*.

His Prayer.

O God that art the fulnesse of all riches and the *Magasene* of all treasure, in the enjoyment of whose favour the smallest morsell is a rich inheritance and the coarsest Pulse is a large portion; without whose blessing, the greatest plenty enriches not, and the highest diet nourishes not; how have I (an earth-worm, and no man) fixt my whole heart upon this transitory world, and neglected thee the onely desirable good! I blush O Lord to confesse the basenesse of my life, and am utterly asham'd of mine owne foolishnesse: I have placed my affections upon the nasty Rubbish of this world, and have slighted the inestimable Pearle of my salvation; I have wallow'd in the mire of my inordinate desires, and refused to bee washt in the streames of thy compassion; I have put my confidence into the faithfulness of my servant, and have doubted the providence of thee my gracious Father; I have served unrighteous Mammon with greedinesse, and have preferred drosse and dung before the Pearly gates of New Jerusalem; Thou hast promised to bee all in all to those that feare thee, and not to faile the soule that trusts in thee; but I refused thy gracious offer, and put my confidence in the vanity of the Creature: But gracious God, to whom Repentance never comes unseasonable, that find'st an eare when sinnes finde a tongue, regard the contrition of a bleeding heart, and withdraw not thy mercy from a pensive soule. Give mee new thoughts O God, and with thy Holy Spirit new-mould my desires: Informe my will and sanctifie my affections, that they may relish thy sweetness with a full delight. Create in me O God a spirituall sense, that I may take pleasure in things that are above. Give mee a contented thankfulness for what I have, that I may neither in povertie

forsake thee, nor in plentie forget thee; Arme me with a continuall patience, that I may cheerfully put my trust in thy providence. Moderate my care for momentary things, that I may use the world as if I used it not. Let not the losse of any earthly good too much defect mee, lest I should sinne with my lippes and charge thee foolishly. Give mee a charitable hand O God, and fill my heart with brotherly compassion, that I may chearefully exchange the corruptible treasure of this world into the incorruptible riches of the world to come, and proving a faithfull steward in thy spirituall household, I may give up my account with joy, and bee made partaker of thy eternall joy in the kingdome of thy glory.

The Self-lover's Self-fraud.

God hath required my *heart* and he shall have it: God hath commanded truth in the *inward parts*, and hee shall be obeyed: My soule shall praise the Lord, and all that is within me, and I will serve him in the *strength* of my desires. And in common *cases* the tongue's profession of his *name* is no lesse then necessary: But when it lies upon a *life*, upon the saving of a *livelihood*, upon the flat undoing of a *reputation*, the case is altered: My *life* is deare, my faire possessions pretious, and my *reputation* is the very Apple of mine eye. To save so great a *stake*, mee thinks *equivocation* is but veniall, if a *sinne*. If the true loyalte of mine heart stands sound to my *Religion* and my *God*; my well-informed *Conscience* tels mee that in such *extremities* my frighted tongue may take the priviledge of a *Salvo* or a mental *reservation*, if not in the expression of a faire *compliance*. What? shall the reall breach of a holy *Sabbath*, dedicated to God's highest glory, bee tolerated for the welfare of an *Oxe*? May that breach bee set upon the score of *mercy*, and commended above *sacrifice* for the savagard of an *Asse*? And may I not dispense with a bare *lippe*, deniall of my urg'd Religion for the necessary preservation of the threatned *life* of a man? for the saving of the whole *livelihood* and subsistence of a Christian? What? shall I perish for the want of food, and die a *Martyr* to that foolish conscience which forbids mee to rub the eares of a little standing *Corne*? *Jacob* could purchase his sick father's blessing with a downe-right *lye*, and may I not dissemble for a *life*? The young man's great *possessions* taught his timorous tongue to shrink from and decline his heart's *profession*; and who could blame him? Come, if thou freely give thy *house*, canst thou in conscience bee denied a *hiding-room* for thy protection? The Syrian *Captaine* (hee whose heart was fixt on his now firme-resolv'd, and true devotion) reserv'd the house of *Rimmon* for his necessary attendance, and yet went in

peace. Peter (upon the rock of whose confession, the Church was grounded) to save his liberty, with a false, nay with a perjur'd tongue; nay more, at such a time when as the Lord of life (in whose behalfe hee drew his Sword) was question'd for his innocent life, denied his Master; and shall I bee so great an unthrift of my blood, my life, to lose it for a meere lippe-deniall of that Religion which now is settled and needs no blood to scale it?

His Retribution.

BUt stay! my Conscience checks me, there's a judgement thunders. Harke;
He that denies me before men, him will I deny before my Father which is in heaven, Matth. 10. 33.

His Proofs.

2 Tim. 3. 1, 2.

Know that in the latter dayes perillous times shall come:
For men shall be lovers of their owne selves.

Essay. 45. 23.

I have sworn by my selfe, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return, that unto mee every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall sweare.

Rom. 10. 10.

With the heart man beleeveth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made to salvation.

Luke 9. 26.

Whosoever shall bee ashamed of me and my words, of him shall the Sonne of man bee ashamed, when hee shall come in Glory.

August.

The love of God and the world are two different things: if the love of this world dwell in thee, the love of God forsakes thee; renounce that, and receive this; it's fit the more nobler love should have the best place and acceptance.

Theoph.

It is not enough onely to beleve with the heart, for God will have us confesse with our mouth; every one that confesses that Christ is God, shall finde Christ professing to the Father that that man is a faithfull servant; but those that deny Christ shall receive (that fearefull doome Nescio vos) I know you not.

His Soliloquie.

MY soule, in such a time as this when the civill Sword is warme with slaughter, and the wasting kingdome welters in her blood, wouldst thou not give thy

life to ransom her from ruine? Is not the God of heaven and earth worth many kingdomes? Is thy welfare more considerable then his glory? dar'st thou deny him for thy owne ends, that denied thee nothing for thy good? Is a poore clod of earth wee call inheritance, prizable with his greatnesse? Or a puffe of breath wee call life, valuable with his honour, in comparison of whom the very Angels are impure? Blush O my soule at thy owne guilt: Hee that accounted his blood, his life not worth the keeping, to ransom thee a wretch lost by thy owne rebellion, deserves hee not the abatement of a lust, to keepe him from a new crucifying? My soule, if Religion bind thee not, if judgements terrifie thee not, if naturall affection incline thee not, yet let common reason perswade thee to love him above a trifle, that loved thee above his life: And thou that hast so often denied him, deny thy self for ever, and he will own thee; repent and hee'l pardon thee, pray to him and he will heare thee.

His Prayer.

O God, whose glory is the end of my creation, and whose free mercy is the cause of my redemption, that gavest thy Sonne, thy onely Sonne to die for mee, who else had perished in the common deluge of thy wrath; What shall I render for so great a mercy? What thankfulness shall I returne for so infinite a love? Alas, the most that I can do is nothing, the best that I can present is worse then nothing, sinne: Lord, if I yeeld my body for a sacrifice, I offer nothing but a lump of filth, and loathsome putrefaction; or if I give my soule in contribution, I yeeld thee nothing but thy Image quite defaced and polluted with my lusts; or if I spend the strength of the whole man, and with both heart and tongue confesse and magnifie thy Name; how can the praises of my sinfull lips, that breath from such a sink, bee pleasing to thee? But Lord, since thou art pleased in thy well-pleasing Sonne to accept the povertrie of my weake endeavours, send downe thy Holy Spirit into my heart, cleanse it from the filth of my corruptions, and make it fit to praise thee: Lord open thou my mouth, and my lips shall shew forth thy praise. Put a new song into my mouth, and I will praise thee and confesse thee all day long; I will not hide thy goodness in my mouth, but will bee showing forth thy truth, and thy salvation; Let thy prayes be my honour, and let thy goodness be the subject of my undaunted Song. Let neither reputation, wealth, nor life bee pretious to mee in comparison with thee: Let not the world's derision daunt mee, nor examples of infirmitie deject me: Give mee courage and wisdom to stand for thy honour; O make mee worthy, able and willing to suffer for thy Name. Lord teach me to deny

my selfe, and to resist the motions of my owne corruptions; create in mee O God a single heart, that I may love the Lord Jesus in sinceritie; remember not O Lord the sinnes of my feare, and pardon the hypocrisie of my self-love. Wash me from the staines and guilt of this my hainous offence, and deliver mee from this fearefull judgement thou hast threatned in thy Word: Convince all the Arguments of my unsanctified wit, whereby I have become an advocate to my sinne. Grant that my life may adorne my profession, and make my tongue an instrument of thy glory. Assist me O God that I may praise thy goodnesse, and declare thy wonders among the children of men: Strengthen my faith that it may trust Thee; and let my works so shine, that men may praise thee; That my heart beleeving unto righteousness, and my tongue confessing to salvation, I may be acknowledg'd by thee here, and glorified by thee in the kingdome of glory.

The worldly man's Verdour.

For ought I see the case is even the same with him that *prayer*, and him that does *not* pray; with him that *swears* and him that *fears* an oath: I see no difference; if any, those that they call the *wicked* have the advantage. Their crops are even as *fairs*, their flocks as *numarous* as theirs that weare the ground with their religious *knees*, and fast their bodies to a *shelliton*; nay in the use of blessings (which onely makes them so) they farre exceed; they tearme mee *reprobate*, and stile mee *unregenerate*: 'Tis true, I *eate* my labours with a jolly heart; *drinke* frolick cups; sweeten my paines with time-beguiling *sports*, make the best *advantage* of my owne, *pray* when I think on't, *swear* when they urge mee, heare Sermons at my *leasure*; follow the *lusts* of my owne eyes, and take the pleasure of my own *wayes*; and yet, God bee thanked, my Barnes are *furnish'd*, my sheepe *stand* sound, my Cattle *strong* for labour, my pastures *rich* and flourishing, my body *healthfull*, and my bagges are *full*, whilst they that are so *pure*, and make such *conscience* of their wayes, that *run* to Sermons, *figge* to Lectures, *pray thrice* a day by the hower, hold *faith* and *troth* prophane, and drinking *healths* a sinne, doe often finde *leane* harvests, *easie* flocks, and *emptie* purses: Let them bee godly that can live on *Ayre* and *Faith*; and eaten up by *Zeale*, can whine themselves into an *Hospitall*, or blesse their lippes with charitable *scrapps*. If godlinesse have this *reward*, to have short meales for *long prayers*; weake estates, for *strong faiths*, and good consciences upon such bad *conditions*, let them boast of their *pennyworths*, and let mee bee wicked still, and take my *chance* as falls. Let mee have *judgement* to discover a profitable *Farme*, and *wit* to take it

at an easie *Rent*, and *Gold* to stock it in a liberrall manner, and *skill* to manage it to my best advantage, and *luck* to finde a good encrease, and *providence* to husband wisely what I gaine; I seeke no further, and I wish no more. Husbandry and Religion are two severall *occupations*, and looke two severall wayes, and he is the onely *wise* man can reconcile them.

His withering.

But stay, my soule, I feare thy reckoning failes thee: If thou hast judgement to *discover*; wit, to *bar-gaine*; Gold, to *employ*; skill, to *manage*; providence, to *dispose*; canst thou command the Clouds to *droppe*? or if a wet season meet thy *Harvest* and with open sluces overwhelm thy hopes; canst thou let downe the *flood-gates*, and stop the watry *Flux*? Canst thou command the *Sunne* to shine? Canst thou forbid the *Mildewes*, or controll the breath of the malignant *East*? Is not this God's sole *Prerogative*? And hath not that God said,
When the workers of iniquitie doe flourish, it is they that shall be destroyed for ever, Psal. 92. 12.

His Proofs.

Job 21. 7.

Wherefore doe the wicked live, become old, yea are mightie in power?

8. *Their seed is establish'd in their sight, and their offspring before their eyes.*
9. *Their houses are safe from feare, neither is the wrath of God upon them.*
10. *Their Bull gendereth and faileth not, their Cow calveth, and casteth not her Calf.*
11. *They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children daunce.*
12. *They take the Timbrell, and the Harp and rejoyce at the sound of the Organ.*
13. *They spend their dayes in wealth, and in a moment they goe downe to the grave.*

Nil. in Parænes.

Woe bee to him that pursues emptie and fading pleasures: because in a short time hee eats and pampers himselfe, as a Calf to the slaughter.

Bernard.

There's no misery more true and reall, then false and counterfeit pleasure.

Hierom.

It's not onely difficult, but impossible, to have heaven here and hereafter: To live in sensuall lusts, and to attaine

spirituall blisse; to passe from one paradise to another, to be a mirrour of felicitie in both worlds, to shine with glorious rayes both in this globe of earth, and the orbe of heaven.

His Soliloquie.

HOW sweet a feast is, till the *reckoning* come! A faire day ends often in a cold night, and the road that's pleasant ends in *Hell*: If worldly pleasures had the promise of *continuance*, prosperitie were some comfort; but in this necessary *vicissitude* of good and evill, the prolonging of adversitie *sharpens* it: It is no common thing, my soule, to enjoy *two* heavens: *Dives* found it in the *present*, *Lazarus* in the *future*: Hath thy encrease met with no *damage*? thy reputation, with no *scandall*? thy pleasure, with no *crosse*? thy prosperitie, with no *adversitie*? Presume not: God's checks are *symptomes* of his mercy: but his silence is the *Harbinger* of a judgement. Bee circumspect, and provident my soule: Hast thou a faire *Summer*? provide for a hard *Winter*: The world's *River* ebbs alone; it flowes not: Hee that goes merrily with the *streame*, must *bale* up: Flatter thy selfe therefore no longer in thy *prosperous* sinne, O my deluded soule, but be truly sensible of thy owne *presumption*: Look seriously into thy approaching danger, and humble thy selfe with true contrition: If thou procure *sovere Hears*, God will provide his *Passeover*.

His Prayer.

HOW weake is man O God, when thou forsakest him! How foolish are his Counsels, when hee plots without thee! How wilde his progresse, when hee wanders from thee! How miserable till hee returne unto thee! How his wit falles! How his wisdom falsters! How his wealth melts! How his providence is befooled! and how his soul beslav'd! Thou strik'st off the Charlot wheeles of his Inventions, and hee is perplex: Thou confoundest the *Babel* of his imaginations, and he is troubled: Thou crossest his designs that hee may feare thee, and thou stop'st him in his wayes that he may know thee. How mercifull art thou O God, and in thy very judgements Lord how gracious! Thou mightst have struck me into the lowest pit as easily as on these bended knees, and yet been justified in my confusion: But thou hast threatned like a gentle father, as loath to punish thy ungracious childe. Thou knowest the crooked thoughts of man are vaine, still turning point to their contrivers' ruin; Thou sawst me wandering in the maze of death, whilst I with violence pursued my owne destruction: But thou hast warn'd me by thy sacred Word, and tooke me off that I might live to praise thee. Thou art my confidence O God;

Thou art the rock, the rock of my salvation. Thy Word shall bee my guide, for all thy paths are Mercy and Truth: Lord when I looke upon my former worldlinesse, I utterly abhorre my conversation: strengthen mee with thy assistance, that I may leade a new life, make mee more and more sensible of my owne condition, and perfect thou the good worke thou hast begun in mee: In all my designs bee thou my Counsellour, that I may prosper in my undertakings. In all my actions bee thou my guide, that I may keepe the path of thy Commandements. Let all my owne devises come to nought, lest I presume upon the Arme of flesh; let not my wealth encrease without thy blessing, lest I bee fatted up against the day of slaughter; Have thou a hand in all my just employments, then prosper thou the worke of my hands, O prosper thou my handy-worke: That little I enjoy, confirme it to me, and make it mine, who have no interest in it till thou owne mee as thy Child: Then shall my soule rejoyce in thy favours, and magnifie thy name for all thy mercies: Then shall my lips proclaime thy loving-kindnesse, and sing thy praises for ever and for ever.

The Lascivious man's Heaven.

CAN flesh and blood bee so unnaturall to forget the lawes of *Nature*? Can blowing youth immove it selfe within the *Icy* walls of *Vestall Chastitie*? Can *lusty* diet, and *mollicious* rest bring forth no other fruits, but *faint* desires, *rigid* thoughts, and *Phlegmatick* conceits? should wee bee *stocks* and *stones*, and (having active soules) turne altogether *passives*? Must wee turne *Anchorites* and spend our dayes in *Caves* and *Hermitages*, and smother up our pretious houres in *cloysterd* folly, and *recluse* devotion? Can *Rosie chackes*, can *Ruby lippes*, can *snowy breasts* and sparkling *eyes*, present their *beauties* and perfections to the sprightly view of *young* mortalitie, and must wee stand like *Statues* without sense or motion? Can strict Religion impose such *cruell* Taskes, and even *impossible* commands upon the raging thoughts of her unhappy *votaries*, as to withstand and contradict the *instinct* and very principles of *Nature*? Can faire-pretending pietie be so barbarous to condemn us to the *flames* of our affections, and make us *Martyrs* to our owne desires? Is't not enough to conquer the rebellious *Actions* of imperious flesh, but must wee manacle her hands, darken her eyes, nay worse, restraine the freedome of her very *thoughts*? Can full perfection be expected here? Or can our worke be *perfect* in this vale of imperfection? This were a life for *Angels*, but a task too hard for fraile, for transitory *man*. Come, come, we are but men, but *flesh* and *blood*, and our borne frailties cannot grapple with such potent *tyranny*. What nature and necessitie requires us to doe,

is *venial*, being done. Come, strive no more against so strong a *streame*, but take thy fill of *beautie*: solace thy wanton heart with *amorous* contemplations, cloathe all thy words with courtly *Rhetorick*, and soften thy lips with *dialects* of love; *surfeit* thy selfe with pleasure, and *melt* thy passion into warme delights; Walke into Nature's universall *Bower*, and pick what *flower* does most surprize thine eye; drink of all *waters*, but be tied to none. Spare neither cost nor paines, to compass thy *desires*. Enjoy *varieties*; Emparadise thy soule in *fresh* delights. The change of pleasure makes thy pleasure double. Ravish thy senses with perpetuall *choyce*, and glut thy soule with all the *delicates* of love.

His Hell.

BUT hold! There is a voyce that whispers in my troubled eare, a voyce that blanks my thoughts, and stops the course of my *resolves*; A voyce that chills the bosome of my soule and fills me with amazement: *Harte*,

They which doe such things shall not inherit the kingdome of God, Gal. 5. 21.

His Proofs.

Exod. 20. 14.

Thou shalt not commit Adultery.

Matth. 5. 28.

Whosoever looks upon a woman to lust after her hath committed Adultery with her already in his heart.

Rom. 13. 13.

Let us walke honestly as in the day, not in rioting, nor in drunkenness, nor in chambering, nor in wantonnesse.

1 Pet. 2. 11.

Abstaine from fleshly lusts, which warre against the soule.

Nilus in Parzen.

Woe bee to the fornicator and adulterer, for his garment is defiled and spotted, and the heavenly Bridegroom casts him out from his chaste nuptials.

A world of presumptuous and hainous offences doe arise and spring from the filthy fountaine of adulterous lust, whereby the gate of heaven is shut, and poore man excluded from God.

S. Gregor. Mor.

Hence the flesh lives in sensuall delights for a moment, but the immortall soule perisheth for ever.

His Soliloquie.

LUST is a *Brand* of originall fire, rak'd up in the *Embers* of flesh and blood; uncovered by a

naturall *inclination*, blowne by corrupt *communication*, quencht with *fasting* and *humiliation*: It is rak'd up in the *best*, uncovered in the *most*, and blowne in *thee* O my lustfull soule; O turne thine eare from the *pleadings* of Nature, and make a *Covenant* with thine eyes: Let not the language of *Delilah* inchant thee, lest the hands of the *Philistines* surprize thee: Review thy *past* pleasures, with the *charge* and *paines* thou hadst to compass them, and show mee, where's thy *pennyworth*? Foresee what *punishments* are prepar'd to meet thee, and tell mee, what's thy *purchase*? Thou hast barterd away thy *God* for a *lust*; sold thy *eternitie* for a *trifle*; If this bargain may not bee recall'd by *teares*, dissolve thee O my soule into a Spring of *waters*; If not to be revers'd with *price*, reduce thy whole estate into a *Sackcloth*, and an *Ash-tub*. Thou whose Liver hath scorcht in the *flames* of lust, humble thy heart in the *Ashes* of repentance: And as with *Esau* thou hast sold thy Birthright for *Broth*, so with *Jacob* wrestle by Prayer till thou get a blessing.

His Prayer.

O God, before whose face the Angels are impure; before whose clear omniscience all Actions appeare, to whom the very secrets of the hearts are open; I here acknowledge to thy glory and my shame, the filthinesse and vile impuritie of my Nature; Lord, I was filthy in my very conception, and in filthinesse my mother's wombe enclosed me, brought forth in filthinesse, and filthy in my very innocency, filthy in the motions of my flesh, and filthy in the apprehensions of my soule: my words all cloath'd with filthinesse, and in all my actions filthy and uncleane, in my inclination filthy, and in the whole course of my life nothing but a continued filthinesse. Wash mee O God, and make mee cleane, cleanse me from the filthinesse of my corruption; Purge me O Lord with Hyssop and create a cleane heart within mee: Correct the vagrant motions of my flesh, and quench the fiery darts of Satan; Let not the Law of my corrupted members rule mee; O let concupiscence have no dominion over me; Give mee courage to fight against my lusts, and give my weakenesse strength to overcome; make sharpe my sword against this body of sinne, but most against my *Delilah*, my bosome-sinne. Deliver mee from the tyranny of temptation, or give mee power to subdue it: Confine the libertie of my wanton appetite, and give mee temperance in a sober diet; Grant mee a heart to strive with thee in Prayer, and hopefull patience to attend thy leisure; Keepe mee from the habit of an idle life, and close mine eares against corrupt communication; Set thou a watch before my lippes, that all my words may savour of sobriety: Preserve mee from the vanitie and pride of life, that I may walke

blamelesse in my conversation ; Protect mee from the fellowship of the uncleane, and from all such as are of evill report. Let thy Grace O God bee sufficient for mee, to protect my soule from the buffetings of Satan. Make mee industrious and diligent in my calling, lest the enemy get advantage over me : In all my temptations let mee have recourse to thee. Bee thou my refuge when I call upon thee ; Forgive O God the sinnes of my youth, O pardon the multitudes of my secret sinnes : Encrease my hatred to my former life, and strengthen my resolution for the time future : Heare mee O God, and let the words of my mouth bee alwayes acceptable to thee, O God my strength and my Redeemer.

The Sabbath-breaker's profanation.

THE glittering *Prince* that sits upon his regall and imperiall Throne, and the ignoble *Pesant* that sleeps within his sordid house of Thatch are both alike to God : An *Ivory* Temple and a Church of *Clay* are priz'd alike by him : The flesh of *Bulls*, and the perfumes of *Merrh* and *Cassia* smooke his Altars with an equall pleasure : And does he make such difference of *dayes* ? Is hee that was so weary of the *New-Moones*, so taken with the *Sunne* to tie his *Sabbath* to that onely day ? The *tenth* in tithes is any one in *tenne*, and why the seventh day not any one in *seaven* ? We sanctifie the day, the day not us : But are we *Yewes* ? Are we still bound to keepe a *legall* Sabbath in the strictnesse of the Letter ? Have the Gentiles no *priviledge*, by the vertue of *Messiah's* comming, or has the *Evangelicall* Sabbath no immunities ? The *service* done, the *day's* discharg'd, my *libertie* restored ; And if I meet my *profits*, or my *pleasures* then, I'll give them entertainment. If *business* call mee to account, I dare afford a carefull eare. Or if my *sports* invite me, I'll entertaine them with a cherefull heart : I'll goe to *Mattens* with as much devotion as my neighbour, I'll make as low *obeysance*, and as just *responds* as any ; but soone as *Evensong's* ended, my Church-devotion and my *Psalter* shall sanctifie my *Pue* till the next Sabbath call ; Were it no more for an old *custome* sake, then for the *good* I find in Sabbaths, that *Ceremony* might as well bee spared. It is a day of *Rest* : And what's a *Rest* ? A relaxation from the toyle of *labour* : And what is *labour* but a painefull exercise of the fraile body ? But where the *exercise* admits no toyle, there *Relaxation* makes no *Rest* : What labour is it for the *worldly* man to compasse Sea and Land to accomplish his desires ? What labour is it for the impatient *lover* to measure Hellespont with his widened armes to hasten his *delight* ? What labour for the youth to numbe musick with their sprightly *paces* ? Where pleasure's reconcil'd to labour, labour is but an *active* rest ; Why

should the Sabbath then, a *day of rest*, divorce thee from those delights that make thy *Rest* ? Afflict their soules that please, my rest shall bee what most conduces to my heart's *delight*. Two howers will vent more *prayers* then I shall need, the rest remains for *pleasure*.

His Extirpation.

CONscience, why start'st thou ? A *judgement* strikes mee from the mouth of heaven, and smith, *Whosoever doth any works on my Sabbath, his soule shall be cut off*, Exod. 31. 14.

His Proofs.

Exod. 20.

Remember to keep holy the Sabbath day, six dayes shalt thou labour, and doe all that thou hast to doe, but the seventh day, &c.

Exod. 31. 14.

Ye shall keepe my Sabbath, for it is holy unto you.

Exod. 31. 13.

Verily my Sabbaths thou shalt keep, for this is a signe betwixt mee and you, throughout your Generations.

Luke 23. 56.

And they returned and prepared spices, and oymments, and rested on the Sabbath day according to the Commandement.

Gregor.

Wee ought upon the Lord's day to rest from bodily labour, and wholly to addict our selves to prayers, that what soever hath been done amisse, the weeke before, may upon the day of our Lord's resurrection be expiated and purged by fervent prayers.

Cyr. Alex.

Sinne is the storehouse of death and misery, it kindles flames for it's dearest friends. Therefore whosoever when he should rest from sinne, busieth himselfe in the dead and fruitlesse workes of wickednesse, and renouncing all piety, lusts after such things as will bring him into eternall destruction, and everlasting flames, justly deserves to die and perish with the damned ; because when he might have enjoyed a pious rest, he laboured to run headlong to his own destruction.

His Soliloquie.

MY soul, how hast thou profaned that *day* thy God hath sanctified ! How hast thou *encroach'd* on that which heaven hath *set apart* ! If thy impatience cannot act a Sabbath *twelve houres*, what happiness

canst thou expect in a *perpetuall* Sabbath? Is six dayes *too little* for thy selfe, and two houres *too much* for thy God? O my soule, how dost thou prize *temporalls* beyond *eternalls*? Is it equall that God, who gave thee a body, and *six dayes* to provide for it, should demand *one day* of thee, and bee denied it? How *liberall* a receiver art thou, and how miserable a *Requiter*! But know my soule, his Sabbaths are the *Apple* of his eye: Hee that hath power to vindicate the *breach* of it, hath threatned judgements to the *breaker* of it. The God of mercy that hath mitigated the *rigor* of it for charity sake, will not diminish the *honour* of it for profanenesse sake: forget not then my soule to remember his *Sabbaths*, and remember not to forget his judgements, lest hee forget to remember thee in *Mercy*: What thou hast neglected, bewaile with *contrition*, and what thou hast repented, forsake with *resolution*, and what thou hast resolved strengthen with *devotion*.

His Prayer.

O Eternall, just, and all-discerning Judge; in thy selfe, glorious; in thy Sonne, gracious; who tryest without a witness, and condemnest without a Jury; O! I confesse my very actions have betray'd me, thy word hath brought in evidence against mee, my owne conscience hath witnessed against me, and thy judgement hath past sentence against me: And what have I now to plead but mine own misery, and whither should that misery flee but to the God of mercy? And since O Lord the way to mercy is to leave my selfe, I here disclaime all interest in my self, and utterly renounce my selfe; I that was created for thy glory, have dishonored thy Name; I that was made for thy service, have profaned thy Sabbaths; I have sleighted thy Ordinances, and turned my back upon thy Sanctuary; I have neglected thy Sacraments, abused thy Word, despis'd thy Ministers and despis'd their ministry; I have come into thy Courts with an unprovided heart, and have drawne neare with uncircumcised lippes; And Lord I know thou art a jealous God, and most severe against all such as violate thy Rest; The glory of thy Name is pretious to thee, and thine honor is as the Apple of thine eye; But thou O God that art the God of Hosts, hast published and declared thy self the Lord of mercy; The constitution of thy Sabbath was a worke of time, but Lord thy mercy is from all eternitie; I that have broke thy Sabbaths, doe here present thee with a broken heart; thy hand is not shortned that thou canst not heale, nor thy eare deafned that thou canst not heare; Stretch forth thy hand O God and heale my wounds. Bow downe thine eare O Lord, and heare my Prayers; Alter the fabrick of my sinfull heart, and make it tender of thy glory; Make mee ambitious of thy service, and

let thy Sabbaths bee my whole delight; Give mee a holy reverence of thy Word, that it may prove a light to my steppes and a Lanthorne to my feet. Endue my heart with Charity and Faith that I may finde a comfort in thy Sacraments. Blesse thou the Ministers of thy sacred Word, and make them holy in their lifes, sound in their doctrine and laborious in their callings. Preserve the universall Church in these distracted times; give her peace, unitie, and uniformity, purge her of all Schisme, error and superstition; Let the King's daughter be all glorious within, and let thine eyes take pleasure in her beautie, that being honor'd here to bee a member of her Militant, I may be glorified with her triumphant.

The censorious man's Crimination.

I Know there is much of the *seed* of the Serpent in him by his very *lookes*, if his words betray'd him not; He hath eaten the *EGG* of the *Cochatrice*, and surely hee remaineth in the state of *perdition*; He is not within the *Covenant*, and abideth in the Gall of *bitternesse*; His studied Prayers show him to bee a high *Malignant*, and his *Jesus-worship* concludes him *popishly* affected; Hee comes not to our private meetings, nor contributes a penny to the *cause*: Hee cries up *learning*, and the booke of *Common-Prayer*, and takes no armes to hasten *Reformation*; Hee feares God for his owne *ends*, for the spirit of *Antichrist* is in him. His eyes are full of *Adulteries*, and goes a-whoring after his owne *inventions*: Hee can heare an oath from his superiors without *reproof*, and the heathenish Gods named without spitting in his *face*: Wherefore my soule detesteth him, and I will have no *conversation* with him; for what fellowship hath light with *darknesse*, or the *pure* in heart with the uncleane? Sometimes hee is a *Publican*, sometimes a *Pharisee*, and alwayes an *Hypocrite*; Hee railes against the *Altar* as loud as we, and yet he cringes and makes an *Idol* of the name of *Jesus*; hee is quick-sighted to the infirmities of the Saints, and in his heart rejoyceth at our *failings*; hee honours not a preaching *ministry*, and too much leanes to a *Church-government*; hee paints *devotion* on his face, whilst *pride* is stampt within his heart: hee places sanctitie in the walls of a *Steeple-house*, and adores the *Sacrament* with his popish knee; His Religion is a *Weathercock*, and turns brest to every *blast* of wind. With the pure hee seemes *pure*, and with the wicked hee will joyne in *fellowship*; A *sober* language is in his mouth, but the *poysen* of *Aspes* is under his tongue: His workes conduce not to *edification*, nor are the motions of his heart *sanctified*; Hee adores great ones for *preferment*, and speakes too partially of *authority*: Hee is a *Laodicean* in his *faith*, a *Nicolaitane* in his *workes*, a Pharisee in his *disguise*, a rank Papist in his *heart*, and I thanke my God I am not as this man.

His Commination.

BUt stay my soule, take heed whilst thou judgest another, lest God judge thee; how com'st thou so expert in *another's* heart, being so often deceived in thy *owne*? A *Saul* to day may prove a *Paul* to morrow; Take heed whilst thou wouldst seeme religious thou appeare not *uncharitable*; and whilst thou judgest man, thou be not judg'd of God, who saith

Judge not, lest yee bee judged, Matth. 7. 1.

His Proofs.

John 7. 24.

Judge not according to appearance, but judge righteous judgement.

Rom. 14. 10.

But why dost thou judge thy brother? or why dost thou set at naught thy brother? Wee shall all stand before the judgement seate of Christ.

1 Cor. 4. 5.

Judge nothing before the time, untill the Lord, who will both bring to light the hidden things of darknesse, and will make manifest the counsell of the heart.

Rom. 14. 13.

Let us not therefore judge one another any more, but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block, or an accusation to fall in his brother's way.

Psal. 50. 6.

God is Iudge himselfe.

St. August.

Apparent and notorious iniquities ought both to bee reprov'd and condemned, but wee should never judge such things as we understand not, nor can certainly know whether they be done with a good or evil intent.

S. August.

When thou knowest not apparently, judge charitably; because it's better to thinke well of the wicked, then by frequent censuring to suspect an innocent man guilty of an offence.

S. Aug.

The unrighteous Iudge shall bee justly condemned.

His Soliloquie.

HAs thy brother, O my soule, a beame in his eye? And hast thou no moate in thine? Cleare thine own, and thou wilt see the better to cleanse his: If a *Theefe* bee in his Candle, blow it not out, lest thou wrong the *flame*, but if thy *snuffers* bee of Gold, snuffe it: Has hee offended thee? *Forgive* him: Hath hee trespass'd against the Congregation? *Reprove* him:

Hath he sinned against God? *Pray* for him. O my soule, how uncharitable hast thou been? How Phariscaically hast thou judg'd? Being sick of the *lawndies*, how hast thou censur'd another *yellow*? And with *blotted* fingers made his *blurre* the greater? How hast the *pride* of thy owne heart *blinded* thee toward thy selfe? How *quick-sighted* to another! Thy brother has alipt, but thou hast fallen, and hast blancht thy owne *impiety* with the publishing his *sins*: Like a *Flie*, thou stingest his sores, and feed'st on his corruptions; Jesus came eating and drinking, and was judg'd a *glutton*; *John* came fasting, and was challeng'd with a *devill*; Judge not my soule, lest thou bee judg'd; maligne not thy brother, lest God laugh at thy destruction: Wouldst thou escape the punishment? *judge thy selfe*: Wouldst thou avoyd the sinne? *humble thy selfe*.

His Prayer.

O God that art the onely searcher of the Reines, to whom the secrets of the heart of man are onely known, to whom alone the judgement of our thoughts, our words and deeds belong, and to whose sentence wee must stand or fall: I a presumptuous sinner that have thrust into thy place and boldly have presumed to execute thy office, doe here as humbly confesse the insolence of mine attempt, and with a sorrowfull heart repent me of my doings; and though my convinced conscience can look for nothing from thy wrathfull hand but the same measure which I measured to another, yet in the confidence of that mercy which thou hast promised to all those that truly and unfeignedly beleve, I am become an humble suitor for thy gracious pardon: Lord, if thou search mee but with a favourable eye, I shall appeare much more unrighteous in thy sight, then this my uncharitably condemned brother did in mine; O looke not therefore, Lord, upon mee as I am, lest thou abhor me; but through the merits of my blessed Saviour cast a gracious eye upon mee; Let his humilitie satisfie for my presumption, and let his meritorious sufferings answer for my vile uncharitableness; let not the voyce of my offence provoke thee with a stronger cry, then the language of his Intercession. Remove from mee O God all spirituall pride, and make me little in my owne conceite; Lord light mee to my selfe, that by thy light I may discerne how dark I am; Lighten that darknesse by thy Holy Spirit, that I may search into my owne corruptions: And since O God all gifts and graces are but nothing, and nothing can bee acceptable in thy sight without charity; quicken the dulnesse of my faint affections, that I may love my brother as I ought: Soften my marble heart that it may melt at his infirmities; Make me carefull in the examination of my owne wayes, and most severe against my owne offences: Pull out

the beame out of mine owne eye, that I may see clearely, and reprove wisely. Take from mee O Lord all grudging, envy, and malice, that my seasonable reproofes may winne my brother. Preserve my heart from all censorious thoughts, and keepe my tongue from striking at his name : Grant that I make right use of his infirmities, and reade good Lessons in his failings, that loving him in thee, and thee in him according to thy command, wee may both bee united in thee as members of thee, that thou mayst receive honour from our communion here, and wee eternall glory from thee hereafter in the world to come.

The Liar's Fallacies.

N Ay if Religion bee so strict a Law to bind my tongue to the *necessitie* of a truth on all occasions, at all times, and in all places, the gate is too *strait* for me to enter : Or if the generall *rules* of downeright truth will admit no few *exceptions*, farewell all honest *mirth*, farewell all *trading*, farewell the whole *converse* betwixt man and man : If alwayes to speake punctuall truth bee the true *Symptomes* of a blessed soule, *Tom Tell troth* has a happy time, and fooles and children are the onely men. If *truth* sit Regent, in what faithfull brest shall *secrets* finde repose ? What *kingdome* can be safe ? What *Commonwealth* can be secure ? What *warre* can be succesfull ? What *Stratagem* can prosper ? if bloody times should force Religion to *shroud* it selfe beneath my rooffe ; upon demand, shall my false truth *betray* it ? Or shall my brother's life, or shall my owne be seisd upon through the cruell truth of my downeright *confession* ? or rather not secured by a faire *officious* life ? shall the righteous *Favorite* of Egypt's *Tyrant*, by vertue of a loud *lie*, sweeten out his joy and heighten up his soft affection with the *Antiperistasis* of teares, and may I not prevaricate with a sullen truth to save a brother's life, from a bloodthirsty hand ? shall *Jacob* and his too indulgent *mother* conspire in a *lie* to purchase a paternall *blessing* in the false name, and habit of a supplanted *brother*, and shall I question to preserve the granted blessing of a *life*, or *livelihood*, with a harmelesse *lie* ? Come, come, my soule, let not thy timerous *conscience* check at such poore things as these : So long as thy officious tongue aymes at a just *end*, a *lie* is no offence : So long as thy perjurious lippes confirme not thy untruth with an *audacious* brow, thou needst not feare : The weight of the *cause* releevs the burthen of the *Crime* : Is thy *Center* good ? No matter how crooked the lines of the *circumference* bee : *Policy* allows it : If thy journie's *end* be heaven, it matters not how full of Hell thy *journey* be ; *Divinitie* allows it : Wilt thou condemne the Egyptian *Midwives* for saving

the *infant* Israelites by so mercifull a *lie* ? When *Marshall execution* is to bee done, wilt thou feare to *kill* ? When hunger drives thee to the gates of death, wilt thou bee affraid to *steale* ? When civill warres divide a kingdome, will *Mercuries* decline a *lie* ? No, circumstances *excuse*, as well as *make* the *lie* ; Had *Cæsar*, *Scipio*, or *Alexander* been regulated by such strict *Divinitie*, their names had been as silent as their *dust* : A *lie* is but a faire *put-off*, the *sanctuary* of a secret, the *riddle* of a lover, the *stratagem* of a Souldier, the *policy* of a Statesman, and a *salve* for many desperate sores.

His Flames.

B Ut, hark, my soule, there's something rounds mine eare, and calls my language to a *recantation* : The Lord hath spoken it,

Liers shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, Revel. 2. 1. 8.

His Proofs.

Exod. 20.

Thou shalt not raise a false report.

Levit. 19. 11.

Ye shall not deale falsely, neither lie one to another.

Prov. 12. 22.

Lying lips are abomination to the Lord ; but they that deale truly are his delight.

Prov. 19. 5.

He that speaketh lies shall not escape.

Ephes. 4. 25.

Put away lying, and every one speake truth with his neighbour, for we are members one of another.

Revel.

There shall in no wise enter into the New Ierusalem any thing that worketh abomination, or that maketh a lie.

St. August.

Whosoever thinkes, there's any kind of lie that is not a sinne, shamefully deceives himselfe, mistaking a lying or couensing knave for a square or honest man.

Gregor.

Eschew and avoid all falshood, though sometime certaine kind of untruths are lesse sinfull, as to tell a lie to save a man's life ; yet because the Scripture saith, The lyer slayeth his owne soule, and God will destroy them that tell a lie ; therefore, religious and honest men should alwayes avoyd even the best sort of lies, neither ought another man's life be secured by our falshood or lying, lest we destroy our own soule, in labouring to secure another man's life.

His Soliloquie.

What a *child* O my soule hath thy false bosome harbord! And what reward can thy indulgence expect from such a *father*? What blessing canst thou hope from heaven, that pleadest for the *sonne* of the devill, and crucifyest the *Sonne* of God? God is the father of truth; To secure thy estate thou denyest the *truth* by framing of a *lie*: To save thy brother's *life* thou opposet the *truth* in justifying a *lie*: Now tell me O my soule, art thou worthy the name of a *Christian*, that denyest and opposet the *nature* of Christ? Art thou worthy of Christ that preferrest thy estate, or thy brother's *life* before him? O my unrighteous soule, canst thou hold thy brother worthy of death for giving thee the *lie*, and thy selfe guiltlesse that makest a *lie*? I, but in some cases truth destroyes thy *life*; a *lie* preserves it: My soule, was God thy *Creator*? then make not the devill thy *preserver*: Wilt thou despaire to trust him with thy *life* that gave it, and make him thy *Protector* that seeks to destroy it? Reforme thee and repent thee, O my soule; hold not thy *life* on such conditions, but trust thee to the hands that made thee.

His Prayer.

O God, that art the God of truth, whose word is truth, that hatest lying lips, and abominatest the deceitfull tongue, that banishest thy presence all such as love or make a *lie*, and lovest truth, and requirest uprightness in the inward parts; I the most wretched of the *sonnes* of men, and most unworthy to be called thy *sonne*, make bold to cast my sinfull eyes to heaven; Lord I have sinned against heaven and against truth, and have turned thy grace into a *lie*; I have renounced the wayes of righteousness, and have harbour'd much iniquitie within me, which hath turned thy wrath against me; I have transgressed against the checks of my owne conscience, and have vaunted of my transgression: which way soever I turne mine eye, I see no object but shame and confusion: Lord, when I look upon my self, I find nothing there, but fuell for thy wrath, and matter for thine indignation, and my condemnation. And when I cast mine eyes to heaven, I there behold an angry God, and a severe revenger; But Lord at thy right hand I see a Saviour, and a sweet Redeemer; I see thy wounded *sonne* cloathd in my flesh, and bearing mine infirmities, and interceding for my numerous transgressions; for which my soule doth magnifie thee O God, and my spirit rejoyceth in him my Saviour; Lord, when thou lookest upon the vast score of my offences, turne thine eyes upon the infinite merits of his satisfaction; O when thy justice calls to minde my sinnes, let not thy mercy forget his sufferings; Wash mee, O wash mee in his blood, and

thou shalt see me cloathed in his righteousness: Let him that is all in all to mee, be all in all for me; make him to me sanctification justification and redemption; Inspire my heart with the spirit of thy truth, and preserve me from the deceitfulness of a double tongue: Give mee an inward confidence to relie upon thy fatherly providence, that neither feare may deterre mee, nor any advantage may turne me from the wayes of thy truth: Let not the specious goodnesse of the end encourage mee to the unlawfulness of the meanes, but let thy Word bee the warrant to all my actions; Guide my footsteps that I may walke uprightly, and quicken my conscience, that it may reprove my faylings: Cause me to feeble the burthen of this my habituell sinne, that comming to thee by a true and serious repentance, my sinnes may obtaine a full and a gracious forgiveness: Give me a heart to make a Covenant with my lips, that both my heart and tongue being sanctified by thy Spirit, may bee both united in truth by thy mercy, and magnifie thy name for ever, and for ever.

The Revengefull man's rage.

O What a *Julip* to my scorching soule is the delicious blood of my *Offender*! and how it cooles the burning *Fever* of my boyling veynes! It is the *Quintessence* of pleasures, the height of satisfaction, and the very *marrow* of all delight, to bath and paddle in the blood of such, whose bold affronts have turn'd my wounded patience into *fury*? How full of sweetness was his death, who dying was reveng'd upon *thous* enemies? How sweetly did the *younger brother's* blood allay the soule-consuming flames of the *elder*, who tooke more pleasure in his last *breath* then heaven did in his first *Sacrifice*? Yet had not heaven condemned his action, nature had found an Advocate for his *passion*: What sturdy spirit hath the power to rule his suffering thoughts, or curbe the headstrong fury of his *Irascible* affections? Or who but fooles (that cannot taste an injury) can moderate their highbred spirits, and stop their passion in her full *carriere*? Let heavy Cynicks, they whose leaden soules are taught by stupid reason to stand *ben* at every wrong, that can digest an *injury* more easily then a complement, that can protest against the Lawes of *nature*, and cry all naturall *affection* downe, let them be *Andirons* for the injurious world to worke a *Heate* upon: let them find shoulders to receive the painefull *stripes* of peevish Mortalls, and to beare the *wrongs* of daring insolence: Let them bee drawne like Calves prepar'd for slaughter, and bow their servile necks to sharpe *destruction*: let them submit their slavish *bosomes* to be trod and trampled under foot for every pleasure: My *Eagle spirit* flies a higher pitch, and like

ambitious *Phaeton* climbs into the fiery *Chariot*, and drawne with fury, scorne, revenge, and honor, rambles through all the *Sphaeres*, and brings with it confusion and combustion; my reeking sword shall vindicate my reputation, and rectifie the injuries of my honorable name, and quench it self in plenteous *streames* of blood. Come tell not mee of *Charitie*, conscience, or transgression; My *Charitie* reflects upon my self, begins at home, and guided by the justice of my passion, is bound to labour for an honorable satisfaction: My conscience is blood-prooffe, and I can broach a life with my illustrious weapon with as little *reluctation*, as kill a Flea that sucks my blood without *Commission*, and I can drinke a *health* in blood upon my bended knee, to reputation.

His Retaliation.

BUT hark my soule, I heare a languishing, a dying voyce cry up to heaven for vengeance; It cries aloud, and thunders in my startling eare, I tremble and my shivering bones are fill'd with horror; It cries against me, and heare what heaven replies,

All that take up the sword shall perish by the sword,
Matth. 26. 52.

His Proofs.

Levit. 19. 18.

Thou shalt not avenge, or beare any grudge, against the Children of my people, but thou shalt love thy neighbour as thy selfe: I am the Lord.

Deut. 32. 35.

To me belongeth vengeance and recompence.

Ezek. 25. 12, 13.

Because that Edom hath delt against the house of Judah, by taking vengeance, and hath greatly offended, and reveng'd himselfe upon them:

Therefore thus saith the Lord God, I will also stretch out mine hand upon Edom, and will cut off man and beast from it.

Matth. 5. 39.

Resist not evill, but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turne to him the other also.

Tertull.

What's the difference between one that doth an injury, and another that out-ragiously suffers it, except that the one is first and the other second in the offence? but both are guilty of mutuall injury in the sight of God; who forbids every sinne and condemnes the offender.

Tertull.

How can wee honour God if wee revenge our selves?

Gloss.

Every man is a murderer, and shall bee punished as Cain was if hee doe, (as Cain did) either assault his brother with violence, or pursue him with hatred.

His Soliloquie.

REvenge is an Act of the *Irascible* affections, deliberated with *malice*, and executed without *mercy*: How often O my soule hast thou cursed thy selfe in the perfectest of *Prayers*? How often hast thou turn'd the spirituall body of thy Saviour into thy *damnation*? Can the *Sunne* rise to thy comfort, that hath so often set in thy *wrath*? So long as thy wrath is kindled against thy brother, so long is the *wrath* of God burning against thee? O, wouldst thou offer a pleasing *sacrifice* to heaven? Goe first and be *reconciled* to thy brother. I, but who shall right thy *honor* then? Is thy honour wrong'd? *Forgive*, and it is vindicated. I, but this kind of heart-swelling, can brooke no *Powltresse* but revenge. Take heed, my soule, the *remedy* is worse then the disease: If thy intricate *distemper* transcend thy power, make choyce of a *Physitian* that can purge that *humor* that fomenteth thy *malady*: Rely upon him; submit thy *will* to his directions; hee hath a tender heart, a skilfull hand, a watchfull eye, that makes thy *welfare* the price of all thy *paines*, expecting no reward, no fee, but *praises*, and *Thanksgiving*.

His Prayer.

O God, that art the God of peace, and the lover of unitie and concord, that dost command all those that seeke forgiveness, to forgive; that hatest the forward heart, but shewest mercy to the meeke in spirit: With what a face can I appeare before thy mercy-seate, or with what countenance can I lift up these hands thus stained with my brother's blood? How can my lippes, that daily breath revenge against my brother, presume to owne thee as my father, or expect from thee thy blessing, as thy child? If thou forgive my trespasses O God, as I forgive my trespassers, in what a miserable estate am I, that in my very prayers condemne my selfe, and doe not onely limit thy compassion by my uncharitableness, but draw thy judgements on my head for my rebellion? That heart O God which thou requirest as a holy present, is become a spring of malice; These hands which I advance, are ready instruments of base revenge. My thoughts, that should be sanctified, are full of blood, and how to compasse evill against my brother is my continuall meditation: The course of all my life is wilfull disobedience, and my whole pleasure, Lord, is to displease thee: My conscience hath accused me, and the voyce of blood hath cryed against mee: But Lord,

the blood of Jesus cries louder then the blood of *Abell*, and thy mercy is farre more infinite then my sinne. The blood that was shed by me cries for vengeance, but the blood that was shed for me sues for mercy ; Lord heare the language of this blood, and by the merits of this voyce be reconciled unto mee. That time which cannot be recalled, O give mee power to redeeme, and in the meane time a settled resolution to reforme. Suppresse the violence of my headstrong passion, and establish a meeke spirit within mee. Let the sight of my owne vilenesse take from me the sense of all disgrace, and let the Crowne of my reputation be thy honour ; Possesse my heart with a desire of unitie and concord, and give mee patience to endure what my impenitence hath deserved : Breath into my soule the spirit of love, and direct my affections to their right object ; turne all my anger against that sinne that hath provoked thee, and give me holy revenge, that I may exercise it against my selfe. Grant that I may love thee for thy selfe, my self in thee, and my neighbour as my selfe ; Assist me O God, that I may subdue all evill in my selfe, and suffer patiently all evill as a punishment from thee. Give me a mercifull heart, O God ; make it slow to wrath, and ready to forgive ; Preserve me from the act of evill, that I may be delivered from the feare of evill ; that living here in charity with men, I may receive that sentence of, *Come ye blessed*, in the kingdom of glory.

The secure man's Triumph.

SO, now my soule thy happinesse is *entaild*, and thy illustrious name shall live in thy *succeeding* Generations ; Thy dwelling is establish'd in the *fat* of all the land : thou hast what mortall heart can wish, and wantest nothing but *immortalitie*. The *best* of all the land is thine, and thou art planted in the best of *Lands* : A land whose *Constitutions* make the best of Government, which *Government* is strengthned with the best of Laws, which *Lawes* are executed by the best of Princes, whose *Prince*, whose *Lawes*, whose *Government*, whose *land* makes us the happiest of all subjects, makes us the happiest of all people. A land of strength, of plenty, and a land of peace, where every soule may sit beneath his *Vine*, unfrighted at the horrid language of the hoarse *Trumpet*, unstartled at the warlike summons of the roaring *Cannon*. A land whose *beautie* hath surpriz'd the ambitious hearts of forraigne Princes, and taught them by their martiall *Oratory* to make their vaine attempts. A land whose strength reads vanitie in the deceived hopes of *Conquerours*, and crownes their enterprizes with a shamefull overthrow. A land whose native plenty makes her the world's *Exchange*, supplying others, able to subsist without *supply* from forraigne

kingdomes ; in it selfe happy ; and abroad, honorable. A land that hath no *vanitie*, but what by accident proceeds and issues from the sweetest of all blessings, *peace*, and *plentie* ; that hath no misery but what is propagated from that blindness which cannot see her owne *felicities*. A land that flowes with *Milke* and *Hony*, and in brieft wants nothing to deserve the title of a *Paradis*. The *Curbe* of *Spaine*, the *pride* of *Germany*, the *ayde* of *Belgia*, the *scurge* of *France*, the *Emperesse* of the world, and *Queene* of Nations : She is begirt with *walls*, whose builder was the hand of *heaven*, whereon there daily rides a *Navy-Royall*, whose unconquerable power proclaimes her Prince *invincible*, and whispers sad despaire into the fainting hearts of *forraigne* Majesty : She is compact within her self, in unitie, not apt to *civill* discords or *intestine* broyles ; The *envie* of all nations ; the *ambition* of all Princes ; the *terror* of all enemies, the *security* of all neighboring States. Let *timorous Pulpits* threaten ruine, let prophecying *Church-men* dote, till I beleeve : How often, and how long have these loud sonnes of *Thunder* false-propheesied her desolation ? and yet she stands the *glory* of the world : Can *Pride* demolish the *Towers* that defend her ? Can drunkennes dry up the *Sea* that walls her ? Can flames of lust dissolve the *Ordinance* that protect her ?

His overthrow.

BEE well advis'd my soule ; there is a *voice* from heaven roares louder then those *Ordinance*, which saith,

Thus saith the Lord, The whole land shall be desolate,
Jer. 4. 27.

His Proofs.

Essay 14. 7.

The whole earth is at rest, and at quiet, they breake forth into singing.
Yea the Firre trees rejoyce at thee, and the Cedars of Lebanon sing, &c.
Yet shalt thou be brought downe to hell, to the sides of the Pit.

Jer. 5. 12.

They have blinded the Lord, and said, It is not hee, neither shall evill come upon us, neither shall wee see sword, or famine.

1 Cor. 10. 12.

Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall.

Luke 17. 26.

They did eate and drink, and they married wives and were given in marriage, untill the flood came and destroyed them all.

Gregor. Mor.

A man may as soone build a Castle upon the rowling waves, as ground a solid comfort upon the uncertaine ebbs and fluxes of transient pleasures.

S. August.

Whilst Lot was exercised in suffering reproach and violence, he continued holy and pure, even in the filth of Sodom : but in the mount being in peace and safetie, he was surpris'd by sensuall securitie, and defiled himselfe with his owne daughters.

Our prosperous and happy state is often the occasion of more miserable ruine ; a long peace hath made many men both carelesse and cowardly ; and that's the most fatal blow when an unexpected enemy surprises us in a deep sleep of peace and security, Greg. Mag.

His Soliloquie.

Securitie is an improvident carelesnesse, casting out all feare of approaching danger ; It is like a great *Calme* at Sea, that foreruns a *storme* : How is this verified O my sad soule in this our *bleeding* nation ! Wer't thou not but now for many yeares even nuzzl'd in the bosome of habituall *peace* ? Didst thou forsee this *danger* ? Or could'st thou have contriv'd a way to bee thus *miserable* ? Didst thou not laugh *invasion* to scorne ? or didst thou not lesse feare a *Civill warre* ? Was not the *Title* of the *Crowne* unquestionable ? And was not our mixt *government* unapt to fall into diseases ? Did wee want good *Laws* ? or did our *Laws* want *execution* ? Did not our *Prophets* give lawfull warning ? or were wee moved at the sound of *judgments* ? How hast thou liv'd O my uncarefull soule to see these *prophecies* fulfill'd, and to behold the *vialls* of thy angry God pour'd forth ! Since *mercies* O my soule could not allure thee, yet let these *judgements* now at length enforce thee to a true *Repentance*. Quench the *Fire-brand* which thou hast kindled ; turne thy mirth to a right *mourning*, and thy feasts of joy to *humiliation*.

His Prayer.

O God by whom Kings raigne, and kingdoms flourish, that settest up where none can batter downe, and pullest downe where none can countermand ; I a most humble Sutor at the Throne of Grace acknowledge my selfe unworthy of the least of all thy mercies, nay worthy of the greatest of all thy judgements : I have sinned against thee the Author of my being, I have sinned against my conscience, which thou hast made my accuser, I have sinned against the peace of this kingdome, whereof thou hast made me a member : If all should doe O God as I have done, *Sodom* would appeare as

righteous, and *Gomorrhah* would be a president to thy wrath upon this sinfull nation. But Lord thy mercy is inscrutable, or else my misery were unspeakable ; for that mercy sake be gracious to mee in the free pardoning of all my offences. Blot them out of thy remembrance for his sake in whom thou art well pleased : Make my head a fountaine of teares to quench that brand my sinnes have kindled towards the destruction of this flourishing kingdome : Blesse this kingdome O God ; Establish it in pietie, honour, peace, and plenty. Forgive all her crying sinnes, and remove thy judgements farre from her. Blesse her governour, thy servant, our dread Sovereigne : Endue his soule with all religious, civill and princely vertues ; Preserve his royall person in health, safetie and prosperitie, prolong his dayes in honour, peace or victory, and crowne his death with everlasting glory. Blesse him in his royall Consort ; unite their hearts in love and true Religion. Blesse him in his Princely issue ; Season their youth with the feare of thy Name. Direct thy Church in doctrine and in discipline, and let her enemies bee converted, or confounded ; Purge her of all superstition and heresie, and root out from her, whatsoever thy hand hath not planted : Blesse the Nobilitie of this land, endue their hearts with truth, loyaltie, and true policy. Blesse the Tribe of *Levi*, with pietie, learning, and humilitie. Blesse the Magistrates of this kingdome ; give them religious and upright hearts, hating covetousnesse. Blesse the Gentry with sinceritie, charitie, and a good conscience. Blesse the Commonaltie with loyall hearts, painefull hands, and plentifull encrease. Blesse the two great Seminaries of this Kingdome ; make them fruitfull and faithfull nurseries both to the Church and Common-wealth. Blesse all thy Saints every where, especially those that have stood in the gappe betwixt this kingdome and thy judgements, that being all members of that Body, whereof thou Christ art head, we may all joyne in humiliation for our sinnes, and in the propagation of thy honor here, and be made partakers of thy glory in the kingdome of glory.

The Presumptuous man's Felicities.

Tell bauling Babes of *Bugbeares*, to fright them into quietnesse, or terrifie youth with old wives' *fables*, to keep their wild affections in awe ; Such *Toyes* may work upon their timorous apprehensions, when wholesome *precepts* faile, and find no audience in their youthfull eares : Tell mee not of Hell, Devils, or of damned soules to enforce me from those pleasures which they nickname *sinne* : What tell ye mee of *Laws* ? My soule is sensible of *Evangelicall* precepts without the needlesse, and uncorrected thunder of the killing *Letter*, or the

terrible periphrase of roaring *Boanarges*, the tediousness of whose language still determines in *damnation*; wherein I apprehend God farre more mercifull then his *Ministers*. Tis true, I have not led my life according to the Pharisaicall *squire* of their opinions, neither have I found judgements according to their *prophecies*, whereby I must conclude that God is wonderfully mercifull, or they wonderfully mistaken. How often have they thundred torment against my *voluptuous life*: And yet I feele no paine: How bitterly have they threatned shame against the vaunts of my *vaine-glory*! Yet find I honor. How fiercely have they preach'd destruction, against my *cruelty*! and yet I live. What *Plagues* against my *swearing*! yet not infected: What diseases against my *drunkenness*! and yet sound; What danger against *procrastination*! yet how often hath God been found upon the deathbed! What damnation to *Hypocrites*! yet who more safe? What stripes to the *ignorant*! yet who more scotfree? What povertie to the *slothfull*! yet themselves prosper: What falls to the *proud*! yet stand they surest. What curses to the *Covetous*! yet who richer? What judgements to the *lascivious*! yet who more pleasure? What vengeance to the *prophane*, the *ensorious*, the *revengefull*! yet none live more unscourg'd: Who deeper branded then the *Lyer*? yet who more favor'd? Who more threatned then the *presumptuous*? yet who lesse punished? Thus are wee foold and kept in awe with the strict fancies of those *Pulpit-men*, whose opinions have no ground but what they gaine from popularitie: Thus are wee frighted from the libertie of *Nature* by the politick *Chimeraes* of Religion; whereby we are necessitated to the observing of those *Laws*, whereof we find a greater necessitie of breaking.

His Anathemas.

But stay, my soule, there is a voyce that darts into my troubled thoughts, which saith,

Because thou hast not kept my Lawes, all the curses in this booke shall overtake thee, till thou be destroyed.
Deut. 29.

His Proofs.

Deut. 29. 27.

And the anger of the Lord was kindled against the land, to bring upon it all the Curses that are written in this booke.

2 Chron. 34. 24.

Thus saith the Lord, Behold I will bring evill upon this place, and upon the inhabitants thereof, even all the curses that are written in the booke.

Deut. 28. 15.

But if thou wilt not hearken unto the voyce of the Lord

thy God to observe and doe all his Commandements, and his statutes which I command thee this day, all these curses shall come upon thee, and overtake thee.

Bernard.

It is certaine thou must die, and uncertaine when, how or where; seeing death is alwayes at thy heeles; Thou must (if thou be wise) alwayes be ready to die.

Bernard.

To commit a sinne is an humane frailtie, to persist in it is a devillish obstinacy.

Bernard.

There are some who hope in the Lord, but yet in vaine, because they onely smooth and flatter themselves, that God is mercifull, but repent not of their sinne; such confidence is vaine and foolish, and leads to destruction.

His Soliloquie.

Presumption is a sinne, whereby wee depend upon God's mercies without any warrant from God's Word: It is as great a sinne, O my soule, to hope for God's mercy, without Repentance, as to distrust God's mercy upon Repentance; In the first thou wrongst his Justice; In the last, his mercy: O my presumptuous soule; let not thy prosperitie in sinning encourage thee to sinne; lest, climbing without Warrant into his mercy, thou fall without mercy into his judgement: Be not deceived; a long Peace makes a bloody Warre, and the abuse of continued mercies makes a sharpe judgement: Patience, when slighted, turnes to fury, but ill-requited, starts to vengeance: Thinke not, that thy unpunisht sinne is hidden from the eye of heaven, or that God's judgements will delay for ever: The stalled Oxe that wallowes in his plenty, and waxes wanton with ease, is not farre from slaughter: The Ephod O my desperate soule, is long a filling, but once being full, the leaden cover must goe on; and then, it hurries on the wings of the wind: Advise thee then, and whilst the Lampe of thy prosperity lasts, provide thee for the evill day, which being come repentance will bee out of date, and all thy prayers will finde no eare.

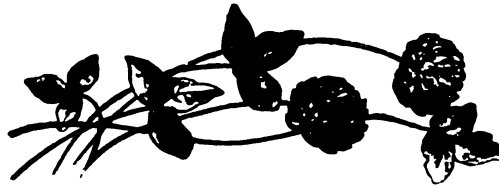
His Prayer.

Gratious God, whose mercy is unsearchable and whose goodnesse is unspeakable, I the unthankfull object of thy continued favours, and therefore the miserable subject of thy continuall wrath, humbly present my self-made misery before thy sacred Majestie; Lord when I look upon the horridnesse of my sin, shame strikes me dumb: But when I turne mine eie upon the infinitnesse of thy mercy, I am emboldned to poure forth

my soule before thee ; as in the one, finding matter for confusion ; so in the other, Arguments for compassion : Lord I have sinned grievously, but my Saviour hath satisfied abundantly ; I have trespassed continually, but he hath suffered once for all : Thou hast numbred my transgressions by the haire of my head, but his mercies are innumerable like the starres of the skie : My sinnes in greatnesse are like the mountaines of the earth, but his mercy is greater then the heavens : Oh if his mercy were not greater then my sinnes, my sinnes were unpardonable ; for his therefore and thy mercies' sake cover my sinnes, and pardon my transgressions ; make my head a fountain of teares, and accept my contrition O thou Well-spring of all mercie : strengthen my resolution, that for the time to come, I may detest all sinne : Encrease a holy anger in me that I may revenge my selfe upon my selfe for displeasing so gracious a Father ; Fill my heart with a feare of thy judgements, and sweeten

my thoughts with the meditation of thy mercies : Goe forwards O my God, and perfect thy own work in me, and take the glory of thy owne free goodnesse, furnish my mouth with the prayes of thy name, and replenish my tongue with continuall thanksgiving ; Thou hast promised pardon to those that repent ; behold I repent ; Lord quicken my Repentance. Thou mightst have made me a terrible example of thy justice, and struck mee into hell in the height of my presumption ; but thou hast made me capable of thy mercies, and an object of thy commiseration, for thou art a gracious God, of long-suffering and slow to anger, thy name is wonderfull, and thy mercies incomprehensible : Thou art onely worthy to bee praised : Let all the people praise thee O God : O let all the people praise thee ; Let Angels and Archangels praise thee ; Let the Congregations of Saints praise thee ; Let thy works praise thee ; Let every thing that breath's, praise thee for ever, and for ever, *Amen*.

FINIS.



JUDGEMENT

and

MERCIE

for

afflicted Souls:

OR

Meditations, Soliloquies,
and Prayers.

By FR. QUARLES.



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Courteous Reader ;

Now when the theme of every man's discourse is his sad losses in these times, your Authour bids me tell you, that in these he had not the least share: for from him his very Religion was stolne away; nay, yet more cruell, even then when he had the most need of it; in the time of his sicknesse: I mean, this small Essay (the Epitome of his ejaculatory soul) was then taken from him by a slie hand, and presently printed without his knowledge; so that, as in like cases it alwayes happens, it came forth much unsuitable to the Authour's mind, both in the form and matter of it: I therefore, though I cannot restore to him his lost treasure, being now dead, yet in this Edition have restored his treasure to it self again, putting it out so as that it now answers his own directions, and reforms many mistakes of the former Plagiary: so that now thou mayst fully find him whom his sad widow hath lost;

UR. QUARLES.



Judgement and Mercie for Afflicted Soules.

The weary man's Burthen.

MEDITAT. I.

GOd, who in himself is the fulnesse and perfection of all Glory, who needed no tongue to praise it, no pen to expresse it, no work to magnifie it, created a world for his own pleasure, furnisht it of his own goodnesse, made *Man* out of his own mere motion, appointed him his *Lieutenant* here upon earth, and as a *witnesse* and an *instrument* of his Glory, the sole end of his *Creation*. But *Man* grew proud, transgrest against his *first Commandment*, and fell, and by his *fall* destroyed his then unborn *posterity*: *Sinne* entred the world, and death by sinne, and I poore miserable creature, born in sinne, have turned his glory to dishonour, my due obedience to rebellion, and my happinesse into eternall death. How intolerable is the *Burthen* of this sinne! how insufferable is the weight of my offences! If I but think of heaven, it clogs my *contemplations*; If I but pray to heaven, it presses down my devotion: I have lost the *favour* of my God, I have frustrated the end of my *creation*, I have broke the peace of my *conscience*, I have clipt the wings of my *faith*, I have dasht the comfort of my *hopes*: Good Angels have forsaken me, my conscience hath accused me, God's *Prophets* have condemned me, and Hell gapes for me: What shall I do? Or whither shall I flie? shall I seek to *Angels*? Alas, I have turned them away displeased: They will not bear me, or if they would they cannot help me. Shall I flie to my own *Conscience*? alas that will flie on me. Shall I trust to my own *Merits*? alas they are false *Lights*, and will light me to my own *Ruine*. Or shall I take the wings of the *Morning*, and flie to the utmost parts of the earth? alas, my sinnes will follow me, my sinnes will haunt me where-soever I go; Poore miserable man that I am, who shall deliver me from this Burthen? Poore miserable man that I am, who shall release me from this Bondage? Is there no *Comfort* for a poor distressed *Soul*? Is there

no ease for a poor disconsolate *Sinner*? Is there no *Balsome* for a wounded *Heart*? no *Refuge* for a guilty Penitent?

His Rest.

O My soul, why art thou so sad? and why is thy spirit so disquieted within thee? Put thy trust in God who hath said; *Come unto me all you that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest*, Matth. 11. 28.

His Proofs.

Jer. 6. 16.

Thus saith the Lord: Stand ye in the old wayes, and see and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.

Isaiah 51. 11.

The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Sion, and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads: They shall obtain gladnesse and joy; and sorrow and mourning shall flie away.

Matth. 11. 29.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall have rest unto your souls.

Hierom. in Epist.

Dost thou fear poverty? Christ calls the poor man blessed: Art thou afraid of labour? pains are the parents of a Crown. Art thou hungry? Faith fears no famine. God the Generalissimo of the world, with his Militia of Angels beholds thy Combate, and prepares for thy laborious victory a crown of everlasting rest.

Aug. de Virgin.

Sow thy heart with divers seeds, with fasting, prayer, reading, alms, that the end of thy labour may be the harvest of thy rest.

His Soliloquie.

TRue, my soul, if thou shouldst onely cast an eye upon the *letter* of the Law, that letter would soon cast thee and condemn thee : or if thy onely object were the base *corruptions* of thy sinfull heart, there were sufficient cause to justify that condemnation : or hadst thou nothing else to trust to but thine own *abilities*, thy case were too too miserable for expression : or shouldst thou seriously consider that glorious Majesty thou hast offended, there were no hopes for consolation. But, O my soul, there is a Gospel to mitigate the rigour of that *Letter* : There is a Chancery to moderate the severitie of that *Law* : There is a Saviour to mediate betwixt that God and thy *Offences*. Art thou in bondage? O my soul, here is *freedom* : Art thou dejected? here is *comfort* : Art thou pursued? here is a *Refuge* : Art thou overburdened? here is *rest* : Art thou condemned? here is a *pardon*. Appeal therefore from the Throne of *Justice* to the seat of *Mercy* : from the *justice* of *Jehovah* to the mercy of thy *Jesus* : deny thy self, and he will own thee, empty thy self and he will fill thee. Let not thy *Sinnes* affright thee, he hath satisfied : Let not *Hell* dismay thee, he hath suffered : Let not the *first* death trouble thee, he hath sweetened it : Let not the *second* death terrifie thee, he hath conquered it : Fear not to *come* to him, for he hath called thee : Fear not to *pray* to him, for he will hear thee.

His Prayer.

O God, whose perfect glory needed not the help of *Man*, yet madest him for thy *Glory*, wherein consisted his eternall *Happinesse* ; I a poore sonne of *Adam*, fallen by his *Sinne*, and wallowing in my own corruptions, lie prostrate here before the footstool of thy *Mercy-seat*, acknowledging my grievous *Sinnes*, and humbly begging *pardon* for my manifold *transgressions*. How infinite is thy *Mercy*, O God, that hast not spared thy onely Sonne, but made his precious *Bloud* a Ransome to redeem me from the jaws of *Death* ! I have made my self a great *Delinquent*, and thou hast appointed *Him* my gracious *Advocate* : I have made my self a *Sinner*, and he hath given himself to be my *Saviour* : To thee therefore O my blessed *Jesus* whose *death* is my Deliverance I flie : Before thee (who art more mercifull, then I am miserable) I fall : Thy *Mercies* have invited me, thy *Merits* have emboldened me, to present my grones before thy gracious ears, and to lay my Burthen upon thy dying *Shoulders* : O *Lambe* of God which takest away the sinnes of the *world*, have mercy upon me : O *Lambe* of God that takest away the Burthen of my sinnes, have mercy upon me, and grant me thy *Rest* : O thou that tookest my flesh upon thee, grant me thy

Spirit ; Sanctifie my *thoughts*, Be mercifull to my *sinnes*, Be gracious to my *Prayers*. Let the *Intercession* of thy merits restore me to the favour of my *God*. Let the freenesse of thy mercy release me from the burthen of my *Conscience*. Wean me from my self, Direct me in thy *Ways* : Be thou my *Rest*, Be thou my *Refuge*. Fix thou my wavering *faith*, Recall my wandring *Hopes* : Give thy *Angels* charge over me, whom I have so oft sent grieved away. Establish me with a free *Spirit*, and restore me to the joy of thy *Salvation* : Let that *power* that calls me, enable me to come, and let my coming be rewarded in thy *Promise* : Let thy *word* comfort me, Let thy *Truth* conduct me, and let thy Spirit counsel me, that being relieved by the bounty of thy *Grace*, released from the *Burthen* of my sinnes, and redeemed by the virtue of thy *Bloud*, I may come to thee with the *Confidence* of a sonne, and be received of thee in the *Compassion* of a Father ; and after this life of *Grace*, live with thee in thy kingdome of *Glory*.

The sinner's sentence.

MEDITAT. 2.

O The miserable condition of *Man-kind* ! What loads of self-made *misery* is fallen upon the sonnes of men ! Man that had once a power *not to fall*, hath not now the will to *stand* ; and being fallen by his ambitious *will*, hath lost the power to *rise*. He was created *good* ; but not content with such a goodnesse, grew covetous to increase it by the knowledge of that which (being known) deprived him of that goodnesse. *Evil* he desired to know ; and not knowing the misery of that knowledge, by that knowledge became miserable. That God the sweetnesse of whose *presence* was the perfection of man's *felicity*, he rebelliously declined ; And, being the *Favourite* of Heaven, made himself a *Firebrand* of hell, and I his miserable child, am made more miserable by my own *offences*. What *mercy* can I expect from this just God, whose *Justice* I have so oft offended? What *Judgement* may I now suspect from that mercifull God, whose *Mercy* I have so oft abused? Is not the practise of my life, *Sinne*? Are not the *wages* of my sinne, *death*? If one *sinne* destroyed a world of men, shall not a *world* of sinnes destroy one Man? I that have not feared to provoke his *Justice*, am now afraid to think him *Just* : I that have sleighted his mercy, have now no warrant to hope him mercifull : He that made the eye, can he choose but see? He that sees all things, beholds he not my sinne? Can he behold my sinne and not punish? Can he punish, and I not confounded? What am I poore dust and ashes to stand before so great an *Enemy*? Did he not create me for his *service*, and shall not his hand destroy me for my *Rebellion*? What *Advocate*

shall plead my cause? What *Sanctuary* shall secure me? Shall that *Bloud* save me which I have spilt? Will that *Judge* quit me, which I have crucified? Shall I present my prayers, to heaven? Alas my very prayers will return like *Thunderbolts* upon my head: Shall I lay my sinnes before the eye of heaven? Ah me! I dare not, least they draw down vengeance into my bosome.

His Sanctuary.

BE not afraid, my soul, God's mercy farre transcends thy misery. Chear up, where sinne abounds, there grace abounds much more. O now my soul depart in peace, for thine eyes shall see thy *salvation*. Open thine ears and hear what the Spirit saith, *He that believeth in me shall never die.* John 11. 16.

His Prooves.

Rom. 1. 17.

The just shall live by faith.

John 3. 16.

God so loved the world, that he gave his onely begotten Sonne, that whosoever believeth in him, shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

Acts 16. 31.

Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved, and thy household.

John 5. 24.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation: but is passed from death unto life.

Chrysost.

The faith of the true Catholick Religion, is the light of the soul, the gate of life, and the foundation of eternall happinesse.

Cassiod.

Man enjoys all things in himself, that enjoys himself; but he onely enjoys himself that enjoys his God; and he alone enjoys his God, that believes in him.

August.

No greater treasure then the true Catholick faith: It gives to the blind, light; to the sick, health; to sinners, repentance; to the penitent, salvation.

His Soliloquie.

BUt is thy misery, O my soul, greater then his mercie? 'Tis true, the practise of thy life is *Sinne*, but the practise of his Mercy is *pardon*: The wages of thy sinne is *death*; but the merits of his death is *life*: Art thou

afraid to think the God of vengeance, *just*? and well thou mayst, if thou deny the God of Mercy to be *mercifull*: Old *Adam* hath runne thee in debt, and young *Adam* hath paid the *score*, and wilt thou not acknowledge it? O my distrustfull soul, darken not the Sun-shine of his power with the clouds of thy *Infidelity*: Eclipse not the illustrious body of his Mercy, with the interposition of thy *despair*. Think not thy great Creator is thine enemy, when thy gracious *Redeemer* is thy friend. Hast thou sinned against thy Creation? thou art absolved by thy *Redemption*. Art thou penitent for thy Rebellion? thy peace is made by thy *Redeemer*. But thou hast shed thy Saviour's *Bloud*: Take comfort, that very blood which thou hast spilt, will save thee. But thou hast crucified the Lord of glory: the Lord of glory whom thou hast crucified, hath crucified thy sinnes. Fear not then, my soul, to flie to such a *Friend*, whose arms are open to embrace thee, whose eyes are open to behold thee, whose lips are open to plead for thee, whose wounds are open to ease thy pains, whose ears are open to hear thy prayers.

His Prayer.

O God, that madest all things to serve man, that man might the more chearfully serve thee; that gavest him power to continue in that perfect state thou madest him, and a will to use that power to thy glory and his own comfort: I the unhappy sonne of my unhappy parents, made more unhappy by mine own transgressions, do here in all humility and contrition, acknowledge my self the miserable subject of thy utter wrath. Lord, I have lost the power to do what thou commandest, and am onely left to suffer what thy displeasure shall lay upon me: But yet, O God, thy mercy is no lesse infinite then thy justice, and farre more infinite then my sinnes, and hast promised life to all believers. Give therefore dust and ashes leave, O Lord, to claim this gracious *Promise*, and what thou hast commanded to be done, O give me power to do. Enter not into judgement with thy servant, O Lord, for in thy sight shall no flesh be justified: Look not upon thy servant, O God, but through the *Bloud* of thy *Sonne*; and let the merits of a Saviour, out-cry the demerits of a Sinner. Remember not what I a sinner have done, but call to thy remembrance what he my Saviour hath suffered: O let his bloody sweat anoint my bleeding wounds, and accept his *death* as the full wages of my offences. Lord I am sick, I flie to him as my *Physician*; I am a trespasser, I flie to him my *Advocate*; I am a suiter, I flie to him my *Mediatour*; I am a Delinquent, I flie to him my *Sanctuary*; I am a Sinner, I flie to him my *Saviour*: Let the shamefulnessse of his *death* expiate the sinfulnessse of my life; and let the willingnessse of his *Obedience*,

satisfie for the wilfulness of my Rebellion : Let my sinnes, that cry louder then the sinnes of *Cain*, be washt in his *bloud* which speaks better things then the bloud of *Abel*. Remember thy *Promises* to those that believe : Lord I believe, Lord help my unbelief : Quicken my soul with *faith* : Inflame my affections with *love*, and fill my mouth with *prayers*, that knowing him I may believe in him ; and believing in him, I may love him ; and loving him, I may praise him with *Hosannas* here in the Church-militant, and *Hallelujahs* hereafter in the Church Triumphant.

The poore man's want.

MEDITAT. 3.

God that created all things for man's use, created man for his service, who by the accommodation of all the *Creatures* might be enabled the better to do service to his *Creatour* : But when the proud disloyaltie of man rebelled, the *Creature* that knew not how to serve man on such conditions, returned to his first *Creatour*, to be anew disposed of by him according to his pleasure. How dare I then presume to expect from his hands what I have disinherited my self of by my rebellion ? Or how can I a dog claim any interest in the Children's *bread* ? How dare I a *sinner* intrude into the *portion* of the righteous ? And if the righteous onely shall inherit the land, in what quarter lyes mine inheritance ? If *blessings* be the proper dues of *sonnes*, what is due to me the greatest of all *sinners* ? I am no *Sonne*, and therefore no *Heir*, that insomuch what I possesse I enjoy not by *right*, but *usurpation*. What have I that I can call mine own ? Or wherein can my *title* prove a *right* ? I am wretched for I am a *sinner* ; I am *poore*, for I want the thing I have ; I am *blind*, for I cannot see my wants ; I am *naked*, for I cannot hide my shame. I can challenge nothing but my sinne, my sorrow, my punishment, my shame : I can see nothing but that I am wretched, and poore, and blind, and naked : I can expect nothing but what I first must receive ; I can receive nothing, but what must first be given : Nothing can be given but by *Prayer* ; prayer hath no virtue but by *Faith*, and whatsoever is not of faith is *sinne*. How then shall I supply this *emptinesse* ? By what means shall I relieve my *wants* ? By what *Art* shall I clear this *blindnesse* ? What clothes shall hide my *nakednesse* ? If I pray for what I want, I fear I shall not want what I deserve : I am a *Prodigall*, and have spent my *talent* ; I have divorced my presence from my angry *Father* ; I am not worthy to be called his *sonne*, and he too worthy to be called my *Father* ; I have forsaken my God, and his *blessings* have forsaken me ; I that have banisht my self from my *father's* bounteous table, am now marshalled among *swine*.

His Supply.

Return, return thee, O my soul into thy father's arms ; Confesse thy wants, and his mercie will relieve thee, who saith, *Whatsoever ye shall ask my Father in my name, he shall give it unto you.* John 16. 23.

His Proofes.

1 John 5. 14, 15,

And this is the confidence we have in him ; if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us ; if we know he heareth us, whatsoever we ask, we know we have the petitions we desire of him.

John 14. 13.

Whatsoever ye ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Sonne ; If ye ask any thing in my name, I will do it.

Matth. 7. 7.

Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and you shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened to you.

Psal. 21. 4.

He asked life of thee, and thou gavest it him, even length of dayes for ever and ever.

Isidor.

He that obeyes not the Law of God, obtains not the thing he desires of God ; but if we faithfully perform what he commands, we shall doubtlesse receive what we desire.

Ambrose.

We have all things in Christ, and Christ is all things in us ; if we are sick, he is a Physician ; if we fear death, he is life ; if in darknesse, he is light ; if in want, he is abundance ; if hungry, he is food ; if thirsty, he is drink ; if miserable, he is mercie ; if covetous of heaven, he is the way.

His Soliloquie.

IF thy own Righteousnesse onely interest thee in heaven, or hadst thou no better title to the blessing of earth then from thy self, how vain were the merits of a *Saviour*, and how poore were the estate of a *Sinner* ? But having no righteousness but in *him*, thou hast no interest in any blessing but by *him*. Art thou poore in estate, O my soul ? find him and thou art *rich*. Art thou wretched ? seek him, and thou hast happiness. Blinded with *error* ? seek him, and thou art enlightened with *truth*. Naked ? find him, and thou shalt be clothed with *robes*. Challenge nothing but thy *sin*, and thou shalt enjoy all things by thy *repentance*. Be sensible of thy *misery*, and thou art capable of his *mercy*. Hast thou wasted thy portion with the *Prodigall* ? return to

thy *Father*, like the Prodigall. Acknowledge thy own unworthinesse, and thy father's *indulgence* will embrace thee. Let not the sense of thy own *wretchednesse* discourage thee, nor the fear of his *displeasure* dishearten thee: Can an earthly mother forget her *child*? and canst thou distrust the mercies of a heavenly Father? Go then my soul: Flie into his bosome by *contrition*, grone thy sorrows in his eare by penitent *confession*; He that hath called thee will accept thee; He that hath commanded thee to pray, will hear thy *Prayer*.

His Prayer.

O God, that art the Creatour and giver of all good things, by which we are either made the more serviceable to thee, or the more inexcusable in neglecting thy service, I a poore off-cast among the sonnes of *Adam*, who like the *Prodigall* have mis-spent thy precious blessings, do here return from *kusks* and *Harlots*, and the lewd *concupiscence* of my affections, to thee my gracious God, to thee O my offended *Father*; I have usurp'd thy favours, intruded into thy blessings, and like a *Dogge* devoured the children's *bread*: O God, my wants are great; nay, what I have, I want, in wanting thee, that art all goodnesse, and *All in All*: But yet thy gracious promise hath invited me to call on thee in my necessities: Be it therefore, O God, according to thy word: Thy Word is *Truth*; Thy truth is everlasting: Lord, as thou hast made me sensible of my wants, so make me capable of thy relief. Remove my wretchednesse by thy Mercy; Relieve my *poverty* by thy all-sufficient Grace; Recover my *blindnesse* by thy Light; Cover my *nakednesse* with thy Robe; Be thou my *Portion*, O God, and let thy *Laws* be mine inheritance. Heare the *needy* when he calls upon thee, and help the *poore* that hath no helper. Thou art my hope, O God, thou art my trust even from my mother's wombe. Make me sufficient for thy Grace, and thy Grace shall be sufficient for me: Provoke in my soul a thirst after Righteousnesse, that I may take and drink the Cup of thy salvation. Teach me to *ask* according to thy pleasure, and grant my Requests according to thy promise. Strengthen my Faith in all my *Supplications*, and give me *Patience* to expect thy leasure. What I possesse, O God, let me enjoy in Thee, and Thee in it; Relieve my *necessities* according to thy will, and let thy pleasure limit my desires: In my *prosperitie* let me not forget thee, and in my Adversity let me not forsake thee: With *Jacob's* wealth, Lord give me *Jacob's* blessing: With *Lasarus'* want, O give me *Lasarus'* reward: Both in want and wealth give me a contented mind; both in prosperitie and adversitie, give me a thankful heart. Lord heare my prayer for thy mercy-sake, for

my miserie's sake, for thy promise's sake, for my *Jesus'* sake, to whom be glory and praise for ever and ever.

The forgetfull man's Complaint.

MEDITAT. 4.

WE are God's *husbandry*, our hearts are the *soil*; whereof some is more fruitfull, some more barren, and both unprofitable. His Holy Word is the *seed*, which sometimes falls upon a *lean ground*, sometimes upon a *stony*, sometimes upon a *good ground*: The *cares* of the world are like *thorns* that spring up and choke it: *Persecutions*, like a sowtury summer, scorches it: The *lusts* of the flesh, like the fowls of the aire, which wait upon the *plough*, and licensed by the *Prince* of the aire devoure it. How many dis-advantages, O God, attend upon thy *Husbandry*? how many losses lessen thy *increase*? how many accidents make thy *soil* unfruitfull, and thy *Harvest* easie and unprofitable? To what purpose do I till my *land*? To what advantage do I stirre my *fallows*? I have no sooner sowed my willing ground, but the seed is stoln away. I bring into the *Sanctuarie* a prepared *heart*; I heare *glad tidings* with a chearfull eare, and then repose them in a joyfull breast: But when I look into my hopefull *Magazine*, behold there's nothing there but *emptinesse* and *vanity*. The joyes of what I gained were swallowed with the grief of what I lost. No sooner had I set my portals open to let in the *King* of Glory; but lo, the slightnesse of my *entertainment* turn'd him out again. I hid my *Saviour* in the sepulchre of my soul, and they have taken away my *Lord*, and I know not where they have laid him. My Beloved withdrew himself, and is gone, and I have sought him, but I could not find him. O treacherous *Memory*, how hast thou betrayed my *rest*? how hast thou lost the balsome of thy Soul! How art thou heedlesse in preserving what my poore soule was so earnest in pursuing? How canst thou choose but feel the stroke of death, having thus lost the Word of *life*? What shall now comfort thee in thy *Affliction*, O what shall strengthen thee in thy *Temptation*? or what shall wind up the *plummets* of thy soul in *Desperation*.

His Rest.

HEAR up, my soul, the *Pearl* which thou hast lost, is hidden in thy *field*, and time shall bring it forth; when sharp *Afflictions* shall plough up the fallows of thy heart, this *Pearl* shall then appear and comfort thee. Turn and read what the Spirit saith, *The Holy Spirit shall bring to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you*, John 14. 26.

His Proofes.

John 15. 26.

When the Comforter shall come, whom I will send from the Father, even the Spirit of truth which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testifie of me.

1. John 2. 27.

The anointing which ye have received of him abides in you, and ye need not that any man teach you, but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things, and is truth, and is no lie, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in him.

Matth. 10 19.

Take no thought, how, or what ye shall speak; for it shall be given you at the same houre what ye shall speak.

Greg. in Moral.

After what manner works the Holy Spirit in us? It instructs, it moves, it admonishes; it instructs the Reason, it moves the Will, it admonishes the Memory.

Bede.

There is no dulnesse where the Holy Spirit is Teacher, no forgetfulness where the Holy Spirit is Remembrancer.

Greg.

The Holy Spirit is an antidote against seven poysons; It is wisdom against folly, quicknesse of apprehension against dulnesse, faithfulness of memory against forgetfulness, fortitude against fear, knowledge against ignorance, piety against profanenes, humility against pride.

His Soliloquie.

THe strongest city (when force without and treachery within assails it) must yield; and canst thou expect, O my soul, to be impregnable? Hast thou the Devil and the world without thee, and so many Regiments of lusts within thee, yet thinkst thou to sustain no losse? Art thou so unexperienced in the Christian warre, to think thy *Magazine* safe upon so strong a siege? Thou storest thy heart with plenty of the bread of life, and canst thou hope to keep it from the ravenous hand of thy own *corruptions*? Thou sowest thy ground with liberall seed, and thinkest thou that the Fowls of the aire (being *Lucifer's* own regiment) will not rob thee of a share? Thou fillest thy *Treasury* with summes of wealth, and canst thou hope the Troops within thee will not *plunder* thee? Vex not thy self my soul, what's taken from thee with too strong an arm, shall be no losse to thee; Consent not, but continue loyall, and thy *compulsions* shall never wrong thee; If thy domestick *Rebels* sequester thy whole estate, thy loyalty shall preserve thee. Chear thee, O then, my soul, the *Comforter* will come, and then thy *Faith* shall

be repayed, thy *wrongs* shall be repaired; till then, thy *sufferings* shall be remembered, and then thy *Petitions* shall be regarded.

His Prayer.

O God, without whose speciall blessing and successe, *Paul* plants in vain, and *Apollo*[s] waters to no purpose; that with the influence of thy Holy Spirit, enrichest all those hearts from whom thy patience shall expect encrease; I, the worst piece of all thy Husbandry, do here acknowledge and confesse mine own barrennesse, as most unworthy of thy pains. Lord, thou hast often ploughed my heart with *trials* and *afflictions*, manured it with the presence of thy heavenly *Grace*, and sowed it with thy pure *Seed*; yet such is the base condition of my unfruitfull heart, that either the coldnesse of the soil starves it, or the cares of the world choke it, or the malice of the Devil robs it, that it cannot bring forth encrease worthy of thy pains or expectation. Lord, I am thy Husbandry, continue thy careful hand upon me, and supply my weaknesse with thy strength, and make me fruitfull for thy glory: And thou, O God, that hast given thy Word for a *Lamp* unto my feet, and a *light* unto my paths, so open mine eyes, that I may behold the frailty of my flesh; so clear my sight, that I may avoid the vanities of the world, and the snares of *Sathan*. Be thou my *Shreen*, to preserve this Lamp: Be thou my *Lantern*, to protect this Light, that the corruptions of my flesh may not obscure it, that the vanities of the world may not eclipse it, that the suggestions of *Sathan* may not consume it: Unlock mine *eares*, that I may heare what thou commandest: Lock thou my *memory*, that I may retain what I heare: Enlarge my *heart*, that I may practice what I retain; and open thou my *lips*, that I may praise thee in my practice. Consider, O God, how I love thy *Precepts*, and quicken me according to thy loving kindnesse. Hide thy *Word* in my heart, that my wayes may be directed to keep thy *Statutes*. Remember thy word to thy servant, upon which thou hast caused me to hope. Behold I am weak, be thou my *helper*: Behold I am comfortlesse, be thou my *Comforter*. Restrain his malice that steals thy word from out thy ground, that when the time cometh, thy *Harvest* may be fruitfull, and I thy servant being found faithfull may enter into my Master's joy, and be received into eternall Glory.

The widow's distresse.

MEDITAT. 5.

SO vain, so momentary are the pleasures of this world; so transitory is the happinesse of mankind, that what with the *expectation* that goes before it, and the

ears that go with it, and the *griefs* that follow it, we are not more unhappy in the wanting it, then miserable in the enjoying it : The greatest of all worldly joyes are but *bubbles* full of air, that break with the fulnesse of their own vanity, and but at best like *Jonah's Gourd*, which please us while they last, and vex us in the losse : *Past* and *future* happinesse are the miseries of the time *present* ; and present happinesse is but the *passage* to approaching miserie ; which being transitory, and meeting with a transitory *possessor*, perish in the very using ; what was mine *yesterday* in the blessednesse of a full fruition, to day hath nothing left of it but a sad remembrance it was mine : The more I call to mind the joyes I had, the more sensible I am of the misery I have. My *sunne* is set, my *glory* is darkned, and not one *starre* appears in the *Firmament* of my little world : He from whose loyns I came, is taken from me : He to whose bosome I returned, is taken from me : My Blessings in the one, my Comforts in the other, are taken from me : And what is left to me but a poore third part of my self to bewail the losse of the other two. I that was owned by the tender name of a *Child*, am now known by the off-cast title of an *Orphan* ; I that was respected by the honourable title of a *wife*, am now rejected by the despicable name of a *widow* : I that flourisht like a fruitfull *vine* upon the house top, am now neglected and trodden under foot ; He that like a strong wall supported my tender *Branches*, is fallen, and left my *Clusters* to the spoil of ravenous *swine* : The *Spring-tides* of my Plenty are spent, and I am gravelled on the low *ebbes* of all wants : The *Sonnets* of my mirth, are turned to Elegies of mourning : My *Glory* is put out, and my honour grovels on the *dust* : I call to my *friends*, and they neglect me : I spread forth my hands, and there is none to help me : My beauty is departed from me, and all my joyes are swallowed up.

Her Relief.

BUT stay my soul, plunge not too farre ; shall not he take that gave ? Cannot he that took, restore ? The Lord is thy portion, who saith, *I will be an husband to the widow, and a Father to the fatherlesse*, Psal. 68. 5.

Her Proofes.

Exod. 22. 22, 23, 24.

Ye shall not afflict any widow, or fatherlesse child. If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry. And my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword, and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherlesse.

Mal. 3. 5.

I will be a swift witnesse against those that oppresse the widow and the fatherlesse.

James 1. 27.

Pure Religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherlesse and widow in their affliction.

August.

God is all things to thee ; Art thou hungry ? he is bread : Art thou thirsty ? He is water : Art thou in darknesse ? He is light : Art thou naked ? he is a robe of eternity : Art thou a widow ? he is thy husband : Art thou an Orphan ? he is thy Father.

August.

Whatsoever is not God, is not desirable : Whatsoever my God bestows upon me, let him deprive me of, so as he leave himself : Let him take away his gift, so he give me the giver.

Her Soliloquie.

HOW hath the *sunne-shine* of Truth discovered what appeared not by the *Candle-light* of Nature ! How many *Atoms* in thy soul hath this *light* descried, which in thy naturall *Twilight* were not visible ? Excessive sadnesse for so great a losse can want no Argument from *flesh* and *blood* ; which Arguments can want no weight, if weighed in the partiall *ballance* of Nature. A husband is thy self, *divided* : Thy children thy self, *multiplied* ; for whom (when snatcht away) God allows some *grains* to thy affections ; but when they exceed the allowance, they will not passe in heaven's account but must be coin'd again. Couldst thou so often offend thy God without a tear ; and cannot he, my soul, displease thee once without so many ? Doth the want of spirituall *graces* not trouble thee, and shall a temporall losse so much torment thee ? Is thy husband taken away, and art thou cast down ? Hath thy God promised to be thy husband, and art thou not comforted ? True symptoms of more flesh then spirit ; Thy husband was the *gift* ; thy God, the *giver* ; and wilt thou more disprize the *giver* then the *gift* ? Be wise, my soul, if thou hast lost a *man*, thou hast found a *God* ; having therefore wet thy wings in nature's *shower*, go and dry them in the God of Nature's sun-shine.

Her Prayer.

O God, in the knowledge of whom is the perfection of all joy, at whose right hand *pleasures* are evermore ; that makest the *Comforts* of this life momentary, that we may not overprize them, and yet hast made them requisite, that we may not undervalue them ; I a late *sharer* in this worldly happinesse, but a sad *witnesse* of its vanity, do here addresse my self to thee

the onely *crown* of all my joyes, in whom there is no *variableness*, nor shadow of *change*. Lord thou didst give me what my unthankfulnesse hath taken from me, but thou hast taken from me what thy goodnesse hath promised to supply : Thou hast given and thou hast taken, blessed be thy name for ever. Thou then O God, who art not lesse able to perform, then willing to promise, whose *mercy* is more ready to bestow, then my misery is to beg, strengthen my *faith*, that I may believe thy *promise*. Encourage my *hopes*, that I may expect thy *performance*. Quicken my affections, that I may love the Promiser. Be thou *All* in *all* to me, that am nothing at all without thee. Sweeten my misery with the sense of thy *mercie*, and lighten my darknesse with the sunne of thy *glory*. Seal in my heart the assurance of adoption, that I may with boldnesse call thee my Father. Sanctifie my actions with the Spirit of *meeknesse*, that my conversation may testifie that I am thy child. Wean my heart from worldly sorrow, lest I mourn like them that have no hope. Be thou my Bridegroom, and let our marriage Chamber be my heart. Own me as thy Bride, and purifie me with the odours of thy Spirit : Prevent me with thy blessings : Protect me by thy Grace : Preserve me for thy self : Prepare me for thy Kingdome. Be thou a Father, to blesse me : Be thou a husband to comfort me. In the midst of my want, be thou my plenty : In the depth of my mourning, be thou my mirth. Raise my glory from the dust, and then my dust shall shew forth thy praise : Be thou a wall to support my Vine, and let my branches twine about thee : Let them flourish in the sunne-shine of thy Grace, that they may bring forth fruit to the glory of thy Name.

The afflicted man's trouble.

MEDITAT. 6.

WHICH way soever I turn mine eyes, I see nothing but spectacles of *misery*, and emblemes of *mortality* ; if I look up, there I behold an angry God, and I am troubled : Look downwards, there I see a prepared *hell*, and I am terrified. Look on my right hand, and there prosperitie emboldens me to a secure *presumption* : Look on my left hand, and there adversity enforces me to a sad *despair*. Look about me, and there I find legions of *temptations* beleaguering me : Look within me, and there I see a guilty *conscience* accusing me : In all which, I perceive nothing but *misery*, nothing but *man*, and in that misery, the *periphrase* of man. Man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of trouble. Were not man's time short, man were the miserablest of all creatures, and I the miserablest of all men. I am still haunted with three Enemies, the *World*, the *Flesh*, and the *Devil*. The world

troubles me with her *cares* : The flesh troubles me with *infirmities* : The Devil troubles me with *temptations* : If I am rich, I am troubled with *fears* to lose : If poore, I am troubled with cares to get : If single, troubled to seek a wife : If married, troubled to please a wife : If I have children, every child is a new trouble : If childlesse, I am as much troubled for an heir : If sick, troubled with *distempers* and *drugs* : If sound, troubled with *lust* or *labour* : If in my businesse, troubled with *neglect* : If in my devotion, troubled with *distraction*. Man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time, and is full of trouble. Where shall I turn me to avoid this *toil* ? What steps shall I tread to escape this trouble ? Shall I incline my heart to *mirth* ? Mirth is but madness, therefore *trouble*. Shall I quicken my spirits with plenteous *wine* ? In much wine is much distraction, therefore *trouble*. Or shall my wiser heart search out the bounds of *knowledge* ? In much wisdom, is much grief ; and who encreaseth knowledge, encreaseth trouble. Whom shall I call to aid ? To whom shall I addresse my sad complaints ? Call to my *kindred*, they disclaim me : Call to my *friends*, and they deride me : O that I had the wings of a Dove, that I may flye away and be at *rest*. But whither wouldst thou flye ?

His Deliverance.

LIE from thy self, my soul, and haste thee to that voice that sayes, *Call upon me in the time of trouble, and I will hear thee.*

His Proofs.

Psal. 19. 15.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him ; I will be with him in trouble, I will deliver him and honour him.

Psal. 54. 7.

He hath delivered me out of all my troubles, and mine eyes have seen their desire upon mine enemies.

2. Cor. 1. 4.

He comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort them that are in any trouble, by the comfort whereby we our selves are comforted of God.

Psal. 81. 7.

Thou calledst to me in trouble, and I delivered thee, I answered thee in the secret place of thunder.

Greg.

It is the work and providence of God's secret counsel, that the dayes of the Elect should be troubled in their pilgrimage. This present life is the way to our long home ; God therefore in his secret wisdom afflicts our

travel with continuall trouble, lest the delight of our journey might take away the desire of our journey's end.

Bernard.

This life is replenisht with so many evils, that death is rather a remedy then a punishment; God therefore hath made it short, that seeing the troubles thereof cannot be removed from us, we may the sooner be removed from them.

His Soliloquie.

BE wise, my soul, and what thou canst not remedy, endure. Doth the world trouble thee? Cling close to him that hath overcome the world: Doth the flesh trouble thee? Mortifie the flesh in thy members: Doth the Devil trouble thee? Resist the Devil, and he will flee from thee. Art thou troubled with cares in thy abundance? Be not too careful for to morrow: Art thou troubled with wants in thy Adversity? Be contented with the Bread of to day. Doth sickness trouble thee? Make use of it, and submit. Doth strength of constitution trouble thee with concupiscence? Fast and pray. In thy vocations art thou troubled with vexation? Let those vexations wean thee from the world: Is thy devotion troubled with distractions? Let those distractions bring thee closer to thy God. Do losses trouble thee? Make godliness thy gain. Do Crosses trouble thee? Make the Cross thy Meditation: Thus whilst thou strugglest against the stream of Nature, thou shalt be carried with a gale of Grace, and when thy strength shall fail thee, a stronger arm shall strengthen thee; He that brings thee on with courage, will fetch thee off with conquest: Do what thou canst, and pray for what thou canst not.

His Prayer.

O God that art the searcher of all hearts, the Revenger of all iniquities, the comfort of all true penitents, whose wayes are inscrutable, whose judgements are intolerable, whose mercy is incomprehensible; I thy afflicted suppliant, sensible of thy displeasure, bewail the multitude of my offences, and am convinced by my own Conscience, and thy fatherly corrections; which way soever I look I see nothing but sinne and death, nothing but misery. But Lord, so infinite is thy mercy above my sinne, and so little pleasure takest thou in the destruction of a sinner, that thou hast commanded me to call upon thee in my trouble, and hast promised to hear me. In due obedience therefore to thy sweet command, and in firm confidence of thy gracious Promise, my bended knees, O God, present thee with a broken heart: Thy sacrifices, O God, are a contrite spirit; a broken heart, O Lord, thou wilt not despise. Lord, I

am weak, strengthen me with thy Grace: Mine enemies are strong, weaken them with thy power: Suppress the cares of the world that so oppresse me: Subdue the exorbitances of the flesh that so molest me: Curb the insolencies of the Devil, that so afflict me: Endue my arm with power, and arm my heart with patience: Make haste, O God, to hear me, make speed, O Lord, to help me. Break not thy Covenant with thy servant, O God, nor alter what thy lips have uttered; Remember thy promise to the sonne of thy Hand-maid, for it is my comfort in all my trouble; I call to thee in the time of my distresse, deliver me, O God, according to thy Word. Consider O Lord, I am but dust, O magnifie thy power in my weakness. Remember, O God, that I have been long afflicted, O magnifie thy mercy in my deliverance. For in death there is no remembrance of thee, and in the Grave what tongue can praise thee: My bones are vexed, and my soul is troubled, but thou, O Lord, how long? how long? Behold my griefs, for they are great; Regard my troubles, for they are many: Quicken my soul for thy Name's sake, and bring me out of all my troubles; then shall my soul rejoyce in thy salvation, and magnifie thy name for ever and ever.

The deserted man's misery.

MEDITAT. 7.

WHEN I consider but the goodnesse of my God, in offering his gracious favours to me, and my own vilenesse in refusing of such gracious offers, I cannot choose but wonder at his mercy, in that I live, and am not snatcht away from the possibility of repentance. But ah! what comfort is a life that is branded with the mark of death? And what happinesse is this possibility of Repentance, which hath no strength to actuate it, but thy own. My soul, in what a case art thou? Into what a miserable state art thou reduced? Thou hast forsaken thy God, and I fear thy God hath forsaken thee. Me thinks I want the glory of that Sunne that once revived me: Me thinks I lack the Comfort of those beams that once refresht me: Me thinks I fear, where no fear is; and where I most should fear, I find my self no whit afraid. Those heavenly Raptures, which heretofore surprized my ravisht soul, have now no relish in my drowzie ear: Those heart-confounding judgements, whose very whispers in former times would split my soul in sunder, now move not if they thunder. Those sinnefull thoughts that prest my soul like Milstones, can now be acted, and reacted without a sigh. Those heavenly Prophets, whose presence filled me with delight, now trouble not my patience with their absence. My heart is a lump of dead flesh, my soul is stricken with a dead palsey, my affections with a Lethargie. My zeal is frozen, my faith is bed-rid, my charity is dead, and my greatest

grief is, that I cannot grieve. The *mark* of *Cain* is upon me, and I fear that every *beast* that meets me will devour me. O my soul, what *comfort* can remain with thee, when the God of comfort hath forsaken thee? What safety canst thou find, when thou hast lost the God of peace? What would I not forgo, that I might re-obtain my God! what pleasure would I not abjure, that I might regain his gracious pleasure.

His Comfort.

CHear up my soul; who gives thee a *heart* to desire, will likewise give thee thy *heart's desire*; Let not his seeming absence dismay thee: The sense of his absence, is the *Symptome* of his presence: Let his Word be an *Antidote* for thy despair, which saith, *For a small moment have I forsaken, but with great mercies will I gather thee*, Isaiah 54. 7.

His Proofs.

Deut. 4. 31.

The Lord thy God is a mercifull God; he will not forsake thee, neither destroy thee, nor forget the covenant of thy fathers, which he swore unto them.

2 Cor. 4. 9.

We are persecuted, but not forsaken.

Joshua 1. 5.

I will not fail thee nor forsake thee.

Nehemiah 9. 31.

For thy great name sake thou didst not utterly consume them nor forsake them, for thou art a gracious and a mercifull God.

Ambrose.

Let no man despair; Let none conscious of his old sinnes make himself incapable of divine grace; For God knows how to change his sentence, if man endeavours to forsake his sinne.

Bernard.

When ever thou feelest the burthen of Temptation too heavy upon thee, call him that is thy helper, invoke thy keeper, and thy aid in all extremities; and say, Lord save us, for we perish: This keeper never sleeps nor slumbers, though for a time he seems as farre off, fear not, He will not leave thee nor forsake thee.

His Soliloquie.

IF thy *breath*, O my soul, fail thee but a minute, thou dyest; If thy *health* forsake thee a while, thou languishest; If thy *sleep* leave thee, thou art distempered; No wonder if thy *God* withdraws, that thou art troubled:

Deject not, O my soul, nor let thy thoughts despair. Stay thee with his *promises*, and comfort thee with his *mercies*. Dost thou mourn for him? Thou shalt be *comforted* in him: Dost thou thirst after him? Thou shalt be *filled* with him: He that suffers not a *cup* of cold water for his sake to go unrewarded, will not permit a *Tear* for his love to be unregarded. He withdraws to sharpen thy desire: He seems lost to enflame the seeker: He forsakes thee a while, that he may be thine for ever: Thou wantest him, because thou desirest him: Thou desirest him, because thou lovest him: Thou couldst not love him, had he not first loved thee; and whom he loves, he loves to the end. If thy neglect hath sent him from thee, let thy diligence draw him to thee: If thou hast lost him by thy sinnes, seek him by true repentance; and if thou find him by thy prayer, entertain him with thy thanksgiving.

His Prayer.

O God, without the *sun-shine* of whose gracious eye, the creature sits in *darknesse* and the shadow of *death*; whose presence is the very *life* and true *delight* of those that love thee: Cast down thine eyes of *pitie* upon a lost sheep of *Israel*, which hath wandered from thy *Fold*, into the Desart of his own *lusts*: What dangers can I choose but meet, that have run my self out of thy protection? What Sanctuary can secure me, that have left the *Covert* of thy wings? What *comfort* can I expect, O God, that have forsaken thee the God of comfort and consolation? Return thee, O great *Shepherd* of my soul, and with thy *Crook* reduce me to thy *Fold*: Thou art my *way*, conduct me: Thou art my *light*, direct me: Thou art my *life*, quicken me: Disperse these *clouds* of sinnes that stand betwixt thy angry face, and my be-nighted soul. Remove that cursed *barre* which my *Rebellion* hath set betwixt thy deafned eare and my confused prayers; and let thy comfortable *beams* reflect upon me: Leave me not, O God, unto my self; O Lord, forsake me not too long: for in me dwells nothing but despaire, and the terrours of hell have taken hold of me. Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me. Remove this heart of stone, and give me, O good God, a heart of flesh, that it may be capable of thy mercies and sensible of thy judgements: Plant in my heart a fear of thy name, and deliver my soul from carnall security: Order my affections according to thy will, that I may love what thou lovest, and hate what thou hatest: Kindle my zeal with a coal from thine Altar, and increase my faith by the assurance of thy love. O holy fire, that alwayes burnest and never goest out, kindle me. O sacred light that alwayes shinest and art never dark, illuminate me. O sweet Jesus, pierce the marrow of my soul with the shafts

of thy love, that it may burn and melt, and languish with the onely desire of thee : Let it alwayes desire thee, and seek thee, and find thee, and sweetly rest in thee : Be thou in all my thoughts, in all my words, in all my actions, that both my thoughts, my words, and my actions being sanctified by thee here, I may be glorified by thee hereafter.

The Humble Man's Depression.

MEDITAT. 8.

How more then happy are those sonnes of men, that measure no further ground then from the sacred *Font* unto their peacefull *Grave* ! How blessed are those Infants, which never lived to taste those dear-bought *peny-works* of deceitfull earth ? Alas, there is nothing here but bitter *Pills* of pleasure-guilded grief : Here is nothing but substantiall *sorrows*, clothed in the shades of false delight : Look where I list, there is nothing can appear before mine eye but *sorrow*, the lamentable object of my misery. Contemplate where I list, here is nothing can present before my thoughts but *misery*, the object of my mourning. My soul is a sparkle of *divine fire*, but quencht with *lust* ; an *Image* of my glorious Creatour, but blurr'd with *sinne* ; a parcell of mortall *immortality*, reserv'd for *death*. My *understanding* is darkned with *error* ; my *judgement* is perverted with *partiality* ; my *will* is diverted with *sensuality* ; my *memory* like a sieve, retains the *Bran*, and lets the *flower* passe ; my *affections* are agulsh to *good*, and feverish to *evil* : my *faith* wavers ; my *hope* tyres ; my *charity* freezes ; my *thoughts* are *vain*, my *words* are idle, my *actions* sinfull : My *body* is a tabernacle of *grief*, an *Hospitall* of *diseases*, a tene-ment of *death*, a sepulchre of a sinfull *soul* : O my soul, how canst thou own thy self without *dejection*, that canst not view thy self without *corruption* ? How art thou enclosed in walls of dust, tempered with a few tears ; a lump of earth, quickned with a span of life. Thy life is short and evil, truly *miserable*, because evil ; onely *happy*, because short : When thou endeavourest *good*, thy heart faints : When thou strugglest with *evil*, thy strength fails. For this my soul is humbled, and my spirits are deprest : For this I loath my self, and view my misery with *indignation*.

His Exaltation.

But chear up my soul, and let not thy thoughts be overprest. The *Ball* that is thrown against the ground, rebounds. Humility is the *Harbinger* of *Grace* : Art thou humbled ? fear not : Dost thou fear ? despair not : Dost thou despair ? persist not : Heark what the God of truth hath said ; *He that is humble shall be exalted*, Luke, 14. 11.

His Proofes.

Prov. 29. 23.

A man's pride shall bring him low, but honour shall uphold the humble in spirit.

1. Pet. 5. 6.

Humble your selves under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time.

Prov. 15. 33.

Before honour is humility.

Job 22. 29.

When men are cast down, then thou shalt say, There is lifting up, and God shall save the humble person.

Cassid.

By humility, the members of Christ know how to overcome the pride of the Devil. By this the faithfull command : By this tyranny is conquered : By this the Martyrs are crowned : Neither can there be a perfection of vertue, where there is a defect of humility.

August.

The Kingdome is glorious, the way to it lies low : Will thou desire thy journey's end, and yet refuse the way ?

Ambr.

Humility, by not seeking, obtains what it contemns.

His Soliloquie.

ALL virtues, as well *Theologicall* as *Morall*, are besieged with two *vices* ; *Humility*, the fundamentall of all vertues is not exempted : Some puffed up with their own lowliness, grow proud, because humble, being high-minded by an *Antiperistisis* ; this is spirituall pride. Others, taking too single a view of their own corruptions, and more sensible of the disease then of the *remedie*, are cast into despondency of mind ; and this is called *dejection* ; the first froths up into *presumption* ; the second settles down into a *despair*. How canst thou, O my soul, in this Tempest, escape this *Scylla* or avoid that *Carydis* ? Dost thou fear the tossing waves ? Contract thy *sayles* : Fearest thou the Quick-sands ? use thy *Compass* : He that stills the waves will assist thee ; he that commands the Sea will advise thee : Look not onely on thy *Loadstone*, for then thou wilt not see thy *danger* : nor onely on thy misery, for then thou wilt not be sensible of thy *deliverance*. If thy *humility* puff thee up, thou art not fit for mercy. If *dejection* knock thee down, mercy is not fit for thee. Look up, O my soul, to God's mercy, so as thou mayst be sensible of thy own *misery* ; and so look down on thine own misery, as thou maist be *capable* of God's mercy.

His Prayer.

ETernall God, who scatterest the proud in the Imagination of their hearts, and givest Grace to the humble and contrite spirit, bow down thy gracious eare to me vile dust and ashes, whose misery thus casts it self before thy mercy. Lord, I am ashamed of mine own corruptions, and utterly loath mine own condition: I am not an object for mine own eyes without disdain, nor a subject for mine own thoughts without contempt; yet am I bold to prostrate my vile self before thy glorious eyes, and to present my sinfull prayers before thy gracious eares. Lord, if thy mercy exceeded not my miserie, I could look for no compassion; and if thy grace transcended not my sinne, I could expect for nothing but confusion. O thou that madest me of nothing, renew me, that have made my self farre lesse then nothing: Revive those sparkles in my soul, which lust hath quencht: Cleanse thine image in me, which my sinne hath blurr'd: Enlighten my understanding with thy Truth: Rectifie my judgement with thy word: Direct my will with thy Spirit: Strengthen my memory to retain good things: Order my affections, that I may love thee above all things: Encrease my faith; Encourage my hope; Quicken my charity; Sweeten my thoughts with thy Grace; Season my words with thy Spirit; Sanctifie my actions with thy Wisdome: Subdue the Insolence of my rebellious flesh: Restrain the fury of my unbridled passions: Reform the frailty of my corrupted nature: Encline my heart to desire what is good, and blesse my endeavours that I may do what I desire: Give me a true knowledge of my self, and make me sensible of mine own infirmities. Let not the sense of those mercies which I enjoy, blot out of my remembrance those miseries which I deserve; that I may be truly thankfull for the one, and humbly penitent for the other. In all my afflictions keep me from despaire, in all my deliverances preserve me from ingratitude, that being timely quickned with the sense of thy goodnesse, and truly humbled by the sight of mine own weaknesse, I may be here exalted by the vertue of thy grace, and hereafter advanced to the Kingdome of thy glory.

The sinner's conflict.

MEDITAT. 9.

WHEN *sinne* entred into the world, *death* followed. The Scripture tells me of two deaths, the first and the second, this *spirituall*, that *naturall*; the first a *separation* of the body and the soul, and is *temporall*; the second, a *separation* of the body and the soul from the favour of God, and is *eternall*; the first is terrible; the second, intolerable. If the first death so terrified the Lord of *life*, how terrible will the second be to me

the child of death? If every triviall grief disturbs my thoughts; if every petty sicknesse distempers my body; if the very thought of death dismayes my soul, how horrible will *death* it self appear? O when the *silver cord* shall be dissolved, the golden *Bowl* demolisht, the *Pitcher* at the Fountain broke, the *Cistern* wheels stopt, how will the whole *universe* of my afflicted body be perplexed! Yet were I to endure for every man that hath been, is, and shall be, a death as oft repeated as the Sea shore hath sands; all this were nothing to a minute's torment of the *second* death. O treacherous and soul-destroying *sinne*, how hast thou thus betrayed me to *eternall* death, by thy false, momentary, and deceitfull *pleasures*! How hast thou bewicht me with flattering *smiles*, and with thy counterfeit delights thus *tickled* me to death! Thou hast not onely deprived me of a transitory *life*, but led me into the hideous jaws of an everlasting *death*: Thou hast not onely divorced my miserable soul from her beloved body, but separated both soul and body from the favours of my God, and left them to the insufferable torments of *eternity*. O my soul, can thy *life* be lesse then miserable, which being ended, is transported to so infinite a misery? How can thy *death* be lesse then terrible, which opens the Gates to such eternal torments! What wilt thou do? Or whither wilt thou flie? Thy *actions* cannot save thee, nor thy *flight* secure thee. *Death* is thy enemy, who taking advantage of thy *lusts*, hath strengthened it self through thy weaknesse.

His Conquest.

REpair to thy colours, O my soul, the Lord of *life* is thy *Generall*, He hath foild thy enemy and disarmd him: Stand fast: He is conquered, if thou strive to conquer: Heark what thy *Generall* saith, *He that overcometh, shall not be hurt of the second death*, Rev. 2. 11.

His Proofs.

Rev. 2. 7.

To him that overcometh I will give to eat of the *Tree of life*, which is in the midst of the *Paradise* of God.

Rev. 3. 21.

To him that overcometh I will grant to sit with me in my *Throne*, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my *Father* in his *Throne*.

Rev. 2. 17.

To him that overcometh I will give to eat of the hidden *Manna*, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it.

Greg. lib. 8. Moral.

The valour of a just man is to conquer the flesh, to contradict his own will, to quench the delights of this present life, to endure and love the miseries of this world, for the reward of a better; to condemn the flatteries of prosperity, and inwardly to overcome the fears of adversity.

Hieron. in Epist.

No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the mark we levell at.

Savanar.

If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.

His Soliloquie.

O Ur life is a *warrefare*; and every Christian is two *Souldiers*. The Army consists of good and evil *motions*: These under the conduct of the *flesh*; Those under the command of the *spirit*: The two *Generals*, God, and the Devil: The *field* the heart: The word, on the one side, *Glory*; on the other side, *Pleasure*: The reward of both *Eternity*; on that side, of *Happinesse*; on this side of *Torment*: How is thy heart, O my soul, like *Rebecca's wombe*? How do two *Nations* strive within thee? Chear up; take courage in the *Reward* that is set before thee: So fight, that thou mayst conquer; so runne, that thou maist obtain: Let not the *policie* of the Enemy dismay thee; nor thy own *feawnesse* disanimate thee: Advance therefore, O my dull soul; fear not the fiery *darts* of Sathan, nor be afraid of his Arrow that flies by night: Presse towards the great *Reward*, and let thy spirit resist to *Bloud*. Take courage from thy *Cause*, thou fightest for thy *Prince*, thy *God*, and takest up Arms against his Enemy, and thy rebellious *Lusts*: Is thy Enemy too potent? fear not: Art thou besieged? faint not: Art thou routed? flie not: Call aid, and thou shalt be strengthened: Petition, and thou shalt be relieved: Pray, and thou shalt be recruited.

His Prayer.

O God, to whom belong the issues of death, at whose terrible Name the very Foundation of my soul trembles, I a poor convicted sinner accused by my own conscience, and ready to be condemned by thy justice, do here in the very wounding of my heart, confesse my self a miserable creature; I have nothing to plead, O God, but mercy, and where shall I find that mercy, but in my mercifull Redeemer? Blessed Redeemer, that hast promised victory to those that strive, and life to those that overcome; teach thou my hands to warre, and my fingers to fight: Give me a loyall heart, that the intice-

ments of the world may not seduce it: Give me a constant spirit, that the pleasures of the flesh may not entice it: Give me a wise fore-cast, that the subtilty of the Devil may not entrap me: Let not the multitude of mine enemies discourage me, nor the greatnesse of their power dismay me, nor the weaknesse of my arm dishearten me. Thou that gavest little *Israel* victory against great *Pharaoh*, strengthen me: Thou that gavest little *David* the day against the great *Goliath*, succour me: Thou that gavest single *Sampson* conquest against the numerous *Philistines*, save me. Lord fight against them that fight against my soul: Arise, O God, and let thine enemies be confounded: Lord shield me from the fury of my own corruptions for they are many: Deliver me from the imaginations of my own heart, for they are evil, and that continually: Let not the frailty of my youth beset me, and keep me from the danger of my secret sins: Double my watchfulnesse upon my *Dalilah*, that is so apt to kisse me, and betray me. Without thy grace I have no will to strive, no power to stand, no hope to conquer: Sustain me, that I may not faint: Second me, that I may not flie: Strengthen me, that I may not yield: Gird my loins with truth, and let my breast-plate be thy Righteousnesse; that putting on the Helmet of salvation, I may fight a good fight, and receive a Crown of glory; that having past the terrors of the first death, I may escape the torments of the second, and triumph with thee in the Kingdome of glory.

Sion's Decay.

MEDITAT. 10.

D Oest ask me, why so sad? Or can my sorrow be thy wonder? Canst thou, Or can thine eye expect a *Sun-shine* where the greater *Lamp* of heaven is eclips'd? or can my heart be frolick when the *Vineyard* of my soul is blasted? Can the *children* of the Bride-chamber choose but hang their heads, to see the *Bridegroom* sleighted, and the *Bride's* lovely cheeks profaned with every pesant's hand: Can poore affrighted *Lambs* wanton, and frisk upon the pleasant plains, when as their worried Mothers tremble at the Quest of every *Curre*? What member can rejoyce, when as the body is dismembred? *Sion* the glory of heaven is darkned, and her bright beams obscured: *Sion* the Vineyard of our souls is blasted, and her *clusters* are grown sowre: *Sion*, the *Bride* of my Redeemer, is defiled, her bloud-washt *Robes* are soild and slubbered: *Sion*, the *Mistresse* of our Flocks is overpowred, and her tender *Lambs* have no protection: *Sion*, the *Mother* of us all, is barren, and her uberous breasts are dry: *Sion*, the glorious Corporation of the *Elect*, is factious in it self, and her *Members* are disjoynted. Ah how can my distressed

soul find rest, when *Sion* the rest of my distressed soul is oppress. How many of her dearest children are now tugging at the slavish oar of *Infidels*! How many, roaring under the imperious hand of the daughter of *Babylon*! How many banished from their native soyls, and driven from their usurped possessions! This Vine which heaven's right hand hath planted, is decayed: her Fences broken; her hedge trodden down; her body torn by *Skismatics*, cankered with *Hereticks*, blasted with *fiery spirits*; her branches rent with the wilde *Bore*; her Grapes devoured with the wily *Fox*; her Shepherds are turned Wolves, and have devoured her Flocks: Confusion is within her walls, and desolation is near unto her gates: O *Jerusalem*, if I forget to mourn for thee, let my right hand forget her cunning; and if I prize not thee above my greatest joy, let my tongue cleave to my roof.

Her Defence.

BUt heark, I hear a heavenly voice whispering glad tidings in my ear, which saith, *I the Lord do keep it, and will water it*, Isaiah 27. 3.

Her Proofs.

Psal. 60. 35.

The Lord will save Sion, and will build the cities of Judah, that they may dwell there, and have it in possession.

Psal. 87. 5.

Of Sion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her, and the highest himself shall establish her.

Isa. 14. 30.

The Lord hath founded Sion, and the power of his people shall trust in it.

Isa. 12. 6.

Cry out, and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the holy One of Israel in the midst of thee.

Orig. Hom. 10. in divers.

O holy Lord, how happy are they that trust in thee! It is a most certain truth, that thou lovest all those that love thee, and never forsakest those that trust in thee. For behold, thy Love sought thee, and undoubtedly found thee: She trusted in thee, and she is not forsaken of thee, but hath obtained more by thee, then she expected from thee.

Bernard.

He will give his Angels charge over thee. O what reverence, what love, what confidence deserveth so sweet a saying? For their presence, reverence; for their good will, love; for their tuition, confidence.

Her Soliloquie.

WHo is not interested in the miseries of *Sion*? What sadness may not be justified in her calamity? O my soul, thou maist here spend thy self in holy passion, and dissolve thy self in tears: But yet be wisely sad; let not thy tears exceed thy confidence, nor let thy grief exclude thy hope: Mourn not for the *Bride* as if the *Bridegroom* were not; or being, had no power; or having power, wanted will; or having will, were like thy self forgetfull: No, no, my soul, he that suffers her to suffer, will sustain her in her sufferance, and crown her sufferings: When she is persecuted, she prospers; when she is oppress'd, she flourisheth; in her contempt, she gains honour; in her wounds, victories; in her reproch, credit; in her patience, a Crown; and with her crown of thorns, a crown of glory: Can she be more like her *Bridegroom* then in affliction? Can she more resemble her husband then in persecution? Remember, O my soul, she is a plant of his right hand's planting; and who can pluck it up? Fear not, this *Vine* must prosper in spite of opposition: Yet know, my soul, thou shalt not prosper, nor see good dayes, unlesse thou wish prosperity to *Jerusalem*, and pray for *Peace* in *Sion*.

The Prayer.

O God, that art the beauty of *Sion*, and the glory of thy *Jerusalem*, and the joy of thine elect, behold the mangled body of thy distressed Church. Relieve the miseries of her distempered members: She is our *Lamp*, illuminate her with thy glory: She is thy *Vine*, O fructifie her with thy grace: She is thy *Bride*, embrace her in thy love: She is thy *Flock*, protect her by thy power: She is our *Body*, rectifie her with thy health: We are her members, sanctifie us with thy righteousness. Let not the malice of *Sathan* discourage her: Let not the counsels of the wicked disturb her: Let not the gates of hell prevail against her. Give her verity in her doctrine, unity in her self, uniformity in her discipline, universality in her progresse: Repair her broken Fences, and weaken the power of the wild *Bore*: Blesse all such as love her; and as for her enemies, either convert them in thy mercy, or confound them in thy justice. Let her appear to be thy daughter, and let the King's daughter be all glorious within. Let her be known to be thy *Ark*, and let *Dagon* fall down before her. Purge her from error, heresie, ignorance, and superstition; and being purged, O take thou pleasure in her beauty: Behold her Branches which suffer for thy name, and give them deliverance or patience. Let no weapon that is formed against thy Church prosper, and let all tongues that speak against her be confounded. Let her gates be alwayes open, and glorifie the house of thy glory. Let

thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand, that he may guard this Plant which thy right hand hath planted. Give thy justice to the King, and thy righteousness to the King's sonne : Season thy Seminaries with thy truth ; and blesse the house of *Levi*, and blesse the house of *Aaron*. Turn thy countenance to thy first love, the Jews, and take not thy Candlestick from thy chosen, the Gentiles ; that having one Shepherd, we may be one Flock ; and having one faith, we may be one Church ; and having one heart to please thee, we may have one voice to praise thee here militant in the Kingdome of Grace, and hereafter triumphant in the Kingdome of Glory,

The Mourner's Calamity.

MEDITAT. II.

FOR Stoicisme to rejoyce at *Funerals*, and lament at *Births* of men, is more absonant to *Nature* then to Reason. Too self-indulgent *Nature* would preserve her self on any terms ; but well-instructed *Reason* holds a *Being* but an ill penny-worth purchased on condition of so long a *misery*. Who knows himself a *Man*, needs seek no further for a cause to mourn : For what is man but a Sampler of *weaknesse*, the spoil of *time*, the May-game of *Fortune*, the image of *Inconstancy*, the balance of *Calamity*, and what besides, but *Phlegme* and *Choler* ? His *Birth* is a painfull coming into the world : His *life* a sinfull continuance in the world : His *death* a dreadfull going out of the world. His *Birth* brings him into the *shop* of sinne : his *Childhood* binds him *Apprentice* to sinne ; his *youth* makes him *free* in sinne ; his *full age* trades in sinne ; his *old age* breaks him ; his *last sicknesse* arrests him, and death casts him into prison. The *pleasure* he takes is to displease his God ; his *businesse* is to disturb his Neighbour ; his study is to destroy himself ; his best labour is but *vanity*, and the fruits of that labour is *vexation of spirit* ; his mirth is a *short madnesse* ; his sorrow a long torment ; his recreation is a *formall Antick* ; his devotion an *antick formality* ; his course of life is a *Quotidian Ague*, whose cold fits are *sloth* and *charity*, whose hot fits are *wrath* and *concupiscence* ; his *pleasures* are but airie shadows to beguile him ; his honours are but frothy pleasures to betray him ; his profit is but golden fetters to beslave him ; the effect whereof is *sinne*, the end whereof is *death*. In brief, he that would learn to be a *Mourner*, let him remember that he is a *Man*. O my soul, is this the pleasure that this world promises ? Is this that happinesse that this great promiser affords ? Had man no hopes of greater happinesse then earth can give, how more unhappy were he then a beast ! What happinesse can counterpoize his sorrow ? What mirth can counter-

vail his misery ? What comfort is there in this *House of Mourning* ? Where then shall I repose my trust ? On whom shall my crusht hopes rely ?

His Consolation.

Darest thou believe the word of truth ? Heark what the word of *Truth* hath said ; *Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted*, Matth. 5. 4.

His Proofs.

Psal. 119. 50.

This is my comfort in my affliction, for thy word hath quickned me.

Isai. 61. 2.

Proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance, to comfort all that mourn.

Jer. 31. 13.

I will turn their mourning into joy, and will comfort them, and make them rejoyce from their sorrow.

Psal. 71. 20, 21.

Thou which hast shewed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth ; Thou shalt encrease my greatnesse, and comfort me on every side.

Aug. Soliloq. cap. 23.

There was a great dark cloud of calamity before mine eyes, so that I could not see the Sun of Justice, and the light of Truth : But Lord, thou art my God, who hast led me from darknesse and the shadow of death ; hast called me into this glorious light, and behold, I see.

Kemp. lib. 3. cap. 50.

There is none under heaven that can comfort me, but thou my Lord God, the heavenly Physician of souls, that strikest and healest, bringest into hell and drawest out again.

His Soliloquie.

Misery is the badge of *mortality*, and mortality the lot of man ; He that views himself impartially, needs seek no subject for a tear ; yet, O my soul, hadst thou not seen thine own *misery*, how more miserable hadst thou been ! Hadst thou been hoodwinked to thy *corruptions*, hadst thou been blind to thine *Infirmities*, had thy filth been painted over with *vanity*, how had the way to thy redresse been blockt up ! How hadst thou stumbled at thy *self*, and fallen at thine own *destruction* ! O my soul, it is a great part of *safety* to see a danger ; a good step towards *health*, to discover the disease ; a fair progresse towards *happinesse*, to behold thine own

misery : But *evils* discovered and no more, grow sharper by the discovery : He onely uses a foreseen *danger*, that endeavours to avoid it : He profits by a discovered *disease* that labours to amend it : He takes benefit by prevised misery, that strives to eschew it. Being fairly warn'd, my soul, be thou as strongly arm'd : Doest thou plead *weaknesse* ? be courageous, and thou shalt be victorious : Does *sadnesse* cool thy courage ? be patient, and thou shalt be comforted : remember thou art militant : Doest thou find thy self timorous ? strengthen thy self with resolution : Doest thou find thy self spent ? fortifie thy self by Prayer.

His Prayer.

O God that hearest the sighing of a contrite heart, and bottlest up the tears of a repentant eye, bow down thy gracious ear and hear the torments of a grieved breast : Look on my tears, and reade in them what my closed lips are even ashamed to utter. Thou mad'st me free, but I have lost my freedom by my rebellion : Thou mad'st me like thy self, but I have blurr'd thine Image by my sinne : Thou mad'st me clean and holy, but I have wallowed in the mire of my own corruptions : Thou mad'st me for thy glory, but I have lived to thy dishonour : Thou mad'st me a Man, but I have made my self a worm and no man. Lord I see the misery of my own condition, and without thy mercy I am worse then nothing. But thou art gracious, and of great compassion, and thy Truth endures from generation to generation. Lord, thou hast promised joy to those that grieve, and comfort to them that mourn : In full assurance of thy gracious promise, upon my bended knees, I humbly sue for thy seasonable performance : Strengthen me, that I may endure this night's sorrow, and let the joy of thy good Spirit chear me in the morning : Let me not grieve like those that goe into the pit, nor let my mourning be like theirs that have no hope : Let not the vain comforts of the world please me, nor the dead pleasures of the earth rejoyce me : Make me a willing Prisoner to my grief, untill thou please to shew thy self the God of consolation. Sanctifie my sorrows to me, and direct my mourning to the right object. Open the floud-gates of mine eyes, that I may weep bitterly for my offences : Dissolve my head into a tide of tears, that thou maist wash away the filth of my corruptions : Let nothing stop the current but the assurance of thy love ; and let my furrowed cheeks be dried in the sun-shine of thy favour. Accept, O God, of this wet sacrifice of tears, and let my groaning be a peace-offering for my trespasses. Look at thy right hand, and for his sake that sits there, grant these my petitions, firmly grounded on thy promise and his merits, that my

sad soul being relieved by thy mercy, may receive endlesse comfort, and thy Name eternall Glory.

The serpent's subtilty.

MEDITAT. 12.

What miserable dignity belongs unto the honourable name of *man* ! What sad Prerogatives pertain to that unhappy Generation of *Mankind* ! Ah, what is man but a polluted lump of *living clay*, a little heap of self-corrupted *earth* ? created to *happinesse*, born to *sorrow* : And what is *Mankind*, but a transitory succession of *Misery*, on whom *Mortality* is generally entailed from generation to generation ? Each particular man is the short and sad story of *Mankind*, written by his own dear experience, in a more favourable style, wherein every one is naturally inclined to spare himself, and hide his nakednesse among the *shades* : where, being lost, he seeks himself unfound, or finds himself unknown, or knows himself most miserable : The Devil appeared not as a *Lyon* ; strength could not constrain an upright soul : He appeared not as a *Dragon* ; fear could not compell a dauntlesse spirit : But he appeared a *Serpent*, to insinuate and creep into the bosome of his soft affections : How often is this story acted by me the miserablest of *Adam's* sonnes ! Behold how the forbidden Tree of vain delights stands laden with her pleasant *fruits* : See how the *Serpent* twists and winds, and tempts the weaker *vessell* of my body, which having yielded, tastes and tempts my better part ! Which done, what nakednesse, what shame presents before my guilty eyes ? What slight excuses, (patcht like leaves together) I frame to hide my nakednesse, my shame ? And when the *voice* of my crying conscience calls me in the *cool* of my lusts ; O how I start, and tremble, and seek for *cover*t among the trees ; where being found at last, and question'd, my soul accuses the infirmity of my body ; my body accuses that serpentine temptation ; so that all three being partners in *sinne*, are sad partakers of the *punishment*. Thus every minute, O my soul, art thou surprized : Thus every moment doth this twisting *serpent* tempt and overcome thy frailty : Thus every minute are eternall deaths still multiplyed upon thee. What hopes hast thou in thy collapsed estate to overcome that *Serpent*, which *Adam* in his perfection did not conquer ?

His Defeat.

C Hear up, my soul, there is a *Champion* found shall curb this *Serpent's* power, and heaven hath spoke it, *The seed of the woman shall break the Serpent's head*, Gen. 3. 15.

His Proopes.

Rom. 16. 20.

And the God of Peace shall bruise Sathan under your feet shortly.

1. John 3. 8.

For this purpose the Sonne of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the Devil.

Rev. 17. 14.

He shall make warre with the Lambe, and the Lambe shall overcome him.

Ephes. 6. 16.

Above all things take the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench the fiery darts of Sathan.

Chrysost. super Matth.

He forced him not; he touched him not; onely said, Cast thy self down; that we may know, whosoever obeyeth the Devil, casteth himself down: for the Devil may suggest, compell he cannot.

Bern. in Serm.

It is the Devil's part to suggest; Ours, not to consent. As oft as we resist him, so oft we overcome him; so often as we overcome him, so often we bring joy to the Angels, and glory to God; who proposeth us, that we may contend; and assisteth us, that we may conquer.

His Soliloquie.

MAN by the power of the transcendent Good, was created good, with a power to continue good: Man through disobedience lost this power, and that arbitrary goodnesse is turned to necessary evil: The whole Masse is corrupted, and lies in the same condition it made it self; but God out of an unsearchable love to his Creature, out of his infinite wisdom (not violating his Justice) found a way to exercise his mercy, drawing what handfulls he pleased (not for the dignity of the matter) out of this lump, the rest he left to it self: As it had been no injustice in God to leave the whole in the perdition it had cast it self; so, it was an inscrutable mercy to draw out some part out of that self-made perdition. This Redemption, O my soul, was a Legacie given at the death of thy Redeemer; and thy businesse is to search the Will, and in it thy interest: But where is that Will? Search the Scriptures: But how shall it appear by searching? By the fruit thou shalt know the Tree: Examine thy heart; Dost thou find there a love to God for his own sake, and a love to thy neighbour for God's sake? and to both for obedience sake? Go thy wayes, thou art in the will; and the seed of the woman hath broke the Serpent's head.

His Prayer.

O God, that didst create mankind for the glory of thy holy Name, and redeemedst Man, being lost, with the blood of thy onely Sonne; and hast preserved him by thy free mercy, and continuall providence: I a poor sonne of miserable Adam, do here acknowledge my self unworthy of the least of all thy mercies: Lord what am I that thou shouldst look upon me? and what is the sonne of thy handmaid, that thou shouldst think upon him? I know the best of all my actions are unclean, and these my very prayers are abomination in thy sight: My thoughts, my words, nay the whole course of my life is sinne, and there is nothing in me which deserves not death: Yet, Lord, even for the altar's sake on which I offer up this sinfull sacrifice, loath not the prayers of my polluted lips, nor stop thy ears against my sad complaints; Lord, I am as vile as sinne can make me, and deserve what curse thy wrath can lay upon me; I brought corruption from the wombe, and sucked rebellion from the very breast; My life is nothing but a Trade of sinne, wherein I hourly heap unto my self wrath against the day of wrath; that insomuch wert thou not more mercifull then I am or can be to my self, I had been now roaring under thy justice, that am here begging for thy mercy: Lord, I am nothing but infirmity, and daily wallow in my own corruptions: That old serpent continually besieges me, and the feeblenesse of my old man cannot resist him. Arise, O God, and crush thy enemy and mine, whose fury through my confusion aims at thy dishonour. Let the seed of the woman quicken in my soul, and strengthen my weaknesse to encounter with temptation: Let it, O let it break the Serpent's head, that I may conquer for the time to come, and give thou me a broken heart, that I may grieve for the time past; give me water from the spring of life, that it may quench the fiery darts of death: Strengthen the new man in me, and let the power of the old man languish daily, that being confident in thy promise, I may be sensible of thy performance; and being freed by thy power, I may be filled with thy praise, and glorifie thy Name for ever and for ever.

The sinner's Poverty.

MEDITAT. 13.

WHerein doth this my naturall State excell a beast? In what one thing? Am I not worse? Their outward senses are more perfect, my inward senses are lesse pure. Their naturall Instinct desires good, and chooses it; but my perverted Will sees good, and yet declines it. They eat, being satisfied with moderation; perchance I want, or surfeit. They sleep secure from

fears and cares, when I am kept awake with both. They cry to heaven, and are fed by *Providence*; I trusting to my self want through my *Improvvidence*. The worthless *Sparrows* are lodg'd in their downy feathers; the silly *Sheep* reposed in their warm fleeces; but I have nothing to cover my nakednesse, nothing to hide my shame. Naked I was born into the world, and have nothing in the world which I may call mine own; or if I have, it is lost with the desire of having. I look into my *soul*, and can find nothing there, but the absence of what I had, or the defect of what I want. I pry into my *Understanding*, and there I find nothing but *darknesse*: I search into my *Will*, and there I find nothing but *perversenesse*: I examine my *affections*, and there I find nothing but *disorder*; I view my *disposition*, and there I find nothing but *distemper*: What I had, I have not, and what I want I cannot gain. If I have obtained any thing that is *good*, I quickly lose it, for want of knowledge how to prize it. If I find any good which I had lost, I keep it not, for want of *wisdom* how to use it. When I call my *conscience* to account, mine own soul is brib'd against me; and when I call my *course of life* to question, my frailties flatter me. If the sense of misery should force me to my forgotten prayers, I faultier, and my distraction denies me *utterance*: Or if my hopefull thoughts permit my formal lips to recommend my griefs to heaven, my *guilt* despairs of *entrance*. Or if a flash of *zeal* should wing my prayers, and dart them up unto the Almighty's eares, my unrepented sinnes forbids them *audience*. Heaven's *gates* are lockt against me, and the *keyes* are lost by my neglect: My *sighs* want strength to shoot the lock, nor can my stronger *groans* enforce the portalls open.

His Relief.

Hear up, my soul, the keyes are in a faithfull hand, nor is the Keeper farre; Call him, and thou shalt hear him say, *Ask, and thou shalt have; seek, and thou shalt find; knock, and it shall be opened to thee*, Luke 11. 9.

His Proofs.

Matth. 7. 11.

If you being evil, know how to give good things unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven, give good things unto them that ask them?

John 11. 22.

But I know that even now whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it unto thee.

Matth. 21. 22.

All things whatsoever ye shall ask by prayer, believing ye shall receive.

James 1. 5.

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask it of God that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.

Bernard.

It is easier that Heaven and Earth should passe, then if thou seek God, not to find him; or then if thou ask, not to receive; or if thou knock, not to be opened unto.

Chrys. hom. 5. in epist. ad Rom.

In having nothing, I have all things, because I have Christ; having therefore all things in him, I seek no other reward, for he is the universall reward.

His Soliloquie.

Canst thou, O my soul, wonder at thy wants, when thou wantest *Him* that is the onely supplier of all wants? The *beast* performs his duty, and (made for thy service) serves thee; and wanting food, in his own language craves it, and obtains it. The *Fowls* of the aire (being pinched with hunger) caroll forth their sweet *Hosannaes*, and are filled, and then return Musically *Hallelujahs*. Canst thou, my soul, expect *supplies* like them, and use lesse means then they? Come, thou art worth many *Sparrows* (were not five sold for a farthing.) The blood of Jesus is thy *price*, and for his sake all things are thine. Shall *beasts* for their own sakes be supplied, and shalt thou in the *Name* of Jesus be denied? Can a *Mother* pity the trickling tears of her unfed Infant, and can the God of *mercies* be obdure to thee? Art thou commanded to *ask, seek, and knock* in vain? I, but my tongue is slow: Was not *Moses* the man of God so? When I *seek*, my *lust* diverts me, and I am lost: Is not the great Shepherd come to reduce his lost sheep? But alas, I *knock* at the *wrong* doore! fear not when thou knock'st with a *right* heart; He that is every where will be found; He that made the eare will heare thee.

His Prayer.

O God, that art the perfection of all good, and the giver of all good things, that better knowest what to give, then I to ask, and with-holdest no good thing from him that seeks thee with an upright heart, I a poore suiter at thy Throne of Grace, being truly sensible of mine own defects, and timerously conscious of my evil deserts, do here even cast my self on thy gracious providence. And since, O Lord, thou hast commanded me to ask of thee the things I want, bow down thine eare, and heare the Prayers, which a poore sinner emboldned by thy promise, presents before thee; by whose free favour I have received whatsoever I have obtained, and

by mine own folly lost whatsoever I have received. Give me a cleare sight of my own poverty; shew me the poverty of mine own relief, that so I may forsake the broken reed of mine own power, and strengthen my weaknesse in the comfort of thy promise. Lord, thou hast commanded me to ask, but my sinnes cry lowder then my suits. Thou hast commanded me to seek, but mine own guilt leads me the wrong way: Thou hast commanded me to knock, but Sathan holds my hands. Lord, let the Bloud of my blessed Saviour stop the mouth of my crying sinnes: Let his full satisfaction take away my guilt: Bind him in chains that captivates my power: Teach me to ask, that hast commanded me to ask: Thou that hast commanded me to seek, direct me, and let my knocking be guided by thy hand: Give me knowledge, that I may ask what I should; Grant me prudence, that I may seek where I should: Give me providence, that I may knock when I should: Let not my faintnesse in asking teach thee to deny: Let not my foolishnesse in seeking tempt me to desist: Let not my unseasonableness in knocking strike me with despair: Give me a fervent Faith, that I may ask with confidence; a constant hope, that I may seek with courage; an unwearied patience, that I may knock with constancie: Let me ask like the importunate woman, till I obtain thee: Let me seek like thy blessed Mother, till I find thee: Let me knock like the sinfull Publican, till thou open to me, that having found thee here by grace in the company of Saints, I may live with thee in glory, with the Society of Angels.

The Faithfull Man's Fear.

MEDITAT. 14.

DO *this and live*: Some comfort yet remains; though *life* be not absolutely granted, yet *death* is but conditionally threatened, *Do this and live*. But what is the *work* that may deserve such *wages*? Give perfect *obedience* to thy God, and perfect *love* to thy Neighbour. But will not the utmost of my power do? Will not the best of my endeavour serve? No, he that's perfect made thee perfect, and requires a *perfection*. Alas, if life depend upon such terms, what flesh can live? Thy inability for the *work*, prophesies the impossibility of the *reward*. My soul, thou art become a legall debtor, and the utmost *farthing* is expected: Thou canst neither pay the *debt*, nor hide thee from thy Creditour: What wilt thou do? Wilt thou plead *immunity*? Thy own hand will condemn thee. Wilt thou plead *payment*? Thy own *poverty* will implead thee. Wilt thou plead *Mercy*? Thy own rebellion will dismay thee. My soul, what *security* wilt thou put in? Or to what *Sanctuary* wilt thou flee? O flatter not thy self, and put not the

evil day from thee. Thou hast not onely not done what thou shouldst, but thou hast done what thou shouldst not. Thou hast sinned against thy *Creation* by disobeying thy Creatour: Thou hast sinned against thy redemption, by crucifying thy Redeemer: Thou hast sinned against thy sanctification, by quenching of the Spirit: Thou hast sinned against God's judgements, by thy presumption: Thou hast sinned against his mercies, by thy despair: Thou hast sinned against thy conscience, by thy rebellion: Thou hast sinned against Providence by thy distrust. Every day brings in an Inventory of thy sinnes, and every sinne brings in a Faggot to thy execution. O my soul, behold the misery of thy estate, and tremble; behold the Mercies of thy God, and wonder: Tremble, for he is a God to punish thine iniquities; Wonder, for he is become a Man to bear thy iniquities: Tremble, for thou art not able to do his Commands; Wonder, for he is willing to accept what thou canst do. Will not the frailty of thy flesh permit thee to *do*? let the faithfulness of thy heart encline thee to *desire*: Do what thou canst, and believe what thou canst not.

His Crown.

C Hear up my sad soul, for he that hath considered the frailty of thy hands hath freely accepted the faithfulness of thy heart; who saith, *Be thou faithfull unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life*. Rev. 2. 10.

His Proofs.

Matth. 25. 21.

Well done, good and faithfull servant, thou hast been faithfull over a few things, I will make thee Ruler over many things: Enter into the joy of thy Lord.

Gal. 3. 9.

So then, they that be of faith, are blessed with the faithfull Abraham.

2. Tim. 4. 8.

Henceforth there is laid up for me a Crown of Righteousnesse, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.

James 1. 12.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tryed he shall receive the Crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him.

Bernard.

O onely safe fight, which for and with Christ is undertaken; in which the Christian Souldier neither wounded nor overthrown, nor trodden under foot, no nor slain, can lose the victory, if he manfully stand to it, and do not betake himself to a shamefull flight.

Aug. in Senten.

Whatsoever rageth against the Name of Christ is tolerable, if it may be overcome; and if it cannot, it hastneth the receiving of our glorious reward; for the faithfull man in the end of his temporall evils, passeth into the fruition of his eternall good.

His Soliloquie.

STand not, O my soul, upon the *legges* of a sinner, but flie into the *Arms* of thy Saviour, and what thou canst not purchase by thy endeavour, endeavour to believe: Acknowledge thou thy *debt*, and thy Jesus will justify the payment: Trust not in thy self, lest thou be deceived by thy self: Dost thou, O my soul, desire faith? *Renounce* thy self. Wouldst thou preserve thy faith? Condemn thy self: The way to faith is *from* thy self: Is thy soul *dark*? Faith *enlightens* it: Is the gate of Heaven shut? Faith *unlocks* it: Is that way *dangerous*? Faith *secures* it: Is thy heart *tremorous*? Faith *emboldens* it: Is death *terrible*? Faith *conquers* it: Is the Crown of life *difficult*? Faith obtains it: *Be thou faithfull unto death, and I will give thee the Crown of life.* Fear not thy weakness, O my soul, it shall not be to thee according to thy works, but faith: If thy good works cannot save thee before *faith*, then evil works cannot damn thee after *Repentance*. As he that crowns thy good works, crowns his own gifts, so he that pardons thy evil works, magnifies his own *mercy*. Cast anchor here my soul, and if the waves of thy *corruptions* overwhelm thee, pump them out by true *Repentance*.

His Prayer.

MOST glorious God, in respect of whom the very Angels are impure; before whom the Cherubims do vail their blushing faces, I the wretched off-spring of presumptuous flesh and blood fall down before the footstool of thy gracious presence, and humbly present thee with my sinnefull prayers: If thou should'st weigh my actions with thy righteous ballance, or try me with the touchstone of thy sacred Laws, the vials of thy wrath would poure upon me, and thy justice would be magnified in my confusion. But Lord, thou delightest not in the death of a sinner, nor takest pleasure in the destruction of thy creature. Lord thy Commandments are most just, and my performance is most imperfect; the best of all my works deserve not the least of all thy mercies; and the purest of all my actions, nay my very prayers are sinne. I have sinned against my Creation, and yet, Lord, thou hast redeemed me: I have sinned against my Redemption, and yet, O God, thou hast in some measure sanctified me; I have sinned against my

sanctification, and yet, O God, thou hast not forsaken me: I have sinned against the continuance of thy Mercies, yet hast thou not confounded me: The whole practise of my life is nothing but Rebellion, and the imaginations of my heart are evil and that continually wherefore I wholly renounce my self, O God, and utterly disclaim the works of mine own hands: In thy goodness, O Lord, I build my confidence, and in thy mercy I seek for refuge: Grant me the power to do what thou commandest, and then command me what thou pleasest: Crucifie the flesh within me, and deliver my soul from the spirit of bondage: Free me, O Lord, from the oldnesse of the letter, that I may serve thee hereafter in the newnesse of the spirit: Let the Rebellions of old *Adam* be lost in thy Remembrance, and let the obedience of the new *Adam* be ever in thy sight: Purge from my heart the dregs of unbelief, and kindle in my soul the fire of devotion: Quicken my spirit with a lively faith; Lord, I believe, Lord, help my unbelief, that so being faithfull to the death, according to thy command, I may receive the Crown of life according to thy promise.

The fearfull man's Conflict.

MEDITAT. 15.

HOW potent are the infirmities of flesh and blood! How weak is *Nature's* strength! How strong her weakness! How is my easie *faith* abus'd by my deceitfull sense! How is my *Understanding* blinded with deluding *Error*! How is my *Will* perverted with apparent *good*! If reall good present it self, how purblind is mine *eye* to view it! if viewd, how dull is my *understanding* to apprehend it! if apprehended, how heartlesse is my *judgement* to allow it! if allowed, how unwilling is my *will* to choose it! if chosen, how sick are my *resolutions* to retain it! No sooner are my resolutions fixt upon a course of *Grace*, but *Nature* checks at my *Resolves*; no sooner checkt, but straight my *will* repents her *choice*, my *judgement* recalls her *sentence*, my *understanding* mistrusts her *light*; and then my *Sense* calls Flesh and Blood to counsel, which wants no *arguments* to break me off. The difficulty of the *Journey* daunts me; the straitnesse of the *Gate* dismayes me; the doubt of the *Reward* diverts me; the *loss* of worldly pleasure here deterres me; the *losse* of earthly honour there dissuades me; here the strictnesse of *Religion* damps me, there the world's *contempt* disheartens me; here the fear of my *preferment* discourages me: Thus is my yielding sense assaulted with my conquering *doubts*: Thus are my militant *hopes* made captive to my prevailing *fears*: whence if happily ransomed by some good *motion*, the Devil presents me with a beadroll of my *Offences*: The flesh suggests th

necessity of my sinne, the world objects the foulness of my shame; where, if I plead the mercy and goodness of my God, the *abuse* of his mercy weakens my trust, the *slighting* of his goodness hardens my heart against my hopes. With what an *host* of enemies art thou besieged, my soul! How, how art thou beleaguered with continuall fears! How doth the guilt of thy *unworthiness* cry down the hopes of all *compassion*! Thy confidence of mercy is conquered by the consciousness of thy own demerits, and thou art taken prisoner, and bound in the horrid chains of sad despair.

His Prize.

BUt chear up, my soul, and turn thy fears to wonder and thanksgiving; trust in him that saith, *Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you a kingdom*, Luke 12. 32.

His Proofs.

Col. 1. 13.

He hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and translated us into the kingdom of his dear Sonne.

Acts 14. 22.

Exhort them to continue in the faith, and that we must through many tribulations enter into the kingdom of God.

James 2. 5.

Hath not God chosen the poore of this world, that they should be rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he promised to them that love him?

Luke 22. 29.

I appoint you a kingdom, as my Father appointed to me.

August.

Though we labour in a boisterous sea, yet thou, Lord, art our Pilot, and steerest our course between Scylla and Charybdis; so that both dangers escaped, we shall at length arrive at our Port secure.

Macar.

Let us suffer with those that suffer, and be crucified with those that are crucified, that we may be glorified with those that are glorified.

Hieron.

Miserable is his felicity, who was never thought worthy to wrestle with miseries, by which contention honour is obtained.

His Soliloquie.

HAs thou crucified the Lord of *Glory*, O my soul, and hast thou so much boldnesse to expect his *Kingdome*? Consult with *Reason*, and review thy *Merits*; which done, behold that *Jesus* whom thou

crucifiedst even making *Intercession* for thee, and offering thee a *Crown* of *Glory*. Behold the *greatnesse* of thy Creatour vaild with the *goodnesse* of thy Redeemer; the justice of a *first* person qualified by the mercy of a *second*; the purity of the *Divine* nature uniting it self with the *Humane* in one *Emmanuel*; a perfect *Man* to suffer, a perfect *God* to pardon; and both God and Man in one *person*, at the same instant, able and willing to *give*, and *take* a perfect *satisfaction* for thee. O my soul, a *wonder* above wonders! an *incomprehensibility* above all admiration! a *depth* past finding out! Under this shadow, O my soul, refresh thy self: If thy sinnes fear the hand of justice, behold thy *Sanctuary*: If thy offences tremble before the Judge, behold thy *Advocate*: If thy creditour threaten a prison, behold thy bail: Behold the *Lamb* of God that hath taken thy sinnes from thee: Behold the *blessed* of heaven and earth that hath prepared a *Kingdome* for thee. Be ravisht, O my soule; O blesse the name of *Elohim*; O blesse the name of our *Emmanuel*, with praises and eternall *Hallelujahs*.

His Prayer.

GREAT Shepherd of my soul, whose life was not too dear to rescue me, the meanest of thy little flock; cast down thy gracious eye upon the weakness of my nature, and behold it in the strength of thy compassion: open mine eyes that I may see that object which flesh cannot behold. Enlighten mine understanding, that I may clearly discern that Truth which my ignorance cannot apprehend: Rectify my judgement, that I may confidently resolve those doubts, which my understanding cannot determine: Sanctifie my will, that I may wisely choose that good, which my deceived heart cannot desire: Fortifie my resolution, that I may constantly embrace that choice which my inconstancie cannot hold: Weaken the strength of my corrupted nature, that I may struggle with my lusts, and strive against the base rebellions of my flesh. Strengthen the weakness of my dejected spirit, that I may conquer my self, and still withstand the assaults of mine own corruption: Moderate my delight in the things of this world, and keep my desires within the limits of thy will: Let the point of my thoughts be directed to thee, and let my hopes rest in the assurance of thy favour: Let not the fear of worldly losse dismay me, nor let the losse of the world's favour daunt me: Let my joy in thee exceed all worldly grief, and let the love of thee expell all carnall fear: Let the multitudes of my offences be hid in the multitude of thy compassions, and let the reprochfulness of that death which thy sonne suffered for my sake, enable me to suffer all reproch for his sake; Let not my sinne against thy mercies, remove thy mercies from my sinne; and let the necessity of my

offences be swallowed up in the all-sufficiency of his merits: Let not the foulness of my transgressions lead me to distrust, nor let the distrust of thy pardon leave me in despair. Fix in my heart a filial love, that I may love thee as a father, and remove all servile fear from me, that thou mayst behold me as a sonne. Be thou my all in all, and let me fear nothing but to displease thee: That being freed from the fear of thy wrath, I may live in the comfort of thy promise, die in the fulness of thy favour, and rise to the inheritance of an everlasting kingdom.

The plague-affrighted Man's danger.

MEDITAT. 16.

How is the language of death heard in every street, which by continually *Passing-bells* proclaims mortality in every care! How many, at this instant, lie groaning in their sick beds, and mark'd for death, whilst others that lived yesterday are now laid out for evening burial! How many that are now strong, and healthfull, and laying up for many years, are destined for the enlargement of the next week's Bill! How many are now preparing to secure their lives by flight, who whilst they runne from the *tyranny* of their fears, flie into the very bosome of danger! What *aire*? what *diet*? what *antidote* can promise safety? What shield can guard the angry Angel's blow? What Rhetorick can perswade the heaven-commanded Messenger to slake the fury of his resolute arm? It is an *arrow* that flies by day; yet who can see it? It is a *terroure* that strikes by night; and who can escape it? It is the Pestilence that walketh in darknesse; and who can shun it? The strength of *youth* is no priviledge against it: The soundnesse of a *constitution* is no exemption from it: The sovereignty of *drugs* cannot resist it: Where it lists, it wounds; and whom it wounds, it kills. It is God's artillery, and like himself, respects no persons. The rich man's *coffers* cannot bribe it: The skillfull *artist* cannot prescribe against it: The black *Magician* cannot charm it. My soul, into what a calamity art thou plung'd! With what an *enemy* art thou beleaguere! What opposition canst thou make? what *Auxiliaries* canst thou call in? How many sad *copies* of thy destruction are daily set before thee! How continually is thy death acted by others to thee! What comfort hast thou in that life, which every minute threatens? What pleasure tak'st thou in that breath, which draws and whiffs perpetuall fears? What art thou other but a man condemn'd, expecting execution? And how is the bitterness of thy death multiplied by the quality of thy fears? Were it a sickness, whose distraction took not away thy means of preparation, it were an easie *calamity*; were it a sickness, whose contagion

dissolv'd not the comfortable bands of sweet society, it were but half a misery; But as it is, sudden, solitary, incurable, what so terrible? what so comfortlesse?

His Deliverance.

Sink not beneath thy fears, my soul; Thy deliverance is God's *royalty*, and under his wings is thy salvation; in the midst of danger no danger shall befall thee, *Neither shall the plague come nigh thy dwelling*, Psal. 91. 10.

His Proofs.

Psal. 91. 1. 3. 4. 5.

Whoso dwelleth in the secret of the most High, shall abide in the shadow of the Almighty: Surely he will deliver thee from the snare of the hunter, and from the noysome pestilence; He will cover thee under his wings, and thou shalt be sure under his feathers: His truth shall be thy shield and thy buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid of the arrow that flieth by day, nor of the plague that destroyeth at noon day. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come near thee.

Gisten. in cap. 2. Cant. Expos.

O happy sickness, where the infirmity is not to death, but to life, that God may be glorified by it! O happy fever, that proceedeth not from a consuming, but a cal-cining fire! O happy distemper, wherein the soul relisheth no earthly things, but onely savoureth divine nourishment!

Greg. in Pastoral.

O wisdom, with how sweet an Art doth thy roine and oyl restore health to my healthlesse soul! How powerfully mercifull, how mercifully powerfull art thou! powerfull for me, mercifull to me.

His Soliloquie.

And can the noyse of death, O my soul, so fright thee in the street, and the cause of death not move thee in thy bosome? Shall *passing-bells* tolling for dying men afflict thee, and not the judgements of the living God affright thee? Shall the weekly *Bills* of a silly Parish-clark more move thee, then the sacred *Oracles* of a holy Minister? Shall the *Plague* inflicted upon others, more startle thee, then many plagues denounced upon thy self? Be wise, my soul, avoid the *Cause*, and thou shalt prevent the effect; Be afraid of *sinne*, and thou needest not fear the punishment. Fearest thou the infection? Flie from it: But whither? Under the wings of the Almighty: But thy sinnes deny protection there:

Then nail them to thy Saviour's *Crosse*: Fearest thou yet? O my soul, hast thou so long, hast thou so long subsisted under thine own *protection*, and darest thou not venture under his! Can there be a Sanctuary more secure? A *Protection* more safe? Fearest thou death under the *wings* of the God of life? Or danger, under the *shadow* of the Almighty? But the suddenesse of that death denies preparation: His wings continually prepare thee. It banishes all my friends, and in them my comfort: When thou hast God to thy friend, what comfort canst thou want that may be found by Prayer?

His Prayer.

Lord, in whose hand are the keyes of life and death, in whom I live, move, and have my being, graciously incline thy tender eare, and mercifully hear the supplications of thy servant who hath no hope but in thy goodness, and no comfort but in thy promises. My hainous sins, O God, have provoked thy heavy indignation, and I am humbly sensible of thy sore displeasure: Thy judgements are come abroad amongst us, and the vials of thy consuming wrath are poured out upon us: The sinnes of our Nation have cried to thee for vengeance, and thou hast visited us with great mortality: Thy people are poured out like water, and our land is become a land of mourning. Turn us, O Lord, that we may be turned, and magnifie thy mercy in our deliverance. Accept the sorrow and contrition of thy servants, and say unto thine Angel, It is enough. Be thou my refuge, and my fortress, O God, and give me confidence to repose under the shadow of the Almighty. Cover me, O Lord, with the feathers of thy wings, and let thy truth be my buckler and my shield. Defend me from the Pestilence that walketh in darknesse: Deliver me from destruction that wasteth at noon day. Give thy Angels charge over me, to protect and guide me in all thy ways. Prepare me, O Lord, against the boure of death, and strengthen my soul in the assurance of thy Mercy; Humble my heart with the true sense of my transgressions, and work in my soul an unfeigned repentance: Enlarge mine eyes that I may weep day and night, for grieving and offending so gracious a Father: Wean me from the trust of all transitory things, and let the world's vanity daily die in me. Take from me the immoderate fear of death, and train me, O God, for the day of my dissolution: Instruct and rectifie my vain desires, that all my wishes may stand with thy will. In life be thou my Governour, in death be thou my comfort, that living or dying I may be thine: Teach me by thy judgements to hate sinne, and let thy mercies breed in me a filiall love: Be gracious to those whom thou hast mark'd for death, and seal in their hearts the assurance of thy favour, that being members of one body, we may rejoyce in one head; that having numbred

our dayes in wisdom, we may be numbred with thy Saints in glory everlasting.

The persecuted man's misery

MEDITAT. 17.

Are these the *gains* of godlinesse? Are these the *wages* of a holy life? Hath the ungratefull world no other thanks for him that honours his *Creator*, but *scorn*, *contempt*, and *persecution*? Whil'st I priz'd the world, I wanted nothing that the world calls *good*; neglected *honour* followed me; unsought for *pleasure* coveted me; unpurchased *fortunes* fell upon me: I could not wish that *happinesse* I had not: I could not want the *happinesse* earth had: Nothing was too *dear*: Nothing was too *precious*. Thus whil'st I priz'd the *world*, the *world* priz'd me: If I were sad, her mirthfull *smiles* would cheer me: If sick, her mournfull *sonnes* would visit me: If weary, her wanton *lap* would dandle me; where rockt into a *slumber*, I dreamt, all this was but a *dream*; and waking, found it so: Not willing to be fed with *shadow*, I changed my thoughts, and my affections altered; and finding earth too *streight* for my desires, I cast mine eye to heaven, and after many conflicts betwixt my *members* and my *mind*, even there I fixt. The jealous earth grew angry, frownd, and called me fool; withdrew her *honours*, withheld her *pleasures*, recalled her *favours*; and now I live despised, contemned, and poore. O sad condition of *mankind*! How plausible are his wayes to *death*! and how unpleasant are his paths to *life*! No sooner had I made a *Covenant* with my God, but the world made a *Covenant* against me, scandall'd my *name*, slandered my *actions*, derided my *simplicity*, despised my *integrity*: for my *Profession's* sake I have been reproached, and the *Reproaches* of the world have fallen upon me: If I chastened my soul with *fasting*, it still'd me with the name of *Hypocrite*: If I reprove the *vanity* of the times, it derides me with the stile of *Puritane*: I am become a *stranger* to my brethren, and an *Alien* to my mother's sonne: I go mourning all the day long, and my bosome friends are estranged from me: They afflict my body with open *punishment*, and make a *pastime* of my affliction. They that sit in the Gate speak evil of me, and Drunkards make their Songs against me.

His Reward.

But be not thou dismayd, my soul, nor let the arm of flesh discourage thee: Thy *Persecutions* here are nothing but the prophesies of a *Paradise* hereafter: He that is born of the flesh, inherits the *Pleasures* of the world; But thou that art born of the Spirit, hear what the Spirit saith, *Blessed are they that are persecuted for my name sake, for theirs is the Kingdome of heaven*, Matth. 5. 10.

His Proofs.

Luke 6. 22.

Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and separate themselves from you, and shall revile you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Sonne of man's sake.

1. Pet. 3. 14.

If ye suffer for Righteousnesse's sake, happy are ye, and be not afraid of their terrour, neither be ye troubled.

Matth. 10. 22.

Ye shall be hated of all men for my sake, but he that shall endure unto the end shall be saved.

Matth. 19. 29.

Every one that forsaketh lands, or brother, or sister, or father, or mother, for my sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit eternall life,

Chrysost.

We are afflicted by God, that our reward and crown may hereby be increased; and as much as he addeth to our tribulation, so much and more will he adde to our retribution.

Greg. Nyss. de Prov.

Our life is a warfare, and this world a place of masteries, wherein the greatest Garlands are allotted to them who sustain the greatest labours; for by the smart of our stripes is augmented the glory of our reward.

His Soliloquie.

HE that shall weigh the *gain* of Godlinesse by the Scales of the world; or the pleasures of the earth by the Ballances of the Sanctuary, shall upon a review, find a bad *Market*. Thinkst thou, my soul, to be made happy by the *smiles* of earth? or unhappy by her *frowns*? When she fawns upon thee, she deludes thee; when she kisses thee, she betrays thee: She brings the *Butter* in a Lordly dish, and bears a *hammer* in her deadly hand: Trust not her *flattery*, O my soul, nor let her *malice* move thee: Her Musick is thy *Magick*: Her sweetnesse is thy *snare*. She is the *high-way* to eternall death: If thou *love* her, thou hast begun thy journey; If thou *honour* her, thou mendst thy pace; If thou *obey* her, thou art at thy journey's end: When she distasts thee, *Christ* relishes in thee; when she *afflicts* thee, God instructs thee: When she locks her *Gates* against thee, heaven *opens* for thee; when she *disdains* thee, God *honours* thee; when she *forsakes* thee, he owns thee; when she *persecutes* thee, he crowns thee. Why art thou then disquieted my soul, and why is thy spirit troubled within thee; trust thou in him by *Faith*: If thou want comfort, flie to him by *Prayer*.

His Prayer.

THou therefore, O most blessed and glorious Spirit in whose eyes the Saints are precious, who puttest all their tears into thy Bottle, and in the midst of all their sorrows sendest comfort to thy Elect, behold my sufferings, and regard my sorrows; Let not thine enemies triumph and make a scorn of him that fears thee: Strengthen me, O God, to maintain thy Cause, lest they that persecute me, think there is no God: Thou knowest my reproach and shame, and how they buffet me all the day long. Arise, O God, and plead thy cause, and let them know that thou art God. Make me to hear the voice of joy and gladnesse, that the bones which they have broken may rejoyce. Let not the wicked have power over me, but graciously deliver me for the glory of thy name. Remove this bitter cup of affliction from me: But not my will but thine be done. Give me patience to endure till thou art pleased to release me, and courage to bear what thy wisdom shall permit: Let not the vanities of the world deceive me, nor the corruptions of my flesh disturb me: Let not the suggestions of Sathan deter me, nor the threatening of man divert me. Preserve my footsteps in the wayes of thy Truth, and keep me truly constant to the end: In all my afflictions keep me from murmuring, and let thy Grace be sufficient for me. Season my heart with the sense of thy love, and strengthen my Faith in all my Trials: Give me an inward thankfulness O God, that thou hast made me worthy to suffer for thy Name. Convert my enemies, if they belong to thee: Be mercifull to them that hate me, and do good to those that persecute me. Open their eyes, that they may see thy Truth, and turn their hearts, that they may fear thy Name: In all my tribulations be not thou farre from me, and sanctifie my great afflictions to me: Lord in the multitude of thy mercies hear me, and in the truth of thy salvation help me; that I confessing thee here before the children of men with undaunted resolution, I may be enroll'd in the Kingdome of Grace, by thy goodnesse, and hereafter reigne in the Kingdome of Glory in thy eternity.

The sinner's accompt.

MEDITAT. 18.

HOW I can flatter my own *destruction*, and with the common stream of frail mortality runne into the *dead sea* of everlasting death! How soundly I can sleep in the wanton lap of treacherous *Security*, untill I wake disarm'd of all my *strength*, and turn a prey to that false *Philistine* that seeks my soul! When I call to mind the *course* that I have runne, and set to view the *steps* that I have trod, how easily can I excuse my failings, and set them on the score of miserable *Adam*! But

when I seriously consider whose *law* I have offended, and strictly examine my *actions* by that Law, and justly proportion my punishment to those actions; O then I stand and tremble, and am swallowed up with *despair*: O then my sinnes appear too great for *pardon*, and my punishment too great for *patience*. Which way soever I turn, I turn to my disquiet: Look where I will, I view my own discomfort: Look up, I see a dreadfull God: Look down, I see a direfull Devil: Look forwards, I see a Roll of sinnes: Look backwards, I see a roaring Conscience: Look on my right hand, I see my bold *Presumption*: Look on my left hand, I see my base *despair*: Look within me, I see nothing but *Corruption*: Look about me, I see nothing but *Confusion*: I have sinned upon *ignorance*, ignorance will not excuse me: I have sinned upon *weaknesse*, weaknesse will not plead for me: I have sinned against my *conscience*, my conscience will accuse me: I have sinned against the *Law*, the Law condemns me. What canst thou say, my soul, that *Sentence* of death should not be given against thee? Can the *voice* of thy sorrow out-cry the *language* of thy sinne? Can the *tears* of thine eye scour the *stains* of thy soul? Can the *sighs* of a finite Creature satisfie for the *offences* against an infinite Creatour? Or art thou able to endure the punishments of *Eternity*? He that made thee without thee, will not save thee without thee; and what canst thou do towards thy own salvation?

His Quietus est.

PROstrate thy self, my soul: Behold thy *misery*, and bewail thy self; renounce thy self, abhorre thy self, flie to the Horns of the *Altar*, and call for the Promise of mercy, in which thou maist find comfort. *If the wicked shall turn from all his sinnes that he hath committed, and keep all my statutes, and do that which is lawfull and right, he shall surely live, he shall not die,* Ezek. 18. 21.

His Proofs.

Acts 3. 19.

Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sinnes may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.

a. Pet. 3. 9.

The Lord is long-suffering toward us, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

Ezek. 33. 11.

As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way, and live: Turn ye, turn ye from your evil wayes, for why will ye die, O house of Israel?

August.

Lord, though I have done that for which thou mightest justly damne me, yet thou canst not lose that whereby thou mayest save me: Thou wilt not sweet Jesus so much remember thy justice against the sinner, as thy benignity towards thy creature: Thou canst forget the insolence of the provoker, and wilt in mercy behold the misery of the invoker; for what is Jesus but a Saviour?

Anselm.

My sins plead against me, but my Saviour is my Advocate: It is much that my rebellions have deserved, but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited: so that though my flesh hath provoked thee to vengeance; yet the flesh of Christ can move thee to mercy.

His Soliloquie.

AN humble *Confidence* is the Mean betwixt the two *Extreams*, *Presumption* and *Despair*: That usurps God's *mercy* upon false grounds; This excludes it, and all means to it; The first takes away the sense of sinne, the last blocks up the way to pardon: Take heed, O my dejected soul; Plunge not thy self in that sad gulph, lest (wanting bottom) thou sink for ever; Swim not without bladders, lest thou tire. Having fastened one eye upon the ugliness of thy sinne, fix the other upon the merits of a Saviour; so when thou discoverest the disease, thy disease will discover a *remedy*. When the *fiery Serpent* hath stung thee, the *brass* Serpent must heal thee: Nothing, O my soul, makes thy sinne too great for mercy, but *despair*; this onely excludes *Repentance*, and Im-penitence alone makes thee incapable of *Pardon*. He that hath promised forgiveness at thy *Repentance*, hath not promised repentance at thy pleasure. Haste therefore, O my soul, and reconcile thee to thy God *to day*, lest it should prove too late *to morrow*. Turn thy hand from thy *present* sinne, and God will turn his eyes from thy *past* sinne: Cry aloud, and spare not, lest thy sinne cry aloud, and he spare not: Let thy *Confession* find a tongue, and his *Compassion* will find an care.

His Prayer.

O God, that art in thy self most glorious, but in thy Sonne most gracious; to the rebellious, terrible; but to the penitent, mercifull: I the work of thine own hands, but wholly disfram'd by mine own corruptions, humbly prostrate my sinfull self before the footstool of thy Mercie-seat, totally miserable through my sinnes, but truly penitent for my offences. Lord, if thou shouldst proceed against me in thy justice, my portion would be no lesse then eternall death. But thy delight is rather to extend thy mercy in the conversion of a soul, then exercise thy justice in the confuson of a Sinner: Bow

down therefore thy gracious eare to a poore wretch that stands trembling before the barre of thy Justice, and from thence presumes to appeal to the seat of thy mercy ; I know, O God, mine iniquities are greater then my knowledge, but yet thy mercy is greater than mine iniquities ; I know moreover that thou art most just, but in shewing mercy thy Justice will be no loser. Lord, I am miserable, therefore a fit object for thy mercy ; Lord, I am penitent, and therefore a proper subject for thy pity ; for I know thou art a gracious God, of long sufferance, and slow to anger, else had I now been roaring under thy justice, that am here suing for thy mercy. Lord, I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sinne is ever before me ; the number of them is innumerable, and the burthen of them is intolerable ; I have sinned against a just God, I have sinned against a gracious Father ; I therefore flee from thee as a sharp revenger, and to thee as a sweet Redeemer. Remember not thy justice towards a Sinner, but think upon thy benignity toward thy creature. Have respect to what thy Sonne hath done for me, and forget what my sinnes have done against me : Wash my guiltinesse in his blood, and in the multitude of thy compassions behold the multitude of my transgressions. Pardon what is past, and arm me for the time to come, that being purged from my sinnes, and cleansed from my offences, I may be clothed here with the robes of grace, and crowned hereafter with a crown of glory.

The sinner's Thirst.

MEDITAT. 19.

LO, I that like the *Prodigall* had once the freedome of my Father's *Table*, could now be satisfied with the *crumbs* beneath it : I that could clothe me with change of garments from my Father's *Ward-robe*, could now be thankfull but for *rags* to hide my nakednesse : I that forsook him like a disobedient sonne, would hold it now a happinesse to be his meanest *servant*. What shall I do? Or whither shall I go? By whose charity shall I subsist? My weaknesse will not give me leave to work ; My *unworthinesse* will not suffer me to appear, nor have I a friend to help me. I that have renounced my *Father*, have made my self no *sonne* ; and being no sonne, how dare my boldnesse call him *Father* ? I have offended him, and who shall reconcile us ? I have grieved him, and who shall make my peace ? I have forsaken him, and who shall restore me to him ? Can I expect a *Blessing* from him I have offended ? Can I presume of *favour* from him I have so grieved ? Can I deserve a Birth-right from him I have forsaken ? O my soul, how ! how hast thou beslaved thy self, and lost that freedome, without the enjoyment whereof thou art utterly lost ! Thou hast lost that Father that was wont to *blesse* thee :

Thou hast left that Lord that was pleased to *govern* thee : Thou hast renounc'd that Saviour that *redem'd* thee ; and onely hast reserv'd a God to punish thee, a Judge to *sentence* thee : Thou hast lost those *blessings* by thy contempt, which thou canst not regain with the price of thy *tears* : Thou hast quencht that *Spirit*, whereby thou hadst the power to quench the fiery *darts* of Sathan : Thou hast diverted the current of that *Fountain*, whose water satisfied thy full desires : O my sad soul, how ! how wert thou distempered, that couldst not relish that which nourish'd Angels into *immortality* ! Why didst thou not inebriate thy self with that delicious *sweetnesse*, and ark it up like *Israel's Manna*, to remain with thee and thy succeeding generations ? O that mine eyes could teach those blessed *streams* to run, which my ungratefulness hath stopt ! Or that my prayers could like *Elijah's* unlock the gates of Heaven, and bring down those celestiall *showers* to slake my thirst ! that I may drink my fill of that immortall *water*.

His Soliloquie.

TAke comfort, O my soul, thy God hath heard thy prayers, and crown'd them with this promise ; *I will give to him that is athirst, of the fountain of the water of life to drink freely*, Rev. 21. 6.

His Proofs.

Matth. 5. 6.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst for Righteousnesse sake, for they shall be filled.

John 4. 14.

But whosoever drinketh of this water that I shall give him, shall never be more a thirst ; but the water which I shall give him, shall be in him a water springing up into eternall life.

John 7. 37.

If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink ; he that believeth in me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.

Rev. 22. 17.

Let him that is a thirst, and whosoever will let him take the water of life freely.

O fountain of life, and vein of living waters, when shall I leave this forsaken, impassible, and dry earth, and tast the waters of thy sweetnesse, that I may behold thy virtue, and thy glory, and slake my thirst with the streams of thy mercy ? Lord, I thirst ! thou art the spring of life, satisfie me : I thirst ! Lord, I thirst after thee the living God, August. Soliloq. 35.

O precious water, which quencketh the noysome thirst of this world, that scoureth all the stains of sinners, that watereth the earth of our souls with heavenly showers, and bringeth back the thirsty heart of man to his onely God. Cyril. lib. 5. in Johan. cap. 10.

His Soliloquie.

IT is lesse danger to want, then to be *unsensible* of thy wants : Dost thou want, my soul? desire : Dost thou desire? ask : Dost thou ask? thou shalt receive ; and what thou shalt receive, shall satisfie thee. Be not troubled : If thy wants cast thee down, let thy desires raise thee up. Shall thy naturall wants be confident of supply from thy naturall father, and shall thy spirituall defects despair to be repaired by thy spirituall father? How dost thou injure *Providence*, O my distrustfull soul ! How dost thou wrong the God of mercy ! How slight the God of truth ! He that heares the cry of *Ravens*, and feeds them with a gracious hand, will he be deaf to thee? He that robes the *lillies* of the field, that neither sue nor care to be apparelled, will he deny thee those graces he hath commanded thee to ask? Art thou hungry? he is the bread of life : Art thou thirsty? he is the water of life : Art thou naked? flie to him, and he will give thee the *righteousnesse* of his own Sonne. Build upon his *Promise*, who is Truth it self; Rely on his *Mercy* who is goodnesse it self. Art thou a *Prodigall*? yet remember thou art a *Sonne* : Is he offended? he will not forget he is a Father ; Come therefore with a fillall boldnesse, and he will grant thy heart's desire.

His Prayer.

O God that art the wel-spring of all Grace, and the fountain of all Goodnesse, whose promises are faithfull, and whose word is truth, who hearest the sighing of a contrite heart, and healest the ruptures of an humble spirit ; I here invited by thy mercies and thy gracious commands, prostrate my self before thee, and present unto thee the sad petitions of a pensive breast ; I have sinned, O Lord, I have sinned against heaven, and against thee, and am no longer worthy to be called thy Sonne. I have cast off the yoke of my obedience, I have broken the bands of thy Covenant, and cast them farre from me ; I have sinned against thy mercies, and have spurn'd against thy judgements ; Thy judgements have neither terrified, nor thy mercies mollified me : But I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sinnes are ever before me. Remember not the frailties of my youth, O God, nor the follies of my elder dayes. Remember not how I have forgotten thee ; Remember not how I have forsaken thee. Close thou thine eyes at my rebellion,

and open thine ears at my repentance ; Be mercifull, O God, at my contrition ; A broken heart, O God, thou wilt not despise : Renew me according to the abundance of thy mercies, and restore me to the joy of thy salvation : Establish my heart in the love of thy truth, and increase in me a Spirituall Thirst ; Make me to understand the way of thy Precepts, and let thy Testimonies be my whole delight : As the Hart panteth after the water Brooks, so my soul longeth for the Wel-springs of Life : Lord thou hast promised to answer those that call unto thee, to be found by those that seek unto thee, and to satisfie those that thirst after thee. Make good thy word, O God, and hear my prayer ; Make good thy promise, Lord, and be not farre from me : I have sought thee in thy promise, let me find thee in thy performance ; I have thirsted for thy Grace, O fill me with thy goodnesse ; Open thy Wel-springs that I may drink freely of the waters of life, that my soul being satisfied in the fulnesse of thy pleasures, my mouth may be filled with the sound of thy praises ; that here magnifying thy Name in the Kingdome of Grace, I may reign with thee hereafter in the Kingdome of Glory.

The good man's Distrust.

MEDITAT. 20.

When I consider the *All-sufficiencie* of my God, I dare not question the performance of his *promises* ; but when I behold the insufficiency of my self, I cannot but fear the promises of his *performance*. When I behold in Him the goodnesse of a *Father*, my heart grows confident, and I cannot fear ; But when I find in me the disobedience of a *Sonne*, my soul grows conscious, and I dare not hope : When I dive into the depth of my own *misery*, I search further, and find a greater depth of his *mercy*, and am secure : But when I find the freeness of his *mercy* requited with the wilfulnesse of my *Rebellion* ; O then my soul despairs, and thus destroyes the *grounds* of all my comfort. He invites my laden soul to come, and offers *rest*. Alas, I come, and yet my laden soul can find no *ease* ; He promises eternall life to my Belief, but yet he gives me not the power to believe : He bids me in his name propound my wants, with promise of supply ; and yet I sue, and sue, and still I sue in vain : He promises a Comforter to strengthen my Remembrance ; yet still my treacherous memory fails me : He promises to be a father to the fatherlesse ; yet still my wants perswade me that I want a father : He promises audience in my time of trouble ; and yet I call unheard, and mourn without redresse : He promises forgiveness to the true repentant ; but who shall give me power to repent? He promises to gather me in mercy, though a while forsaken ; yet I have long expected, with

a frustrate expectation : He promises an exaltation to him that is humbled ; yet my dejected heart is still supprest : He promised freedom from the second death, to him that conquers ; I strive to overcome, yet feel a hell : His promise was to guard his Vineyard, and to dresse it ; yet Foxes stroy it, and the wild Bore supplants it : He promised comfort to all those that mourn ; and yet I mourn without a comforter : He promised, that the woman's seed should break the Serpent's head ; and yet the Serpent never was more strong : He bid me seek, and I should find ; and yet alas I seek, but can find nothing but my wants : He calls them Blessed that suffer for his name ; yet who more miserable ? He promises the Springs of life to him that thirsts ; and yet I thirst to death : My soul, what are his promises to thee, that art not able to perform those hard conditions that gives thee interest to those promises ?

His Satisfaction.

C Hear up my soul, and what thou canst not do, endeavour ; He that accepts the *will* for the *deed* is in his promise Yea and Amen : *Heaven and earth shall passe away, but not one tittle of my word*, Mark 13. 31.

His Proofs.

1 Kings 8. 56.

Blessed be the Lord, that hath given rest unto his people, according unto all that he hath promised. There hath not failed one word of all his good promises which he hath promised.

2 Cor. 1. 20.

For all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him amen.

Isa. 45. 23.

I have sworn by my self, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return.

2 Kings 10. 10.

Know then, that there shall fall to the ground nothing of the word of the Lord.

For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven, Psal. 119. 89.

Fear not, O Bride, nor despair ; think not thy self condemned if thy Bridegroom withdraw his face a while. All things co-operate for the best ; both from his absence and his presence thou gainest light. He cometh to thee, he goeth from thee ; he cometh to make thee console ; he goeth to make thee cautious, lest thy abundant consolation puff thee up : he cometh that thy languishing soul may be comforted ; he goeth lest his familiarity should be condemned ; and being absent to be more de-

sired ; and being desired, to be more earnestly sought ; and being long sought, to be more acceptably found.
Autor scalae Parad. tom. 9. Aug. c. 8.

His Soliloquie.

Wilt thou never, O my distrustfull soul, submit thy will unto his will that made thee ? Must his goodnesse be alwayes the *circumference* of thy desires, and thy pleasure still the *centre* ? Is it not enough that Yea and Amen hath promised the *substance* of thy happinesse, but must thou bind him to thy *circumstances* ? Shall the power of an infinite *Creator* be confined to the pleasure of a finite *creature* ? Stand not in thine own light my soul ; the *Independence* of thy exorbitant desires, shuts the doore upon that *happinesse* thou desirest : Art thou covetous of a *blessing* before thou art qualified to receive it ? He that intends thee a *kingdome*, will first make thee capable of a *kingdome* : Thou that shalt be a *gainer* by his favour, shalt be no *loser* by his delay : Canst thou hope to be filled with the *water* of life, not first purg'd with the fire of affliction ? How often hast thou murmured for that, which if enjoyed had been thy ruin ! God hath promised, but hath delayed performance, to exercise thy *patience*. He hath decreed, but yet forbears, to rectifie thy *faith*. If *faith* be able to remove mountains, endeavour to remove thy infidelity. Endure, hope, believe ; and he that comes will come, and will not tarry. O my soul, as nothing hinders the performance of his *promise*, but distrust, so nothing hastens the promise of his performance but thy prayer.

His Prayer.

O God, that art all-sufficient in thy self, all-gracious in thy Sonne, most absolute in thy purposes, and most faithfull in thy promises ; I the miserable object of thy mercy, here humbly present my self before thee, the mercifull beholder of my misery : Lord, wherein have I to trust but in thy mercies ? and whereupon have I to build but on thy promises ? Every sinne is full of death, and every action is full of sinne, insomuch that my whole life is nothing but a continued rebellion against thee : But, O my God, thy goodnesse is like thy self, infinite ; and thy mercy is past my comprehending. Thou knowest that I am evil, and wholly evil, and that continually : Thou knowest I am but dust and ashes, and the very off-spring of corruption, and thy glory is no lesse magnified in my confusion, then in my salvation : But Lord, thou art a gracious God, and takest no pleasure in the death of a distressed sinner. Thy mercy is over all thy works, and thy goodnesse is from generation to generation. When I was in open rebellion against thee, thou reconciledst thy self to me ; when I was utterly

lost, thou redeemedst me with the innocent blood of thy dear Sonne ; and being redeemed, thou hast sanctified me with the freeness of thy Spirit : Thou hast raised me by thy power, and strengthened me by thy promises. What shall I return thee, O my God, for thy innumerable mercies ? or what kind of recompence can dust and ashes make thee ? My tongue shall sing the wonders of thy goodness, and praise thy Name for ever and ever. Continue, O Lord, thy mercies to me, and visit me according to thy wonted kindnesse : Give me a wise heart, that I may give respect unto all thy Command-

ments, and a full confidence in all thy promises : Quicken my hope in the expectation of thy performance, and give me patience till then to attend thy leisure. Lord, where I cannot understand, O teach me to wonder : and what I cannot do, give me power to believe : Let not the apparition of mine own corruptions plunge me in despair, nor let the sense of thy indulgent love give me occasion to presume, that living here in the expectation of thy Truth, my hopes may be perfected to the glory of thy Name.

FINIS.



[APPENDIX.]



APPENDIX.

A Preface to the Reader. 1671.

THE great and general decay of Religion in this Nation, as it justly gives occasion of wonder, so it is of concernment great enough to excuse the trouble of enquiring into the true causes of so great a declension of Piety. And besides our own experience it is easily observed out of all the History of the Church, that a long peace and continual succession of prosperous Times, leads on to the corruption of the Faith, the decay of Holiness and Charity. The Church of Christ hath seldom been a gainer by a temporal peace; as she grew in Riches and Power, she still went less in Piety and Holiness. Religion as it puts not on such beauties as allure the eye of the world, so it needs not the warmth of Halcyon dayes to breed in: like some precious gums, it distills in greatest plenty after storms and violent thunders. And Faith and Holiness have never more flourished, than when the Professors of it have been well exercised by the Persecutions of the Adversaries. And however the common enemy of our Salvation doth then act the Lion, worrying the little flock of Christ, *devouring and breaking in pieces and stamping the residue with his feet*; yet all this mischief is more than abundantly recompensed by those great advantages the Church of God receives by the triumphant sufferings and exemplary patience of the Saints. Inasmuch that the mischief he doth in calm and prosperous times is more to be feared, because not so easily discerned and prevented, when by his serpentine subtilty he insinuates into the people of God the leaven of spiritual pride, schism, contempt, or neglect of his Word, with all the evils that wantonness or security bring in their train: so that as the blessing of Peace use to make up our thanksgivings, we have now reason to mention them in our penitential throwes and the songs of our sorrow. This cause hath had an universal influence, and corrupted even some of those whose Sacred Office obliged them to maintain the purity and sincerity of Religion either with their doctrine or their blood.

Whence the second cause has its rise; the great remissness both of civil and sacred Discipline. This made

men either transgress the Laws with impunity, or be censured with partiality. For the Ecclesiastick power (with grief I mention it, not as an argument of reproach) was not so strongly bent against prophaneness as duty and necessity did require. To which I may add that whose parentage is of the same cause, the lives of many Churchmen bore a greater conformity to the sins they were to reprove, than the virtues and precepts they taught. The world had so high a place in some of their hearts, that themselves soon found little interest in the hearts of the world. And when the Dispensers of Religion fall into contempt, it must be a strong arm, and more than that of flesh, that can bear up Religion it self, and keep that from falling too. As Government in the Church was intended a remedy against Schism, so the corruption of Government let in Schisms and Factions in a full channel.

And that is a third cause of the decay of Piety, *vis.* The Schisms, which have so shaken the fabrick of this Church, that nothing but a hand revealed from heaven can restore it again to its former strength and soundness. An abused zeal hath had his evil influence upon the doctrines of almost all parties; that they have respectively thought the best way to find a truth, was to stand themselves at the greatest distance they could from their opponents. There were few parts either of *Faith* or *Obedience* which were not by some dissenting parties reported as needless superstition or sinful, on no better ground than this, that the thing could not be good in it self, because it came from an adversary: a ground as vain, as if the *Spaniard* should refuse the Gold with which his *Indian* Fleet comes home laden, because it comes from the *Antipodes* of his Imperial City. By this means Faith and good Works, Prayer and Preaching, Repentance and Evangelical Holiness, Prayer in Forms and *Extempore* have been alternately cried up to one another's prejudice or loss. And the effect hath been as ill as the principle was full of error and mistake. And from these disputes, the conclusion hath been made by many, that Religion might be well enough preserved and God sufficiently served without any of these; that what any Fac-

tion disputed against was not at all necessary ; that the instances of all duty were so clearly in Scripture determined, that no argument could be strong enough to make a tender conscience doubt of the necessity. If these speculations had been confined to the Schools, the mischief had spread no further than the noise of their wranglings : but since they have been the exercise and trouble of the weakest understandings and the most illiterate men, they that held their Religion by the weakest tenure have first quitted the possession. So the publick assemblies have been made to serve the ends of faction, or wholly forsaken, and the hours of prayer have called them too seldom into their closets ; and the Church hath been abandoned by many, because they could not there hear the sweet whispers of peace and comfort for the rude noises of strife and debate.

For the fourth cause ; mistaken zeal hath caused many Preachers to intermeddle too busily in their solemn discourses to the people with controversies not only Theological but Political too, with more respect to the interest of their party than that of Religion and the Kingdom of *Jesus*. Thus contention grew, and faction thrived, and charity first left our Pulpits and then our hearts : and while men were taken up with the consideration of mysteries, they neglected plain necessary duties, and fell into the sink of all sin and impiety ; like the *Milesian* Philosopher, that with so much intention lift up his eyes to behold the stars, and consider their aspects, that neglecting the care of the way he walked in, he fell into a lake, where he ended his life and speculation too. And this evil prevailed the more, because,

In the fifth place, there hath been a want of sufficient maintenance in many places of the Land for the support of faithful and able Ministers. Such from their pulpits might have rebuked this foolish spirit that was gone forth, and knew how by their doctrine and more edifying example to preach Obedience and practical Religion, instead of sublime notions and useless mysteries and empty controversies ; and would esteem it more honour, and find more comfort in subduing one lust, than to have fathom'd all the depths of such knowledge.

By all which it appears, that the disease is dangerous enough to need a remedy ; and that the Reader hath many things beside his private concerns to make the matter of his prayers. The way to exempt himself from the epidemical guilt of these evils is, to contend

against them by prayer and practice : and that the right use of this book may be of some efficacy to resist the growth of the evil, I have thus much reason to warrant my belief, because it hath already been more than once so well entertained abroad. Concerning which I will not weary the Reader, (who hath already, I suspect, too often looked forward to see how far it is to the end of this Address) to discourse to him of the Author, or this work. His own pen has set him forth more than now to need either Panegyrick or Testimonials. And the usefulness of the work I had rather the Reader should understand by his own experience than mine. If he be devout the title and design will invite his eye and please it too : if not, I have no temptation to add any more evidences and aggravation to his crime of scoffing Religion and Religious Books.

If it be thought necessary that something may be said to compose the Reader's Minde concerning Forms of prayer, because *Extemporary* effusions are the only acceptable sacrifice, what use can there be of this Essay ? I shall only say this, that the truly pious Reader may make use of this in his meditations, or other devotion, or as a pattern or *Directory* to both. This moreover is manifest. The Word of God is wholly silent in determining whether we should use forms of prayer or *extempore* ; and in other instances such silence is taken for an argument of indifference. But however, the gift of prayer consists not in a volubility of tongue, and ready command of words (that hath supernatural, and this only natural causes) but in the true affection and sincerity of the heart : For many graceless persons and mere hypocrites have been observed to excell in readiness of affectionate expression, and a great command of Scripture-phrase. But let the pious Christian seriously reflect upon his sins with a true and a growing sorrow, and work his heart into a deep affection of his wants, and a due apprehension of that Majesty to whom he makes his address, (to which end he may receive great assistance from this book ;) and he who makes such preparation will want neither the gift nor reward of prayer, whether his prayers be set and composed, or *extempore*. And if I may but feel the best effects of the prayers of this book offered up to heaven with a spirit truly broken and humbled, (if the Christian Reader please to believe I deserve so much charity from him) I shall not be without reward, nor he use this book without benefit.





IV.

THE PROFEST ROYALIST:
his Quarrell with the Times:
maintained in three Tracts.

viz.,
The { Loyall Convert.
New Distemper.
Whipper Whipt.

Opus Posthumum. Oxford, printed in the
Yeere 1645. (4°)



NOTE.

ON the other side is given the Title-page of these three Tracts from Hazlitt's Hand-book, after Bindley (1819). I have not met with the three tracts together, and consequently cannot verify this Title-page. But the first, 'The Loyall Convert,' I myself possess; the second, 'The New Distemper,' I reproduce from the exemplar in British Museum, and the 'Whipper Whipt' from that in the Bodleian. In the British Museum, besides a single copy of the 'New Distemper,' there is another bound along with the 'Loyall Convert.' On this and the others, and on the assignation of the 'Loyall Convert' to Dr. Henry Hammond, see our Introduction. The date 1643, in British Museum copy of the 'Loyall Convert,' has the three crossed out and four supplied. G.

THE
LOYALL
CONVERT.

VIRG.

*Improbis hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit ?
Barbarus has segetes ?*

HOM.

*Οὐκ ἀγαθὸν πολυκοιρανίη εἰς κοίρανος ἔστω,
Εἰς βασιλεύς·*



OXFORD,
Printed by LEONARD LICHFIELD,
Printer to the University. 1643.



To the honest hearted Reader.

READER,

I Here protest before the Searcher of all hearts, that I have no End, either of Faction, or Relation, in this ensuing Treatise. I am no Papist, no Sectarie, but a true Lover of Reformation and Peace : My Pen declines all bitterness of Spirit; all deceitfulness of heart; and, I may safely, in this particular, with Saint PAUL, say, I speak the truth in Christ and lye not, my Conscience bearing me witnesse in the Holy Ghost, that I neither walke nor write in craftinesse, nor handle the holy Scriptures deceitfully : Therefore if thy Cause be Jesus Christ, in the name of Jesus Christ, I adjure thee to lay aside all wilfull ignorance, all prejudice, all private respects and Interests, and all uncharitable censures : Deale faithfully with thy Soul, and suffer wholesome admonitions : Search the severall Scriptures herein contayned, and where they open a Gate, climbe not thou over a Stile : Consult with Reason, herein exercis'd, and where it findes a mouth, find thou an eare : And let Truth prosper, though thou perish ; and let God be glorified, although in thy Confusion.





THE LOYALL CONVERT.

THe Kingdome of *England*, that hath for many Ages continued the happiest *Nation* on the habitable earth, enjoying the highest blessings that heaven can give, or earth receive; the fruition of the *Gospel*, which settled a firme *Peace*; which *Peace* occasion'd a full *Plentie*, under the gracious Government of wise and famous *Princes*, over a thriving and well-contented *People*, insomuch that shee became the Earth's *Paradise*, and the world's *Wonder*, is now the Nurcery of all *Sects*; her *Peace* is violated; her *Plenty* wasting; her *Government* distempered; her *People* discontented, and unnaturally embroy'd in her owne *Blood*, not knowing the way, nor affecting the meanes of *Peace*, Insomuch that she is now become the *By-word* of the Earth, and the *scorne* of Nations.

The *Cause* and ground of these our Nationall Combustions, are these our national *Transgressions*, which unnaturally sprung from the neglect of that *Truth* we once had, and from the abuse of that *Peace* we now want: Which, taking occasion of some differences betwixt His *Majestie* and his two Houses of *Parliament*, hath divided our *Kingdome* within it selfe; which had so divided it selfe from that *God*, who blest it with so firme a *Truth*, so settled a *Peace*, and so sweet an *Unitie*.

As that sinne brought this *division*, so this division (sharpened with mutuall Jealousies) brought in the *Sword*.

When the *Lyon* roares, who trembles not? And when *Judgements* thunder, who is not troubled?

Among the rest, I (who brought some Faggots to this *Combustion*) stood astonisht, and amazed; to whom the *mischiefe* was farre more manifest then the *Remedy*: At last, I laid my hand upon my heart, and concluded, *It was the hand of God*. Where being plundered in my understanding, I began to make a scrutiny, where the first *Breach* was made, that let in all these *Miseries*.

I found the whole Kingdom now contracted into a *Parliament*, which consisted of three Estates; A *King*,

a House of *Peeres*, and a House of *Commons*; by the *Wisdom*e and *Unity* whereof, all things conducible to the *Weale-publique*, were to be advised upon, presented, and established.

I found this *Unity* disjoynted, and grown to variance even to *Blood*: The *King* and his *Adherents* on the one party; and his two Houses and their *Adherents* on the other.

The *pretence* of this division, was the true *Protestant Religion*, which both protested to maintaine; the *Liberty of the Subject*, which both protested to preserve; the *priviledges of Parliament* which both promise to protect; Yet neverthelesse, the *first* never more profaned, the *second* never more interrupted, the *third* never more violated.

Standing amazed at this *Riddle*, I turned mine eyes upon his *Majesty*; and there I viewed the *Lord's Anointed*, sworne to maintaine the established *Lawes* of this *Kingdome*: I turned mine eyes upon the two Houses; and in them, I beheld the *Interest* of my Countrey sworne to obey his *Majesty* as their supreme *Governour*.

I heard a *Remonstrance* cryed from the two Houses: I read it; I approved it; I inclined unto it; A *Declaration* from his *Majesty*; I read it; I applauded it; I adhered to the justnesse of it: The *Parliament's Answer*; I turned to the *Parliament*: His *Majestie's Reply*; I returned to his *Majesty*.

Thus tost and turned as a *Weathercock* to my own weaknesse, I resolved it impossible to serve two *Masters*.

I fled to *Reason*; Reason could not satisfie me: I fled to *Policy*; Policy could not resolve me: at length, finding no *Councellour*, but that which first I should have sought; I hyed me to the *Book of God* as the *Great Oracle*, and ushering my Inquest with *Prayer* and *Humiliation*, I opened the sacred leaves, which (not by chance) presented to my first eye, the 20 of the *Proverbs*, v. 2, *The feare of a King is as the roaring of a Lyon* and

whoso provoketh him to Anger, sinneth against his owne soule.

Now I began to search, and found as many places to that purpose, as would swell this Sheet into a *Volume*; so that in a very short space, I was so furnished with such strict *Precepts*, backt with such strong *Examples*, that my *Judgement* was enlightned and my wavering *Conscience* so thoroughly convinced, that by the Grace of that *Power* which directed me, neither *Fear*, nor any *By-respects* shall ever hereafter remove me, unlesse some clearer light direct me.

But, above all the Rest, a *Precept* and an *Example* out of the *Old Testament* (strongly confirmed by a *Precept* and an *Example* out of the *New*) settled my opinion and established my *Resolution*.

Pre. 1. The first *Precept* out of the *Old*, *Jeremy*, 27. v. 6. Where it pleased God to owne *Nebuchadnessar* his servant, (although a known *Pagan*, a protest *Idolater*, and a fierce *Persecuter* of all God's Children) concerning whom he saith, v. 8. *They that serve not the King of Babylon, and that will not put their necks under his Yoake, I will punish them with the Sword, Famine, and the Pestilence, till I have consumed them.* v. 9. *Therefore hearken not to your Diviners and Prophets, that say unto you, You shall not serve the King of Babylon, for they prophesie a lye unto you,* v. 10. *But the nations that shall serve the King of Babylon, and bring their necks under his Yoake, those will I let remain in their owne land, (saith the Lord) and they shall till it, and dwell therein.*

Can there be a stricter *Precept*? or could there be a more impious *Prince*? And yet this *Precept*, and yet this *Prince* must be obeyed: nay, *sub pana* too; Upon the paine of God's high wrath, fully exprest in *Famine*, *Sword*, and *Pestilence*, not onely upon the *People*, but upon the *Priests* also, that shall perswade them unto disobedience.

Pre. 2. The second *Precept* is enjoyned us out of the *New Testament*, *Rom.* 13. 1. *Let every soule be subject to the higher Powers, for there is no power but of God; the Powers that be, are ordained of God: Whosoever therefore resisteth the Power, resisteth the Ordinance of God, and they that resist, shall receive to themselves damnation.* This *Power*, (this *King*) to whom *S. Paul* commandeth this subjection, was *Nero*, the bloody persecutor of all that honoured the blessed Name of *Jesus Christ*.

God's *Command* should be a sufficient *Argument*, *αυτος εφη* is enough: But when he adds a *Reason* too, he answers all *Objections*: But when he threatens a *punishment* (no lesse then *damnation*) upon the resistance thereof, he hath used all means to perswade a necessity of obedience.

Let every soule be subject.

Not equall, much lesse superiour. And what is taking

up of *Armes*, but an implied supposition of at least equality? What are the hopes of conquest, but an Ambition of *Superiority*? What is condemning, judging, or deposing, but *Supremacy*? For it is against the nature of an Inferiour to condemne, judge, or depose a Superiour.

And, lest the *Rebellious* should confine his obedience to a good *Prince*, the next words reply,

For there is no power but of God.

Power in it selfe is neither good nor evil, but as it is in *subjecto*, the person; If an evil King, an evil *Power*, if a good King, a good *Power*: God sends the one in *Mercy*, and we must be subject, the other in *Judgement*, and we must be subject: in things lawfull, *actively*, in things unlawfull, *passively*: If a good King, he must have our *praise* and our *pryance*, If an evil King, he must have our *Prayers*, and our *Patience*.

He that resisteth the Power (whether good or evil, for all power is of God) *resists an Ordinance of God* (Ordinances of men are not resisted without ruine) and *whosoever resisteth, shall receive*, but what? *απλα εαυτοις, damnation to themselves.*

Now, compare this place with that *1 Cor.* 11. 29. *He that shall eat this Bread, and drinke this cup of the Lord unworthily, eateth and drinketh*, What? *απλα εαυτου, damnation to himself.*

If then there be proportion betwixt the *Sin* and the *Punishment*, you may hereby gather the heynousnesse of disobedience, the punishment whereof is the very same with his that is guilty of the *Body and blood of our Lord*; to the one, *for not discerning the Lord's Body*, to the other *for not discerning the Lord's Annoynted*.

The Lord's *Annoynted*? And who is he? None but the regenerate: Christ is not Christ to any, to whom Jesus is not Jesus.

God's Word answers your silly Objection, not I: was not *Saul* God's Annoynted? Was not *Cyrus* God's Annoynted, and many more whom God acknowledges so, and yet wicked Kings? *Ans. 1 Sam. 26. 9*

Cyrus is mine Annoynted, yet he hath not knowne me.

The first example for our Obedience, the *Old Testament* proposeth to our imitation, *Dan.* 3. 16. *Nebuchadnessar* the King of Babylon sets up a golden Image, *Shadrach, Meshack, and Abednego* were commanded to fall down and worship it. *Example 1.*

The King a knowne *Pagan*, commands grosse *Idolatri*, did these men conspire? Or (being Rulers of the Province of *Babel*) did they invite the *Iewes* into a *Rebellion*? did these, to strengthen their own *Faction*, blast their Sovereigne's Name with *Tyranny* and *Paganisme*? Did they endeavour by Scandals and impious *Aspersions* to render him odious to his people? Did they encourage their Provinces to take up *Armes* for the defence of their *Liberties* or *Religion*? Did they seize upon or stop his

Dan. 3. 19. *Revenues? or annihilate his Power? did they estrange themselves from his Presence? Murder his Messengers? Or would they have slighted his gracious Offers? No, being called by their Prince, they came, and being commanded to give actuall obedience to his unlawfull commands, observe the modesty of their first answer, We are not carefull to answer thee in this matter, and being urged, marke their pious Resolution in the second, Be it knowne, O King, we will not serve thy Gods, nor worship the golden Image which thou hast set up.*

Dan. 3. 18. *The King threatens the Fornace, they yeeld their bodies to the Fornace, and say, God whom we serve wil deliver us out of thy hands, and not, he wil deliver Thee into our hands. They expect deliverance rather in their passive Obedience, then in their actuall resistance.*

Dan. 3. 17. *Ob. But they were few in number, and their Forces not considerable.*

Ans. Admit that, which all *Histories* deny. Was not God as able to subdue *Him* with so few as to deliver them from so many? Had their *weaknesse* lesse Reason (for the Cause of God's apparent dishonour) to expect a *miraculous* assistance in those daies of frequent miracles, then we, after so long a *cessation* of Miracles? God's glory will not be vindicated by *unlawful means*, or *unwarrantable proceedings*.

Ob. I, but we take up *Armes*, not against the *King*, but against his *evill Counsellors*,

Ans. Adherents ye meane. A rare distinction! And, tell me; whose *power* hath his Adherents? The *King's*; By which appeares, ye take up *Armes* against the *King's power*; *He that resisteth the power* (it is not the said *Prince*) *shall receive damnation*. Again, *Where the word of a King is, there is power*. God joyned the *King* and his *Power*, and who dare separate them? They that take vp *Armes* against the *Parliament's power* (you say) take up *Armes* against the *Parliament*; doe not they then that take up *Armes* against the *King's power*, by the same reason, take up *Armes* against the *King*? Now, look back upon your intricate distinction, and blush.

Ob. But, if the *King* betray the *Trust* reposed in him by his Subjects, they may suspend their obedience and resist him.

Ans. Kings are God's *Viceregents*, and cannot be compelled to give an accompt to any, but to God. *Against thee, against thee only have I sinned*: That is, to thee, to thee only must I give an accompt. Though I have sinned against *Uriah*, by my *Act*; and against my people, by my *Example*, yet against *Thee* have I only sinned. You cannot deprive, or limit them, in what you never gave them. God gave them their *Power*, and who art thou that darrest resist it? *By me Kings Raigne*.

Prov. 8. 15. *Ob.* But, his *Crown* was set upon his Head by his Subjects upon *such and such conditions*.

Ans. Why was the penalty, upon the faile, not expressed

then? Coronation is but a humane *Ceremony*. And was he not *Proclaimed* before he was crowned? *Proclaimed*? but what? A *King*? And did not you at the same instant by relative consequence, proclaime your selves *Subjects*? And shall Subjects condition with their King, or will Kings bind themselves to their Subjects, upon the forfeiture of their power, after they have received their *Regall Authority*?

But the King hath, by *Writ*, given his power to his *Parliament*, and therefore what they doe, they doe by *virtue* of his *Power*. *Ob.*

The King, by his *Writ*, gives not *away* his power, but *communicates* it. By the *virtue* of which *Writ* they are called *ad tractandum et consulendum de arduis Regni*, to treat and advise concerning the difficulties of the Kingdome: Here is all the power the *Writ* gives them, and where they exceed, they usurp the *King's* power, being both against the Law of God, and the constitutions of the *Kingdome*. *Ans.*

Well, but in case of necessity, when *Religion* and *Liberty* lye at the stake, the *Constitutions* of the Kingdome (for the preservation of the Kingdome) may suffer a *Dispensation*. *Ob.*

Admit that: But what necessity may dispenche with the violation of the *Law* of God? the deviation wherefrom is evil, and *Thou shalt doe no evill that good may come thereon*. *Ans.*

But, we take not *Armes* against the King, but only to bring *Delinquents* to condigne punishment. *Ob.*

And, who are they? even those that take up *Armes* for the King; which, an unrepealed Statute, ii. *Hen. 7* acquits. But, admit *Statutes* may be broken, and you seeke to punish them; Who gave you the power so to doe? The *Law*: And what *Law* denies the King power to *pardon* Delinquents? God that hath put *power* into the hand of Majesty, hath likewise planted *mercy* in the heart of Sovereignty: And, will ye take away both his *birth-right* and his *Blessing* also? Take heed, you doe not alight that, which one day may prove your *Sanctuary*. *Ans.*

But, the King, being a *Mixt* Monarch, is bound to his owne *Lawes*. *Ob.*

There be two sorts of *Lawes*, *directive* and *coercive*; As to the first, he is onely bound to make his accompt to God; so to the second, he is onely lyable to the hand of God: *who shall say unto him, what dost thou?* *Ans.*

But Kings now adayes have not so absolute a power, as the Kings mentioned in the Scripture. *Ob.*

Who limited it? God or man? Man could not limit the Power he never gave: if God, shew me where; till then, this objection is frivolous. *Ans.*

But, when Kings and their assistance make an *offensive*, and a destructive warre against their *Parliament*, may they not then take up *defensive Armes*? *Ob.*

- Ans.* It is no offensive War for a King to endeavour the Recovery of his surreptit right; however are not the Members of a Parliament Subjects to their Sovereigne? If not, who are they? If Subjects, ought they not to be subject? God's people, the *Jewes*, that were to be destroyed by the King's Command, neither did nor durst make a defensive War against his abused power, untill they first obtained the King's Consent.
- Hester 8. But admit it lawfull, (though neither granted nor warranted) that subjects may upon such termes make a defensive war; does it not quite crosse the nature of a defensive War, to *Assayl, pursue and dispossesse*?
- When you shot 5 peeces of Ordnance, before one was returned at *Edge-hill*, was that defensive? When you besieged *Redding*, which you after slighted, was that defensive? When you affronted *Basing-house*, was that defensive?
- The warrantable weapons against an angry King, are *Exhortation, Disuasion, wise reproof* (by such as are nearest to him) *Petition, Prayer, and Flight*: All other weapons will at last wound them that use them.
- Example 2.* The second *Example* was left us out of the *New Testament*, by Him that is the true president of all holy obedience, Our blessed Saviour; whose Humility and sufferance was set before us as a *Copy* for all Generations to practise by.
- 1 Pet. 2. The temporal kingdom of the Jewes, successively usurpt by those two heathen Princes *Augustus* and *Tiberius*, two Contemporaries, was his natural Birth-right, descended from his Type and Auncestor King *David*. Had not he as great an Interest in that Crowne, as we have in this Common-wealth? Was not He as tender-eyed towards his own naturall people, as we to one another?
- Was not the Truth as deare to Him, (who was the verie Truth) and the way to it as direct to Him (that was the onely Way) as to us?
- Was not He the great Reformer?
- Had the Sword been a necessary stickler in Reformation, how happened it that he mistooke his weapon so? Instead of a Trumpet, he lifted up his Voice.
- Were Plots, Policies, Propositions, Prophanations, Plunderings, Militarie Preparations, his way to Reformation? Were they not his owne words *He that taketh up the Sword, shall perish by the Sword*? Nor was it want of strength, that he reformed not in a Martiall way: Could not he command more then twelve legions of Angels?
- Mat. 26. 52. Or had he pleased to use the Arme of *Ash*, could not he that rayzed the dead, rayse a considerable Army? Sure, S. *John* the Baptist would have ventured his head upon a fairer Quarrell, and S. *Peter* drawn his sword to a bloodier end; No question, but S. *Paul*, the twelve Apostles and Disciples would have proved as tough Colonels as your associated *Essex* Priests did *Captaines*: and doubtlesse S. *Peter*, who converted 3000 in one day, would have rayzed a strong Army in six.
- Our blessed Saviour well knew, that *Cesar* came not thither without divine permission; In respect whereof, He became obedient to the very shadow of a King; and whom he actively resisted not, he passively obeyed.
- I, but there was a necessity of his obedience, and subjection, to make him capable of a shamefull death.
- No, his obedience, as well as death, was voluntarie; which makes you guiltie of a shamefull argument.
- But, He 'was a single person; We a representative body: what is unexpedient in the one, is lawfull in the other.
- Worse and worse! If our blessed Saviour be not Representative, Tell me whereof art thou a Member? woe be to that Body politick, which endeavours not to be conformed according to the Head Mystically.
- He preacht Peace: Your Martiall Ministers (by what authoritie they best know) proclaime Warre: He, Obedience; They, Sedition: He, Truth; They, Lyes: He, Order; They, Confusion: He, Blessednesse to the Peace-makers; They, courage to the Persecutors: He, Blessednesse to the persecuted; They brand them with Malignitie that call them blessed.
- God was not heard in the whirlewind, but in the still voice.
- But, his thoughts are not as our thoughts, neither are our wayes like his wayes.
- But, whence proceeds all this? even from a viperous Generation (which hath long nested in this unhappie Island) and those encreased multitudes of simple soules, seduced by their seeming sanctitie, who taking advantage of our late too great abuse of Ceremonies, are turn'd desperate enemies to all Order and Discipline, being out of charity with the very Lord's Prayer, because it comes within the Popish Liturgie.
- How many of these have lately chalenged the name of sanctified Vessels, for containing the poyson of unnaturall Sedition! How many of these have usurpt the stile of well-affected for dis-affecting Peace! How many of these have counterfeited the honour of good Patriots, for largely contributing towards the Ruines of their Country! How many does this Army consist of! How for their sakes is Blasphemy connived at! Sacriledge permitted! How, for their encouragement, are Lyes and brasse-brow'd Impudencies invented, nay publisht (nay published in their very Pulpits) and tolerated (if not commanded) even by them, who (perchance, were this quarrell ended) would throw the first stone at them! How many of our Learned, Religious, and Orthodox Divines (who by their able Tongues, and Pens, have defended and maintained the true ancient and Catholique Faith, and vindicated the Reformed Religion from the aspersions of

her potent Adversaries) are now plundred in their *Goods*, sequestred in their *Livinges*, imprison'd in their *Persons*, (if not forced in their *Consciences*) whilst their *Wives* and poore *Children*, begging their *Bread*, are left to the mercy of these *unmercifull* times; even for the encouragement of them, whose *pedantick* learning durst never shew her ridiculous face before an easie *School-man*, whose livelyhoods they unworthily usurp, not dispensing the *bread of life*, but the *darnell* of giddy-headed *fancies* and *sedition*, abhorring the way to peace, and maligning those that ensue it.

Ob. I, but we desire Peace, so we may have *Truth* too.

Ans. What meane ye by having *Truth*? The preservation of the *old Truth*, or the Institution of a *New*?

If ye feare the *alteration* of the *Old*, (having your *Soveraign's Oath*, which you dare not beleeeve) what other assurance can you have?

The Blood you shed, is *certaine*; the change you feare, is *uncertaine*: It is no wisdom to apply a *desperate* Remedy to a *suspected* disease.

If the enjoyment of Peace depends upon a full assurance of *Truth*, our discords may beare an everlasting date: God hath threatned to remove his *Candlestick*, and our wickednesse justly feares it; And so long as we feare it, shall we abjure *Peace*, the blessed *meanes* to prevent it? He that seekes to *settle* *Truth* by the sword, *distracts* it.

Or, is it a *Truth* ye want? If so, Is it of *Doctrine*, or of *Discipline*? If of doctrine, *Actum est de nostra Religione*, Farewell our Religion. Or, is it of *Discipline*? *Discipline* is but a *Ceremony*. And did the Lord of the *Sabbath* dispence with a *morall* Law, for the preservation of an *Oxe's* life, or an *Ass's*, and shall we, to alter some few indifferent *Ceremonies* (allowed by the Parliaments of three *pious* and *wise* Princes, and the practise of many holy *Martyrs*, who sealed the true Protestant Religion with their *Blood*) cry down *Peace*, and shed the blood of many thousand *Christians*?

Our *seduced* Protestants will have no *set* *Forms* of Prayer, but what proceeds immediatly from their owne *Fancies*. This is their *Truth*.

Our *Semi-separatists* will heare our Sermons, (if they like the Teacher) but no *Divine Service*. This is their *Truth*.

Our *Separatists* will not *communicate* in our Churches, nor *joyne* in our Congregations. That is their *Truth*.

Our *Anabaptists* will not baptize till yeares of discretion, and *re-baptize*. That is their *Truth*.

Our *Antinomians* will have no *Repentance*. This is their *Truth*.

Our *Independents* will have an universall *Parity*; This is their *Truth*.

Good God, when shall we have *Peace*, if not till all these *Truths* meet!

But, *Christ* sayes, *I come not to bring Peace, but the Sword*; therefore, for the propagation of *Peace*, it is lawfull to use the *Sword*. *Ob.* Mat. 10. 34.

So, He is termed a *stumbling block*, and does that warrant us to *stumble*? So, He sayes, *All you shall be offended because of me*; and does this patronize our Offences? The Law is good and just: Because *then we had not knowne sin but by the Law*, is it therefore lawfull for us to *sin*? God forbid. *Ans.* 1 Cor. 1. 23. Mat. 26. 31. Rom. 7. 7.

Our Saviour brings the *Sword* among us, as *wholesome meat* brings sicknesse to a *weakely sick* stomach, or physick to a body abounding with *Humours*; not intentionally, but occasionally.

Thus, by your erroneous and weake mistakes, you make the *Prince of Peace* the Patron of your unnaturall Warre; and the God of *Truth*, the president of your unexamined errors.

But, Almighty God, the *Champion* of his owne *Truth*, and maintainer of his own *Cause*, hath (to more then common admiration) appeared in this great *enterprise*.

He that delivered Israel's *handfull* from the hand of *Pharaoh's Host*, hath shewed himself in the (almost incredible) proceedings of this heaven-displeasing Warre; the brief relation whereof may move those hearts, that are not seared, or stone, to melt into a thankfull acknowledgement of his *Power*, and remaine as Monuments of his *Mercy*, that children (yet unborn) may say hereafter, *God was here: vis.*

The two Houses of Parliament made first a generall seizure of all the *Armes*, *Ammunition*, *Castles*, *Forts*, *Magazines*, and *Ships* (being the whole visible strength of this unhappy Kingdome) to whom (having now settled the *Militia*, both by Sea and Land, in their own hands) tides of Proposition-gold came in upon the *Publique Faith*; *Money* (like blood from the Liver, conveyed through all the veines) issued to make a large supply, and where it stopt a while, mountains of massie *Plate*, from the vast *Goblet* to the slender *Thimble*, this *Faith* removed into their safe possession: And when the great *Milch Cow* began to slake, they prest her nipples and by hard streyning *renew'd* the stream. As Physitians evacuate the Body, sometimes by *Vomit*, sometimes by *Purge*, sometimes by *Phlebotomie*, sometimes by *sweating*, sometimes *fluxing*, sometimes *diuretically*, yet purge but the same *peccant humour*; So did they, first by *Proposition*, then by way of *Contribution*, now by way of *Loan*, then by way of *Subsidie* (no lesse than 50 at one time) here by way of *Assesment*, there by way of *Twentieth part*, then by way of *Excise*, one while by way of *Sequestration*, then by way of *Plunder*, but still the issue, *MONEY*: And to worke the better upon the Affections of the Multitude, all this for the behoofe of *King and Parliament*, for the pretended defence of (God knows what) *Religion*; Inasomuch that men came in like *Swarmes* to the next Tree,

or rather like treacherous *Decoys*, with their innocent Multitude, into the *Net*, and *Horses* without Number.

Thus were they supplied with all necessities, which the *Armes of flesh* could provide for the waging of an *unconquerable* War, whereon the *Mony* already expended, makes no lesse figures then 17 Millions Ster. besides the Revenues of the *King, Queen, Prince, Duke of Yorke*, and the whole *Estates* of all such as take up *Armes* against them, besides free *Quarter*, and *Souldiers* yet unpaid. His Majesty on the other side, driven away with a few Attendants, not having among them so many *Swords* and *Pistols*, as these had *Cannons*, wanting both *Money, Horses* and *Ammunition*, only what he received from the piety of some *beleeving* Subjects, (whose eares were Pamphlet-proofe against all defamations and scandals cast upon sacred Majesty) finding slender Provision in his own Dominions, and that stopt or seized, which came from *forreigne* parts; No *Shipping*, but what he purchast with the precious and extreame hazard of his few (but valiant) Subjects; No *Armes*, but what he gained by the courageous venture of his owne neglected *life*, the subject of our continuall Prayers. Yet, hath God covered his head in the *day of battaile*, and blest him with such successe, that He is (by the Divine Providence) become a great *Master of the Field*, and almost able to maintaine fight with his owne *Ships* at Sea.

The God of Heaven blesse him, and prosper him, and make his dayes as the dayes of Heaven, that being here the Faith's defender, he may still be defended by the object of that Faith.

Nor is the providentiall hand of God more visible in *prospering* him then in *punishing* his Enemies, whose ruines may remaine, as *Sea-markes* to us, and *Pyramids* of God's power; whereof a touch.

Sir *John Hotham*, then Governour of *Hull*, who first defyed and dared his Sovereigne to his face, what is become of him? How stands he a *Marke* betwixt two dangers, having nothing left him, but *guilt* enough to make him capable of a *desperate* Fortune?

Master Hampden, that first waged *Law*, and then *War* against his own naturall Prince, hath not he (since these unhappy troubles began) bin first punished with the losse of *children*, nay, visited to the *third* Generation, to the weakning (if not ruining) of his *Family*, and then with the losse of his own *life*, in the same place where he first tooke up armes against his gracious Sovereigne? was it not remarkable that the Lord *Brook* who so often excepted against that clause in the *Lyturgie*, (*From sudden death good Lord deliver us*) was slaine so suddenly? who was so severe an enemy against *Peace* should perish in the same *Warre*, he so encouraged? Who, so bitterly inveighed against *Episcopall* Government, should be so shot dead out of a *Cathedrall* Church? who labouring to put out the *left eye* of establish

Government, his *left eye* and *life* were both put out together?

How is Duke *Hamilton* (scarce warme in his new honour) taken in his owne snare, having entangled his Lord and Master in so many inconveniences?

How is *Holland* whose livelyhood was created by his Sovereign's favours, branded with a *double* treachery, and like a *Skittlecock* fallen at the first returne, and scarce able to raise himselfe by a sorry *Declaration*?

Is not *Bristol Fines* (who at his *Councell of War* condemned and executed innocent blood) himselfe condemned, (pleading innocence) at a *Councell of Warre*, from the mouth of his owne *Generall*, though finding, (perchance) more *Mercy* then he either deserved or shewed? But that blood that cryed to him for *Mercy*, will crie to Heaven for *vengeance*.

And are not many more ripe for the same *Judgement*, whose notorious *Crimes* have branded them for their respective *Punishments*?

How many of those *blood-preaching* Ministers have died expectorating *Blood*, whilst others at this time labouring under the same *Disease*, can find no Art to promise a *Recoverie*? All whom I leave to possible *Repentance*, and passe over.

Cromwell, that profest defacer of Churches (witness *Peterborough*, and *Lincolne*, &c.) and Rifer of the *Monuments* of the dead, whose prophane Troopers (if Fame has not forgot to speak a Truth) watered their Horses at the *Font*, and fed them at the *Holy Table*, that *Cromwell*.

Sandes, whose sacrilegious Troopers committed such barbarous insolencies with his (at least) connivence, in the Church of *Canterbury*, and used such inhumane tortures on the tender *breasts* of women, to force confession of their *hidden* goods, the golden subjects of their *Robberie*;

What can the first expect, and what reward the other hath found I neither *prophesie* nor *judge*. If these and such as they, doe fight for the *Reformed* Religion, God deliver every good man both from them, and it: *Cursed be their wrath, for it is fierce, and their anger, for it is cruell.*

These (and of such many) are they, that whilst they *pretend* a Reformation, need first to be reformed.

Nor doe I in taxing this Army of such impious barbarismes, excuse or rather not condemne the other; whereof, no question, too great a number are as equally prophane; whilst all together make up one *body* of wickednesse, to bring a ruine on this miserable Kingdome; for whose impieties His Majestie hath so often *suffered*.

I, but his Majestie's Army (besides those looser sorts of people) consists of *numerous Papists*, the utter enemies of true *Religion*.

To whom the King hath sworne his *protection*, from those he may require *assistance*;

Ob.

Ans.

But, unto all his people, as well *Papists* as Protestants, he hath sworne his *Protection*; therefore from all his subjects, as well *Papists* as Protestants, he may require assistance.

Neither does he call in *Papists*, as Papists, to *maintain* Religion (as himselfe hath often manifested) but as subjects to *subdue*, or at least qualifie Sedition.

The ayd of the subject, is either in his *person* or in his *purse*: both are requireable to the *service* of a Sovereigne.

Put case his Majestie should use the assistance of *none* but Protestants; Tell me, would ye not be apt to cavill, that he is *favourable* to the Papists; neither willing to endanger their *persons*, nor endamage their *purses*; or, at least, that they are reserv'd for a last blow?

Or, in case Papists should largely *under-write* to your Propositions, send in *Horses*, *Armes* or other *Provisions*, would you not accept it, and for its sake their *persons* too?

Are you so strict in your Preparations, as to *catechise* every souldier? Or, to examine first every *Officer's* Religion? Or, having the proffer of a good *Popish*, or *debaucht* Commander, tell me, should he be denyed his *Commission*?

Remember Sir *Arthur Ashton*, whom His Majesty entertains by your *Example*.

These things indifferently considered, it will manifestly appeare, that the honest-minded vulgar are meerly seduced, under the colour of piety, to be so implous, as by *poysoning* every action of their lawfull Prince, to foster their *implicite* Rebellion.

But, in case, your side should prosper, and prevaile, what then? would then our *Miseries* be at an end? *Reason* tells us, No; God keeps us from the *experience*: Think you, that *Government* (whether new or reformed) which is set up by the *sword*, must not be maintained by the *sword*? And how can *Peace* and *Plentie* be consistent with perpetuall *Garrisons*, which must be maintained with a perpetuall *charge*; besides the continuall excursions, and conniv'd-at injuries committed by *Souldiers*, judge you;

Or, put the case, this necessary *Consequence* could be avoided, think you the ambition of some new States-men, accustomed to such Arbitrary and necessitated power, on the one side, and the remaining loyalty of His Majestie's *dis-inherited* Subjects, watching all opportunities to right their injur'd Sovereigne, and themselves, on the other side, would not raise perpetuall *tempests* in this Kingdome?

Or, if such an (almost) unpreventable *evill* should not ensue, think you, such swarmes of *Sectaries* sweat for nothing? Are their purses so apt to bleed to no end? Will not their costs and paines expect, at least, a *congratulatory* connivance in the *freedomes* of their consciences? Or, will their swords, now in the strong posses-

sion of so great a multitude, know the way into their quiet *scabberds*, without the expected *liberty* of their Religions? And, can that *liberty* produce any thing but an *establisht disorder*? And, is not Disorder the mother of *Anarchie*? and, that, of *Ruine*?

Open then your eyes, closed with crasse and wilfull blindness, and consider, and prevent that, which your continued *disobedience* will unavoidably repent, too late.

But, the truth is, They are all *Papists*, by your *Brand*, that comply not, in this action with you: Admit it were so; Are not *Papists* as tolerable for His Majestie, as *Anabaptists*, *Brownists*, *Separatists*, *Atheists*, *Antinomians*, *Turks*; and, indeed, all Religions, and *Factions*, nay, *Papists* too, for His Subjects? These, of His Majestie's side, come freely, out of their *Alleguance*, as Subjects: Yours, are preach'd in, comming out of *obstinacie*, as Rebels: They, at their owne charges, proportionable to their Abilities; These, like *Judas*, selling their Sovereigne's *Blood* for *ill payd wages*: Yet, both sides pretend a *Quarrell* for the true Protestant Religion.

Good God! What a *monstrous* Religion is this, that seeks protection from the *implacable* opposition of her two Champions!

His Majesty *protests* to maintain it: The two Houses *protest* to maintain it: O, for an *Oedipus* to reade this *Riddle*!

His Majesty addes one *Clause* more, wherein if the other *Party* would agree, the worke would be at an *end*, which is,

According to the establisht Constitutions, by Oath taken by him, at his Coronation; And there, the two Houses leave him, contending for a, yet, *undetermined alteration*.

And, for my part, I dare not conceive such evill of the *Lord's Anointed*, and my gracious Sovereigne, as to feare him perjur'd.

Hath not His Majesty, in the *presence* of that God, by whom he reignes, imprecated the *Curse* of Heaven on him and his Royall *Posterity*, (*Sub Sigillo sacramenta* too) if He, to his utmost, maintaine not the True Protestant Religion, exercised in that blessed *Queen's* dayes, and propagated by the *blood* of so many glorious Martyrs (at which time God blest this Island in so high a measure) if he preserve not the just *Priviledges* of *Parliament*, and the *Liberty* of the Subject?

Nay, more, did not his Majesty so promise the severe execution of the *Statute* against all *Recusants*, that if he failed, he desired not the *ayde* of his good Subjects?

What inferiour person would not think his Reputation *wronged*, not to take up confidence upon such *terrible* termes? What notorious evil hath his Majesty perpetrated to quench the sparkles of a Common *Charity*?

Consider, O, Consider; He acts his part before the *King of Kings*, whose eye is more especially upon Him;

He acts his part before his fellow *Princes*, to whom he hath declared this his *Imprecation*. He acts his part before his *Subjects*, whose stricter hand weighs his pious words with too *unequall* Balances.

Were he the *acknowledger* of no God, yet the *Princes* of the earth, (if guilty of such a *Perjurie*) would abhorre him. Or, were all the *Princes* of the earth, blind, deafe, or partiall, would not he think his Crown a *burthen* to be worne upon his *perjur'd* brow before his own *abused* people? Or, (having renounced his *Subjects'* ayde, upon his *sayle*) could he expect that loyalty, which now he wants upon a *meere suspicion*?

But, he is a *Prince*, whom God hath crowned with *graces above his fellowes*; A *Prince*, whom, for his Piety, few *Ages* could parallel.

What *Vices* of the times have branded his *Repute*? His Youth, high diet, strength of body, and Sovereigne Power might have enclind and warpt him to luxurious vanitie, as well as other Monarchs, whose effeminaries have enerv'd the strength of their *declining* Kingdoms. How many would have held it a Preferment to be *Attorney* to His Royall Lust, or *Secretary* to His *Bosome* Sinne! Yet, he remaines, a president of unblemisht *Chastity*.

He might have pleas'd and pamper'd up his wanton *Palate* with the choise of curious *Wines*, to lighten *Cares*, which wait upon the Regall *Diademe*; Yet, he continues the patterne of a chast *Sobriety*: He might have magnified his *Mercie*, and sold his Justice, to reward a *Service*, in pardoning offences, (committed by those of *neare* relation) yet, He abides the example of *inexorable* Justice.

These and many other eminent *Graces* and illustrious *Virtues*, can claime no Birth from *Flesh* and *Blood*; especially, in those, whose pupillages are strangers to *Correction*; Nor, is it safe Divinity, to acknowledge such high *Gifts* from any hand, but *Heaven*:

Which, being so, my *Conscience*, and *Religion* tells me, that Almighty God, (who is all perfection) will not leave

a work so forward, so imperfect; but, will, from day to day, still adde and adde to his transcendent *virtues*, till he appeare the Glory of the *World*; and, after many yeares, be crowned in the World of *Glorie*.

Martial. lib. 8. Ep. 66.

Rerum prima salus, & una Caesar.

Post-script to the Reader.

NOW thou hast heard the Harmony of Scriptures, without Corruption, and the Language of Reason, without Sophistry.

Thou hast not only heard Divine Precepts, but those Precepts backt with Holy Examples, Neither those out of the Old Testament alone, but likewise out of the New. Being now, no Matter left for thy Exceptions, prevaricate no longer with thy own soul: And, in the feare of God, I now adjure thee, once again, as thou wilt answer before the Tribunall at the dreadfull and terrible day, that thou faithfully examine, and ponder the plaine Texts which thou hast read, and yeelding due obedience to them, stop thine eares against all sinister expositions, and remember, that historicall Scripture will admit no allegoricall interpretations. If any thing, in this Treatise, shall deserve thy Answer, do it punctually, briefly, plainly, and with meeknes; If, by direct Scripture, thou canst (without wresting) refute my Error, thou shalt reforme, and save thy Brother; If not, recant thine, and hold it no dishonor, to take that shame to thy self, which brings Glory to thy God.

1 S. Pet. 3. 15.

Be alwayes ready to give an answer to every one that asketh you a reason, with meeknes and feare.

FINIS.



THE NEW
DISTEMPER.

WRITTEN
By the Author of the
Loyall Convert.

Hilar. de Trin. Lib. 4.

*Hoc habet proprium Ecclesia ; dum persecutionē patitur, floret ;
dum opprimitur, proficit ; dum læditur, vincit ; dum arguitur,
intelligit ; tunc stat quum superari videtur.*



OXFORD,
Printed by LEONARD LICHFIELD,
Printer to the Vniversity. 1645.



THE NEW DISTEMPER.

AS it is in a Principality, or in a Republique, The further it swerves from the first *Constitution*, and Fundamentall *Principles*, the faster it declines, and hastens toward *Ruine*; So is it in the Church; The more she deviates, and slips from her first *Foundations*, the more she growes into Distempers, and the nearer she comes to *Desolation*.

It hath been the wisdom of all Princes, and Free States, of former times, to carry a watchfull eye upon the growing *Inconvenients* of their Kingdomes and Republicques; That, as evill manners daily breed *diseases*, so the continuall making, and execution of good lawes should daily be prescribed as *Remedies*; lest, by too long neglect and sufferance, the Body of the Commonwealth should grow so *foule* with superannuated evils, and the humors waxe so *prevalent*, that the desperatenesse of the disease might enforce them to as *desperate* a Remedy.

It is no lesse prudence and providence in those that are appointed by the *Supreme power* (as under him) chiefe Governours and *Overseers* of the Church, to be very circumspect; and, not onely faithfully to exercise their *Ministeriall* Function, by due and careful *preaching* of the Gospel; but likewise, diligently to discharge their office in *governing*, that is, in making wholesome *Ordinances*, and daily *executing* them; That the Inconveniences that grow daily in the Church, may be daily *rectified*, lest by too long *forbearance* they gather head, and so become either *incureable*; or else, capable of Remedy, with too great a *losse*.

The naturall Affection I so dearly owe to this my native *Country*, (to which my soule alwayes hath, doth, and will for ever, wish as much *happinesse* as heaven can please to give) permits me not to think our Church in so forlorne and desperate a *Case*, but that it may be *capable* of a wholesome Cure; Yet Sense and Reason (flying with the naturall *wings* of Love and Duty) bids me feare, that those unnaturall Humors, *Pride*, *Negligence*, *Superstition*, *Schisme*, and (that Harbinger of Destruction) *Securitie* have so long been gathering, and now *settled* in her, that she cannot, without long time, and much diffi-

culty, (or else especiall providence and divine mercy) be restored; For the hastning whereof, accused be that unworthy *Member* that shall not apply the utmost of his endeavour, and diligence; and, not returne the best of those *Abilities* he sucked from her in *health*, to her advantage, in this her great and deplorable *extremity* of Distemper.

The wearyd Physitian, (after his many fruitlesse experiments upon a *consuming* Body) advises his drooping Patient to the *place of his birth*, to draw that Ayre, he was first bred in: The likeliest way to recover our *languishing* Church, is to reduce her to her first *Constitutions*, that she may draw the *breath* of her first Principles; from whence having made so long a journey, her returne must take the *longer* time.

The Physitian requiries not his crazie Patient to take his Progresse thither in a rumbling *Coach*, or a rude *Waggon*, (they are too full of motion for a restless body) nor to ride *Poste*, (the swiftnesse of the passage makes too sudden an alteration of the Climate) but in an easie-going *Litter*, the slownesse of whose pace might give him a *graduall* change of Ayre.

The safest way to *reduce* our languishing Church to her first Constitution, is to avoid all unnaturall *Commutations*, and *violence* in her passage; and carefully to decline all *sudden alterations* which cannot be without imminent *danger*, and to use the *peaceablest* means that may be, that nothing in her journey may *interrupt* her, and prove too prejudiciall to her *journeys end*.

The *disease* of our distempered Church, (God be praised) hath not as yet taken her principall parts; Her doctrine of Faith is *sound*; The Distemper onely lyes in her *Discipline* and *Government*; which hath, these many yeeres, been breeding, and now broken forth, to the great dishonour of (her *Mysticall Head*) Christ Jesus; to the unhappy interruption of her owne Peace, (the *Legacie* of our blessed Saviour;) to the great disquiet of our gracious Sovereigne, (her *Faiths Defender*) to the sharp affliction of his loyall Subjects, (her *faithfull servants*) and to the utter ruine and destruction of this Kingdome, (the *peacefull Palace* of her *Glory*.)

1. As for her *Discipline*; In the happy dayes of *Edward* the Sixt, when all the *Romish* Rubbish and Trumpery was scavenged out of this (the new *Reformed*) Church, and the wholesome *doctrine* of undubitable Truth was joyfully received into her gates, (being for many yeeres clos'd with *Ignorance* and *Error*) the piety and providence of her newly chosen *Governours*, (whose spirituall Abilities, and valour, were, after, characterd in their owne blood) thought good, in the first place, to make God's *Worship* the subject of their holy Consideration; To which end, they met, and (finding in the Scriptures no expresse forme of *Evangelicall Discipline* in each particular, and therefore concluding it was left as a thing *indifferent*, to be instituted according to the Constitutions of every Kingdome where Religion should be establishd) they advised, what *Discipline* might best conduce to the *glory* of God and the *benefit* of his people; They, first, debated, and put to the question, *Whether the old Lyturgie should be corrected and purged? or whether a New should be contrived?*

Cranmer, then Archbishop of *Canterbury*, a pious, moderate, and learned *Father* of the Church, (and not long after a glorious *Martyr*) finding, that the *old Lyturgie* had some things in it derived from the *Primitive* Church, though in many things corrupted, conceived it most fitting for the *peace* of the Church, not to savour so much of the spirit of *contradiction*, as utterly to abolish it, because the *Papists* used it; but, rather, enclined to have the old Garden weeded, the Errors expunged; thereby, to gaine some of the *moderate* sort of that Religion to a *Conformity*: But *Ridley* Bishop of London, a man though very pious, yet of a *quicker* spirit, and more violent, (and not many yeeres after suffering *Martyrdom* too) enclined to a *contrary* Opinion, rather wishing a totall *abolition* of the old Liturgie, and a new to be set up, lest the tender *Consciences* of some should be offended.

The businesse being thus controverted, it was at length voted for the purging of the *old*; to which service were appointed

Doctor	{	<i>Cranmer</i> Archbishop of <i>Canterbury</i> .	{	Bishop of	<i>Ely</i> .	{	Martyr.			
		<i>Goodrick</i>			<i>Hereford</i> .					
		<i>Skip</i>			<i>Westminster</i> .					
		<i>Thirlby</i>			<i>Chichester</i> .					
		<i>Day</i>			<i>Lincoln</i> .					
	{	<i>Holbeck</i>	{	after B. of London.	<i>Rochester</i> .	{	Martyr.			
		<i>Ridley</i>								
	{	Car King <i>EDWARD's Almoner</i> .			{	Deane of	{	Martyr.		
		<i>Taylor</i>								
		<i>Heynes</i>								
<i>Redman</i>										

Master *Robinson* Archdeacon of *Leycester*.

Mense Maio 1549. Anno Regni Edwardi sexti tertio.

Whereof three were famous *Martyrs*; and the rest, men of unquestionable *sanctity*, *soundness*, and *learning*; which, being done, was authorized by *Act of Parliament* in that blessed King's reigne *Edw. 6.* and with a full *Consent* received into the Church of England, confirmed by divers Acts of Parl. in the dayes of Qu. *Elis.* King *James*, and King *Charles*, our now gracious Sovereigne, whom *Almighty God* long preserve.

But this establishd Discipline, had no sooner bring, but *enemies*, (of which sort the devill hath alwayes instruments to nip the *Plants* of Religion in the Bud) whose number, daily since, encreasing, grew hotter and hotter in *opposition*, and stronger and stronger in faction, being too long, for peace sake, conniv'd at; and, at last, too *unseasonably*, and *violently* opposed, insomuch that the *disease*, in these our late dayes, grew too powerfull for the *Remedy*; so that the Distemper of our Church, in that respect, is growne so high, that I feare *Phlebotomy* will rather produce a further *languishment* (being already come to *Madnesse*) then a *Cure*.

Nay, so far have the *Enemies* of this establishd Government and Discipline, given way to their exorbitant and refractory *Opinion*, that they will neither allow the *Matter*, nor the *Forme*, nor the Authority and testimony of the *Composers*.

1. Not the *Matter*; (though they cannot but acknowledge it, in the general, to be very good, yet) because it was unsanctified by *superstitious* lips.

2. Not the *Forme*; because set, and composed by *Humane* Invention.

3. Not the *Composers*; because *Bishops*, and so (though *Martyrs* for the Cause of God and his true Religion) Members of *Antichrist*.

1. As for their *Exceptions* against the *Matter*; how ridiculous they are, let *Reason* judge: Have not superstitious tongues and eyes, viewed and read the Scriptures in their very Originall and purity? Shall therefore the Scriptures be disallowed? Have not superstitious persons profaned our Churches with their Popish *Doctrines*, *Sacraments* and *Ceremonies*? and shall our Churches therefore be cryed downe, or shut against the *Ordinances* of God? because those Poets were Heathenish, was *S. Paul* afraid to use their sayings? Was the Spirit of God to blame, to *condemne* them? Good things, abused, work evill effects upon the *abusers*; but lose not their goodnesse by the *Abuse*.

2. As for their *Exceptions* against the *Forme*, being set, and not conceived, the Authority of the Scriptures I hope will answer.

God the *Father* warrants it: God the *Son* prescribes it: God the *holy Ghost* allows it.

1. God the *Father* warrants it, in the Old Testament, at the time of the *Law*, by his command to *Moses*, *Numb.*

6. 21. where he gives him a *set forme* and words to blesse the people, *The Lord blesse thee and keep thee, the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.*

2. God the Sonne *prescribes* it in the New Testament, in the time of the *Gospel*: When S. *John* the Baptist had taught his Disciples to *pray*, the Disciples of Jesus Christ (whose house was called the house of Prayer) humbly requested the same *boone* from him, who prescribed them that *Forme* which he had formerly used in the end of his Sermon, *Mat.* 6. 9. which he intended not as a *Model*, (as some would have it) but a very *Prayer* it selfe, to be used in those very words, as they were delivered *Luke* 11. 2. not *After this manner*, but, *when ye pray, Meere, say.* That he will'd the same words to be used, is evident; For his Disciples would be taught, as *John* taught his: And how were they taught? S. *John* taught them the *words* onely; he could not give them the *Spirit* to make an *extemporary descant* upon them. So that being a direct *Set Forme*, it warranted *Set Formes*, which were used from the beginning of the *Primitive Church*: from whence, this part of our *Discipline* had her originall.

3. God the holy Spirit *allows* it: Who dare question that the *holy Spirit* inspired S. *Paul* in all his Epistles, written to the Churches? In all which Epistles he concludes with this one Prayer, '*The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ*,' &c.

4. As for their exceptions against the Composers of this *Lyturgie*, who were no lesse then holy Martyrs, (and by *Fire-light* saw more *Revelations* then these Objectors did by day-light) men of approved learning and true piety: though some have impudence and *spirituall* pride enough, to think their owne abilities and *inspirations* to flye a higher pitch; and Ignorance enough, to acknowledge greater *knowledge* in themselves, yet the most humble, able, and truly sanctified minds, have alwaies had *Martyrdome* in so high reverence, that they conclude, that God that made their blood the *seed* of the Church, and gave them the courage and honour to *dye* in the maintenance of the Truth, would not permit that seed to bring forth such *darnel* of superstition; or them, to die guilty of those *Errors*, they so resolutely cryed down with their dying blood.

5. As for her government by *Episcopacie* (the extirpation whereof being a great addition to her *Distemper*) It hath as much or more *Ius Divinum* to plead, then that, which endeavours to demolish and succeed it, *Presbyterie*; Both are but mentioned in the Scripture, at large; but no particular Rules for the executing the office of either; which, being left wholly as *arbitrary*, it rests in the power of the *Supreme Magistrate* (whom God hath constituted his *Vicerent*) to choose, and establish, which may best be found consistent with the Constitu-

tions of the Kingdome, and stand to most advantage with the *civil Government*.

But admit the Civil Government will stand with either? When the Balances stand *eavenly poised*, the least Grain turns it. In things indifferent, the smallest *circumstance* casts it.

This *Island of Britains* (if we look back above 1400 yeares, being a long *Prescription*) when she first received the Faith, was then governed by King *Lucius*, whom God made a great *Instrument* for reducing of this Kingdome from *Paganisme*; who, sending to Rome, and accommodated from thence with two *Christian* and learned Divines, by their labours, and God's assistance upon them, planted the Gospel: At the beginning of which plantation *Arch-Flamins* and *Flamins* were put downe, and in their roome *Archbishops* and *Bishops* were introduced; which Government *successively* continued, and flourisht through the reigns of many wise Princes, confirmed by many Acts of Parliament, since the *Reformation*; exercised and approved by holy Martyrs; and allowed of, as most fitting, until the yeare of our Lord, 1641. At which time, multitudes of the lower sort of people, throughout this Kingdome, petitioned, and tumultuously troubled the *Parliament*, so that some of the Members, perchance according to their inclination, and others, for quietnesse sake, consented to the *abolition* and *extirpation* of *Episcopacy*, the unadvis'd *Contents* of their clamorous Petitions.

Now if these Governments Hierarchicall and Presbyteriall be *indifferent*; these Circumstances, (First, of the time, when Episcopall Government began; Secondly, of the *unintermissive* continuance, for so many Ages; Thirdly, the *credit of the persons* confirming and approving it) methinks, should call such a kind of *necessity* upon it, that the other (being an *untry'd* Government, and having no *consent* or *approbation* from the Supreme Magistrate; and, being onely cryed in by the *Ignorant* multitude, affected to novelties and change) should have no *wise* friend to plead for it.

We reade in the Scriptures of *Elders* (which are members of a *Presbyterie*) as it is written, *Titus* 1. 5. *For this cause I left thee in Crete that thou shouldst set in order things that are wanting, and ordaine Elders in every City, as I had appointed thee.* Also 2 *Pet.* 5. 1. *The Elders which are among you, I exhort, who am also an Elder.* By which it appears, that *Titus* had instructions to set up a *Presbyterie*.

You take the Scriptures by snatches: Had you read in *Titus* the next verse following 'but one, you would have had Saint *Paul's* meaning with his words, *vis., ver. 7. For a Bishop must be blamelesse, as the steward of God, not selfe-willed, &c.* So that, it plainly appears, that *Elders* mentioned in the 5 verse, are expounded *Bishops* in the 7. Or, had you compared Saint *Peter's* first verse

(before mentioned) with his *fft* in the same Chapter, you would have found Elders no *positive*, but a *relative* word; no *Office*, but a degree of *Age*. *Ver. 5. Likewise the younger submitting themselves to the elder*; the Apostle here shewing what the behaviour of the *Elder* Ministers should be towards God, and of the *younger* towards them. So that if either of them had set up a *Presbyterie*, it was suddenly pulled downe againe; and *Episcopacie* (which you so much dislike) placed in the roome.

Ob. We are so far from *disliking Bishops*, that where there is one, we desire there were twenty; nay that every Church in *England* and *Ireland* had a severall Bishop; *Diocesan* Bishops we dislike, *Parochiall* we allow.

Ans. How suddenly (to crosse a settled and warranted establishment) your *windmill* fancies can make an alteration. *Titus, c. i. 5.*, had a command from *S. Paul* to ordain Elders in *every City*, (which he interprets *Bishops*) not in every Church, or *Parish*; which *Ordinance*, the Church of *England* hath punctually observed from the *Primitive* times to *this* day. But you have refractory and gaine-saying spirits, spirits of contradiction, that understand not the *Scriptures*, but by your owne Interpretations; alwayes stirring, but never settled; hating *order*, despising *Government*, and resisting all *Authority*.

Ob. But this *Episcopall* Government had her *originall* from *Rome*; and being poysoned in the *Root*, it cannot be wholesome in the *Branch*.

Ans. Ignorance is the mother of all Error. Your *Chronologie* failes you: if you carefully search *Antiquities*, you will find your *Objection* against it, a good *Argument* for it. I confesse *Episcopacie* had her *originall* partly from *Rome*; but, in those dayes, when we conformed according to the Church of *Rome*, the Church of *Rome* conformed according to the *Word* of God. *Rome* was, then, part of the *Primitive* Church, not being above 187 yeares after *Christ*: The *Bishops* of *Rome* were then so far from being *Antichrists*, that most of them were *Martyrs*, and dyed for *Christ*.

Ob. But our Bishops have too great *Revenues*; whereby, they are occasioned to *Riot*, *pomp*, and *glory*.

Ans. Those Princely Benefactors (whose bountifull *Pieties* thought nothing too much for God's *Ambassadors*, and therefore enlarged their *Revenues* so much) well knew their *places* and callings requir'd it; whose gates were to be open to all commers; and *broad* to be given to all that wanted. Their *Places* owe *reliefe* to the fatherlesse; *comfort* to the widow; supplies to the needy; and *succour* to all that are afflicted; and *hospitality* to all strangers. No, their great *Revenues* are greater *Eyesores* than *Inconveniences*, if not abused.

Ob. But these great *Revenues* might have been decimated, and the *Tenth part* might have sufficiently maintained a *preaching Ministry*, and the *nine* other parts might have been added to the King's *Revenues*, which would have

made him the richest and most glorious King in *Christendome*, and taken away the necessity of *Subsidies* from the Subject.

This is robbing Peter to pay Paul; begging the *Ans.* *Keyes* to enrich the *Sword*, and the next way to bring a curse upon the King, and all his people in generall, by a generall guilt of *Sacriledge*. The *Shewbread* must not be eaten but upon more necessity then (God be thanked) His Majesty was at that time put to. The *holy Oyle* must not be put unto a *Civil* use; But His Majestie's pious and resolute *refusall* thereof hath in one word, fully and fairely answered this *Objection*.

But Bishops have too *absolute* a power, which gives *Ob.* them occasion and opportunity to be *tyrannicall*, and to exercise an arbitrary Jurisdiction over their Brethren.

From the *beginning*, I confesse, it was not so; neither *Ans.* stands it with *wisdom* or *policy* to suffer it to be so: For the Government of the Church must have *proportion* with the Government of the State: Government of *severall* natures in one Nation, breeds *confusion*; and that, *ruine*: We therefore being a *mixt* Monarchy, necessarily require a *mixture* likewise in the *Hierarchy*; which excluds all *arbitrary* power.

It is true *absolute* Monarchy, and an *unlimited* *Hierarchy* are apt to fall into the distemper of *Tyrannie*; and *Democracie* and a *parity* in Government is as apt to run into the disease of *Tumult*; but of the two evils, *Tyrannie* is the *least*, by how much it is the easier to be cured. A monster with one head is sooner overcome then a *Hidra* with many. If our *Hierarchy* hath slipt into this *irregularity*, it is great *wisdom* and reason for a Parliament to rectifie it.

But the King having the *sole* election of Bishops, and *Ob.* so much favouring them, will hardly consent to the abridgement of their *power* and *greatnesse*; so that, being his *Creatures*, their power will be upheld by him, to the end that upon any *difference* betwixt him and his people, they may be the more able to uphold him, and ready to make a strong party for him; so that the more their *power* is weakned, the lease his party will be prevalent, whereby, his *Prerogative* may want *Advocates*, and the *Liberty* of the Subject no enemies.

His Majesty, by his yeelding to the *Bill* of taking *Ans.* away their *Votes* in Parliament, hath given a sufficient Earnest of a further *Moderation* of their power; and no question, was, and will be ready to hearken to this or such like humble and reasonable *Petitions* (for the extirpating this jealousie) *vis.* That when any Bishop *dies*, or is translated, he would give liberty to the whole *Clergie* and *Freeholders* of those Diocesses to choose, nominate, and present *four* learned and religious *Divines*, most *unblameable* in life and doctrine, able for *government*, and diligent in *preaching*: Of which *four*, His Majesty to prick one, which may be consecrated *Bishop* of the

Dioces; By which meanes, both His Majesty and His People, having an interest in him, he will be equally engaged; who, in cases of *difference*, may become rather a *Mediator* then *Partaker*: and, receiving just power from the *King*, may execute it as uprightly amongst his *people*.

Ob. But they are *Lords*, and lord it over God's *Inheritance*: Whereas, 1. *Pet.* 5. 3. forbids it, *Be not Lords over God's inheritance*: and Christ, *Luk.* 22. 25. sayes, *The Kings of the earth exercise Lordship, but it shall not be so with you*.

Ans. Our Bishops were *Lords*, as they were *Peeres* of the Land, and as *Peeres*, they had *Votes* in Parliament; which, being *taken away*, they are no more, now, then what the dignity of their Calling and their owne Merits make them. As for that place in *S. Peter*, thus it is meant; *Ye shall not be Lords over God's inheritance*, that is, *Tyrants*; *Lords* and *Rulers* being at that time none but *Heathens* and *Persecutors*, whose tyrannie made the very name of *Lord* terrible, and odious: So that, in that place, by *Lordship* is certainly meant *Tyrannie*. Neither can this imply a *Parity* in our Church; for without a *Superiority* and *Inferiority*, there can be no Government: A *Parity* cannot be considered in *order* of Government; but onely, in the *work* of the Ministry. In this, all are *fellow labourers*; In the other, some *command*, and some *obey*: *S. Paul* and *Timothy* had an especial *command* and charge over other Ministers. As for that place in *S. Luke*, which you alledge, The Disciples striving *who should be the greatest among them*, our blessed Saviour's answer was to this effect, *Let Kings exercise power and authority over their vassals*, (as indeed their tyrannie made them little better) but it shall be otherwise with you: You are all *fellow-servants* to me, that am your chiefe *Lord* and *Bishop of your soules*; whilst I am here, all superiority lyes extinct; Christ was then the onely *Governour*, and the *Root* of Government was in him: But at his departure, he gave *some to be Apostles, some to be Pastors*, &c. and yet all those degrees were *equal* in respect of the *work*: He himselfe said, *Ye call me Lord, and so I am*, and yet, *Luk.* 22. 27. *I am among you as he that serveth*: whereby it manifestly appears, he intended a parity of the *workers* in respect of the *work*, not a parity in the *government* in respect of the *workers*.

Ob. Bishops (whose office is to promote *Religion*, and to advance the *Gospel*, (as is pretended) and to encourage *Preaching* as the ordinary meanes conducing thereunto) are so far from so doing, that instead thereof, they silence godly *Ministers*, and put downe weekly *Lectures*, which were set up at the proper *charges* and the *piety* of the people; and to the great *establishment* of true *Religion*.

Here lyes a *Mysterie*; being the most crafty advantage the devil ever took of *popular piety*.

Admit the *piety* of the honest hearted People was the first *motive* to these weekly Lectures, how was that piety *abused*, by those weekly *Lecturers*? They were chosen by the people; their *maintenance* (consisting most of *Gratuities*) came from the people, which ebbed or flowed according as their *Lunatick* doctrines wrought upon the people. Those *Lecturers* (whose whole subsistence thus proceeded from the people) must for their owne better livelihoods *please* the people: And what more pleasing to the people then the preaching of *Liberty*? and how should *Liberty* be enlarged, if not peeced with *Prerogative*? Then down goes *Authority*, and up goes *Priviledge*; Downe goes the *Booke*, and up goes the *Spirit*; Downe goes *Learning*, and up goes *Revelation*; who gaining credit in the weak opinions of the *vulgar*, grew the *Seminaries* of all Ignorance, and the *nursing fathers* of all Rebellion. These are those godly *Lecturers* that Bishops put downe, who never lost themselves so much, as in not setting up *better* and more *orthodox* in their roomes, which had taken away the ground of this Objection.

Our Bishops being *proud, idle, covetous, and Popishly Ob.* affected, are therefore fit to be extirpated.

Admit some be so; must, therefore, such, among *Ans.* them, as are *humble, diligent, charitable*, and enemies to *Popery*, perish? Shall they that are *bad*, have more power to pull downe a settled Government, then they that be *good*, to keep it up? Did *Moses*, the man of God, extirpate the Government of *Priesthood* because *Aaron* had a hand in the people's *Idolatry*? Or, will you undertake that the Elders in a *Presbyteriall* Government shall be all faultlesse? Let the *guilty* receive their respective punishments, and *let others take their office*: But the *innocent*, to suffer with the *guilty*, is a point of high *injustice*.

But admit this Government by Bishops, had nothing to plead, for it, neither *prescription*, nor *continuance* without Intermission, nor the *Authority* of Parliaments in all Ages, yet considering it is, now, a Government, in *Being*, it seemes not consonant to Reason, or policy to *extirpate* it, or take it away, before an *other* Government be pitcht upon. To pull downe one maine *Pillar*, before another be made to supply the place, and to *support* the roome, is the next way to pull the *Roofe* upon our heads: Hath not *Episcopacie* been long *voted* downe? And is not the Assembly, at this time, divided and in controversie, nay puzzled what Government to set up in the *room* of it? By which means, occasion is administred to all *disorder*, *Liberty* lyes open to all *Schismes, Sects, and Heresies*, and *Sectaries* grow bold to vent their giddy headed opinions without controlment, confirming themselves in their owne *Errors*, infecting others with their new fangled and itching *doctrines*, the

nature whereof is (like a *Tetter*) to run, till it over-run the whole *Body*. (Have not our eyes beheld all this?) which if these unsettled times should long continue, (as God forbid) would gather such head, and strengthen this, our *confused* Kingdome, that if her issue of blood were stopt in one place, it would *break forth* in another; and, like *Hercules* his Monster, if one head were *struck off*, another would *arise*, to the utter confusion of the true Protestant Religion, which already begins to be the least part of this tottering kingdom's profession, and rather conniv'd at, then exercis'd by some. Are not Complaints preferd against *Brownists* and *Separatists*, unheard? Nay, are not men afraid to complain against them for feare of *punishment*? Have not profest Anabaptists challenged our Ministers to dispute with them in their owne open Churches? Have not their disputations been *permitted*, nay, unadvisedly *undertaken* by some of our Ministers (who themselves are thought little better) wherein they have made many *Proselytes*, and left many of the vulgar (who judge the victory to the most words) *indifferent*? Have they not after their disputations retired into their Innes, and private lodgings, accompanied with many of their *Auditors*, and all joyned together in their *extemporary* prayers for a blessing upon their late *Exercise*? How often hath *Bow-river* (which they lately have baptiz'd *New Jordan*) been witness to their prophanations? How many daily make their private *meetings*, and assemble in the City of London to exercise their *Ministry*? How many have been convicted of Blasphemy, and yet unpunisht? How many times have their *witnesses* been taken against some of our most learned and religious Ministers? for which some, are *plundered*, some *sequestred*, and some imprisoned: How many of our Ministers whose severity proceeded formerly against Fornicators, Adulterers, Drunkards, Swearers, and such like, are now undone upon their *vengefull* witnesses and testimony, appearing now (for the better colouring of their malice) *well affected* to the Cause? All which in time will so encourage all Sects, Factions, Hypocrites, and make Heresie so bold, and strong in this Kingdome, that the true *Protestant Religion* will be (under the detestable name of *Popery*) even turned out of doores for company, or at least so little favoured, that it will be forced to *shrowd* it selfe in corners, as those Sectaries did, before these troubles were.

Ob. I, but when things are *settled*, and *Justice* done upon the *Popish* Faction, these *Sectaries* with their Sects will vanish like the Mist before the *mid day* Sun, and a true *reformed* Religion will be establish't to us and our Posterity.

Ans. You seeme by this Objection but a young *State Physician*, and a meere *novice* in the curing of a disease of this *nature*. In some cases, where the *undisturbed* humors keep their bounds, distempers are quickly

evaporated, and being scatterd through the whole body, every part *breathes* out some, and Nature (being able to truckle with the *disease*) by her owne power, relieves her selfe; and in a short time, *rectifies* the Body: But upon a *continuell* confluence, and gathering head of *lawlesse* humors, she is so weakned; that she hath no power to resist, and lesse heart to struggle with her *enemy*, but is forced to yeeld: But the time you preface for the subduing of these numerous *Sects*, is, first, when all things are *settled*, secondly, when the Land is *cleared* of *Papists*.

1. For the first, It is all one as if you had said, *When the body is in good health, you will easily find a cure*. A rare Physitian! In the meanwhile, you will connive at this continued *confluence* of humors, which makes it at length incurable.

2. As for the second, Take heed while ye goe about to cure a *Fever*, you run not the Body Politick into a *Dropsie*, with too much *Phlebotomie*. But you will first cleare the *Kingdome* of *Papists*: And who be they? In your Accompt, all such as stand for *Episcopall* Government, (a Government coetaneous with this our almost outdated Religion) All such as approve of the *Book of Common Prayer*, (a *Forme* establish't by many Acts of *Protestant* Parliaments) All such as are passively obedient, and loyall to his Majestie, (a duty commanded by God's own mouth) Of the Clergie, all such as will not preach for *blood*, (although Ministers of the Gospel of *Peace*.) All such as will not take the *Covenant*, to suppress Bishops, (although they have formerly sworn *canonicall obedience* to their Ordinary) All such as will not encourage Subjects to *resist* the power of their naturall Prince; (although having taken the *Oath of Allegiance*, and the late *Protestation*.) And to conclude, all that have not *contributed* willingly, bountifully, and continually to this Warre; and in a word, that have any *considerable* Estates to pick a hole in: If all *Sects* and *Sectaries* be not suppress't till then, we are like to have a comfortable *Reformation*.

But in case, you onely meane such *Papists* as owne, and acknowledge the *doctrine* of the Church of Rome; Tell me, what course would you take with them?

Either you must *banish* them, or *disinherit* them, or *take away* their lives.

1. If *banish* them; It must be done, either *with* the King's consent, or *against* it; If *against* it, you resist the power, and *he that resisteth shall receive damnation*, *Rom. 13*. If *with* it, you make the King guilty of *perjury*, who hath sworne to *protect* all his Subjects in his *Coronation Oath*.

2. If *disinherit* them; It must be done, either *according* to the known Lawes of the Kingdome, or *against* them; According to the Lawes, ye cannot; for there is no Law for it. If against them, you transgresse what you pretend to maintaine in all your *Declarations*.

3. If *take away* their lives, It must be done, either for a Cause, or *without* a Cause; If for a Cause, shew it, that the world may be satisfied: If without a Cause, you are guilty of *murther*.

Which course so ever ye take, you have not Christ for your *example*, who quietly suffered the two *Cæsars*, being *Idolaters*, not onely to possesse that Kingdome, but to *usurp* it, because God permitted them, and *permissively* placed them there: When the Disciples askt our blessed Saviour, *Didst not thou sow good wheat? Whence commeth it that there be tares?* His answer was, *The evill one hath done it.* His pleasure being demanded, whether they should *weed* them up? his Reply was, No, *let them alone untill the harvest*, and then he would separate them.

A good deed may be ill done, when either against *command*, or without *warrant*.

Though God hath permitted the *evill one* to plant Papists among us, yet he hath not authorized us to *root* them up, nor yet to take the lives of any, untill their actions come within the danger and compasse of the *established Lawes* of the Land.

Ob. We have presidents for the *rooting out* of Idolaters in the Scriptures; which warrant us to doe the like.

Ans. You find it no where, but in the time of the *Law*, at which time, God *immediately* commanded it; which kind of Warrants are now ceased.

Again, In the time of the *Law*, some were accompted *Strangers*, And strangers had not the privileges that *brethren* have. *Usury* was *lawful* to be taken of *strangers*, not of brethren: Now, in the times of the Gospel, Christ hath made us all *Brethren*, and called us by his own name, *Christians*: and what was *lawfull*, then, to be done to strangers, is *unwarrantable*, now, to be done to Christians. *We are brethren.*

Ob. Then Protestantisme and Popery may be *consistent* in one Kingdom, and God's name may be harmelesly prophaned with *Idolatry* and *superstition*, in the same place, where it is *truly* and sincerely worshipt.

Ans. Your inference is not good. It is one thing for a Prince to *protect* his subjects; and an other to be *partaker* with them, or to allow of their *superstitions*. Kings cannot enforce Consciences, though pitcht upon a false Religion: All that Magistrates can do against them (unlesse for *Seducing*, which a particular Statute made *Treason*) is to punish their *purses*, for not observing his *Statutes* respectively, or for exercising their Religion *contrary* to his *Lawes*, But well it were if such a *necessity* of Connivance had no such subject to work upon.

How happy had it been for this unlucky kingdom, if his Majestie's most prudent and pious *offer*, two yeare since, propounded to us, had been accepted in this particular, *That all the Children of his subjects of that Religion, should be taken from them, and educated in the*

Religion of the Church of England? By which means the whole Kingdom, in a short space of time, would have been peaceably reduced to an *Vnity* in Doctrine; And, if the same course were taken with other Sectaries, an *Vniformity* in Discipline also. But our Kingdom must not expect an universall and through Reformation in all particulars, till Catechismes be more strictly used, and the entercourse of Embassadours (which cannot simply be avoyded) and Legers be restrained; and strict statutes made and executed against *sectaries*.

But to returne to our first matter. Admit *Episcopacy* were a Government, accidentally inconvenient, and that a *more fitting* Government, were discovered, prepared and made *ready* to be set up, It would be but a *new untryed* Government, and not experimentally known what *proportion* it would beare without *temporall* Constitutions. A horse may be well metled, and conditioned, and every way commendable for the *saddle*; yet not draw well in a Coach or *Chariot*: A great part of our *Common-Law* is built upon the *Cases* of Bishops, insoemuch that if that Government be changed, there must be a necessary *alteration* of many Lawes of the Land; And what inconvenience may arise from such an Alteration, I leave to the Judgment of *Lawyers*, being not unworthy of some consideration.

But let these things be accompted not *Inconveniencies*, and that the Hierarchicall Government is fit to be *demolished*, either for the abuse of it, by some few exorbitant *Prelates*, or for the mischiefs that follow, in respect of it *self*, in that it administers such occasion of *offence*, yet the *too sudden* Execution of a busines of so great a *consequence*, and concernment, gives a livelier testimony of *passion* then discretion, (if Polititions may have credit) and savours of *extremity*, (which is opposite to all *virtue*,) and too much rashnesse, the *distemper* of all serious and honorable undertakings. Too sudden an Alteration in matters of *small* moment, passes not without some inconvenience; but in things of such a nature, as a *Government*, nay a *Church* government too (the *nursery* of the whole Kingdom's happinesse or misery) it cannot be without *imminent* danger; but the *sudden* alteration of a *fundamentall* Government of the Church, (which necessarily carryes the State with it) threatens, nay brings no lesse then *unavoidable ruine* to both.

A Rashnesse, too much (we feare) relishing of private ends to demolish that government in *twelve moneths*, which hath been setting up and maintained by as wise generations as ours, above *fourteene hundred yeeres*.

How happy had it been for this (at that time prosperous, but now miserable) Kingdome, had we taken the advantage of (that greatest *blessing*, that ever gracious Prince conferred upon unthankfull Subjects) the *Trienniall Parliament*, wherein, we might every 3 yeares have inspected this *new recovered* Kingdome, and kept it

always in a perfect *Crisis*, the approaching Terror whereof, would not have afforded popular evils so long a time, or liberty to *root* themselves or gather *head* against the peace and welfare of our happy Government; through the benefit whereof we might have taken an advantageous leisure and mature deliberation to *ripen* every Bill, and, by *degrees*, to rectify every *nonag'd* Grievance; and indeed, what happiness was there, which we had not then an offerd *opportunity* to bring upon this (now) unhappy Land? The Government of the *State*, as in many things, it was reduced into an excellent *temper*; so, questionlesse (had not this unnaturall difference interposed) it had in all things (by the continued goodnesse and favour of His Sacred Majesty) been perfected, to the comfort of us, and the happiness of succeeding *Generations*.

The Government of the *Church* likewise might, by the virtue of the granted *Trienniall*, been narrowly and exactly searcht into; The *Governours* strictly observed; The *Bad* turned out, and changed for *better*; They that deserved punishment, punisht according to their *misdeameours*; Others, lesse offending through some neglect, *reproved* and *checkt*; and, upon no amendment, the next *Trienniall* proceeded against accordingly.

The *Fig-tree* was not presently cut downe, *Root* and *Branch*, but suffered till *another yeare*; And punishments before an *Admonition* are too rashly and severely inflicted.

Thus by this graduall and *Trienniall* Course, Mercy and Justice would have *incorporated*; the Government of the *Church* had been *establisht*; the peace of this Kingdome had been *secured*; the bad *Governours* had been *rectified*, or *removed*; the good, *encouraged* and *honoured*; and *Peace* and *Truth* had *kist* each other.

But the multitudes of these our nationall *sins* were too great, to permit so great a *Blessing* on this Nation, as the benefit of this *Trienniall Parliament*. God suffered *Abraham* to see the *holy Land*, but for the transgressions of the people, *not to possesse it*: God shewed us a *glimpse* of that mercy (which our *sins* made us unworthy to enjoy) and snatcht it from us. In which respect, we are now left to our owne *wayes*, and governed by our owne *Inventions*; and (what is worse) we are neither penitent for our *nationall* *sins*, nor our *owne*; nor (what is worst of all) sensible of God's *judgements*, nor our owne *miseries*.

How often have our *Moderne* Ministers in their *unmeditated* prayers, before the open *Congregation*, given God *joyfull* thanks for these blessed times! Whereas (if their *hearts* had *not been hasty to utter any things* before God) they might have rather petitioned for a *removall* of these his terrible judgements: How often have they prayed for the *continuance* of these happy days! whereas, had not their *mouthes been rash*, they might better have *depreciated* those miseries. How often have they in their *Sermons*, blasphemously challenged God (upon the forfeiture of his Justice)

to crowne their *Cause* with *Victory*! How often, instead of *wholsome* doctrine, have they delivered such reports as their Consciences knew *Fables*, and were before next Sabbath *Lyes upon Record*? How often have they preached downe *Subjection* to Princes, and encouraged the Sword to grow warme in the blood of Christians? How often have they *Articled* against Orthodoxe, able and learned Divines; and crowded themselves into their Livings, who upon my certaine knowledge (some of them) can neither make true *Latine*, nor write good *English*; and then lay their *preferment* upon the wisdom of the Parliament? How many children above a yeare old (because their fathers are suspected to be loyall to their Prince) continue *unbaptis'd*? many parishes can witness. How long time is it since the last *Sacrament of the Lord's Supper* was administred, let the people tell, if their memories be so good; and then, the Elements deliverd in their owne *new devised* words. These are now the faithfull *Ministers* of the Gospel of *Peace*: These the Ministers of this *blessed Reformation*: These the men that must pull downe *Anti-christ* out of his seat, and set up *Christ Iesus* in his throne: Nay, rather these are they that for filthy lucre carry men about with *divers* and strange *doctrines*: These are the men that in former times *separated* themselves, *sensuall*, *having not the Spirit*. These are they that *despise* dominion, and *speak evil* of dignities: These are such as have gone the way of *Cain*, and run greedily after the error of *Balaam* for reward; and have perished in the *gaine-saying* of *Core*: These are *spyes* in your Jud. 12. feasts of charity, feeding themselves *without feare*; clouds, that are without *Water* carried about with the *winde*; raging *waves* of the Sea, foming out their own 13. *shame*, to whom is reserved the *blacknesse* of darknesse for ever.

Is not this a blessed *Priesthood*? Are not these rare *materialls* for a hopefulfull Presbytery? Fit *governours* for the *house of God*?

Are not the two great *Nurseryes* of this kingdome like to flourish, when the chiefe *Plants* are pulled up by the roots, and onely these Crabstocks suffered to prosper, and beare their owne *naturall* fruit? Our fathers have eaten the *Grapes*, and their children's teeth will be *set on edge*. They that have been the *Pillars* of our Religion are *hewn down*, and our falling Church is *shored up* with these inconsiderable *spars*. They that grappled with, and foyled the stoutest *Champions* of the Church of Rome, are imprisoned; wanting both *bread* and *liberty*; and such as neither did, nor could, nor durst appeare in such a *quarrel*, are crownd with their *Reward*: They whose learning and orthodox piety made England the *glory of nations*, and the *envy* of forraigne kingdoms, are now disgraced and ruined; and those, that learning made not capable of a *Degree*, advanced and honoured to the great dishonour of this kingdome.

Eccles. 5.

Eccles. 5.

Nor can I heare forget, how much this staggering Church of England owes to her pious and religious *Nursing Father*, and her faith's royall *Defender*, our gracious Sovereigne; whose wisdom, moderation, and tender piety (amongst other of his princely virtues) hath so manifestly showed it self; in not following the example of those, whom my heart bleeds to call his Enemies; and blazing the *new* Ministry of this kingdom, as they have done the *old*? Had his provoked passion publisht a *Century* to the eye of all the world, of those morall vices, hideous blasphemies, infirmities and faylings of the Clergy of the *one party*, as they did on the *other*, how would the Church of Rome, and all the *Enemies* of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, have hissed and derided our Religion? that, by the generall Confession both of Prince, and people, had such *Monsters* to adorne it? How would forraigne Christians have been frighted at the very name of the *Church of England*. How would the stile of Protestant have become the Obloquy, and *Byword* of all Religions: it was not for want of *matter*: Report would have coynd enough, besides that, which, perchance, would have made the *truer history*.

Nor was it *scarcity* of pen-men, to paint their actions to the life: Oxford had and yet hath Pens, sharp enough, and Ink that wanted no *Gall*: Nor can I conceive how such nimble, active, and such salik *fancies* here could have forborne it, had not the wisdom and providence of his Sacred Majesty laid upon them his *restraining* power: By which it evidently appears to those that are not obstinately and maliciously blinded with the darknesse of resolved Rebellion, that his Majestie's solemne *Vowes*, and serious *Protestations* for the maintaining the honour of the true Protestant Religion, agree with his most pious *Intentions*, and published *Resolutions*: Had his secret affections been *warpt*, or the least degree *wavering* from the Church of England, or any whit *inclining* to the Romish superstition; had the imaginations of his heart intended secretly an *introduction* of the Popish Religion, how could his new design been better animated, then by an inward *dislike* of the Protestant Religion, and how could that dislike have been better fomented and encouraged, then by the Advantage, the just Advantage taken of the generall *corruption* of her Ministry?

But the wisdom and tendernesse of his Piety stands *silent*, in this behaffe; and, in his singular prudence, hath not so much as taken notice, or in any of his Declarations once *reproved* the uncharitable impiety of that scandalous *Pamphlet*, for fear of further blazing it, but rather suffering it to perish in its own filthines, and choosing rather to groane under the *burthen* of his faithfull and abused Clergie, then by revenging and painting forth the crimes of the other party (far more guilty) to afflict Religion under the *burthen* of both.

Thus is the health of our languishing Church im-

paired; thus is the body of our craz'd Government *distemperd*; thus is the peace of our Saviour's Spouse *disquieted*; thus is the welfare of our English Sion *determined*; Her Dove-like piety is turned to *Serpentine* policy; her Unity, to *Division*; her uniformity, to *Disorder*; her Sanctity to *Prophanenesse*; her Needle-work robes to a *parti-coloured Coate*; her honour into *disgrace*, her glory into *disdaine*, and her prosperity into *destruction*. She weepeth in the night, and her teares *Lam. 1. 2* are in her Cheekes. Among all her Lovers there is none to *comfort* her; and all her friends have dealt *treacher- ver. 9.* ously with her; Her adversaries are the *chiefe*; and her *enemies* prosper; for the Lord hath afflicted her for the multitude of her *transgressions*: Her children are gone into *captivity* before the Enemy, and her gates are *sunk* into the ground: Her *Kings* and *Princes* are among the *2. 9.* Gentiles; her *law* is no more, and her Prophets find no *vision* from the Lord: The Elders of the *Daughter* of *ver. 10.* Sion sit upon the ground, and *keep silence*, and have girded themselves with *sackcloth*; the *horne* of her enemies is *lifted up*; They spared not the persons of her *Priests*, they favoured not her *Elders*, they have laid wait for the breath of our Nostrils, the *Anointed of the Lam. 4. 10.* Lord, and servants beare *rule* over us. Our Inheritance is turned to *strangers*, and our houses to *Alyants*: We *Lam. 5. 4.* drink our *water* for money, and our *woods* are sold to us: We have sinned and have rebelled, therefore thou *hast Lam. 3. 4. 5.* not spared: For this our hearts, our hearts faint, for these things our eyes are *dimme*; For these things I weep, mine eye, mine eye *runneth downe* with water.

Where, O where are you, all you that are the wisdom and Governours of this unhappy Island? Where, O where are you, the *great Counsell* and grave *Senators* of this falling Kingdome? Where, O where are you, the great *Colledge* of Politicall Physitians of this languishing Common-wealth? Are ye all fallen *a-sleep*, while we perish? and is there none to awake you? Open your eyes, unlock your eares, and mollify your hearts: Behold, behold the miseries of *your* land, and if Compassion be not banisht from the earth, pitty, O pitty the *approaching* Ruines of this your *groanning*, this your native Kingdom. Heare O harken to the sad Complaints of your afflicted *petitioners*; and, if your hearts be not of *Adamant*, relent, and let them not in vain petition for their *lives*: Let the breath of this distempered Kingdome, contracted into one extreame sigh, move you to the speedy endeavours of a timely *Cure*. Inquire into her *Constitution*, Examine her *distempers*, and reduce her to her first *Principles*: Try no experiments upon a body so *declined*, and let not the *Acutenesse* of her disease perswade you to a desperate remedy. Look, O look back into the blessed dayes of Queene *Elizabeth*: Observe what blessings we then had, both by Sea and Land; What *plenty*; what *successes*; what victories; what honour *abroad*; what unity

at home; and indeed what had we not that could make a Kingdome happy? Reduce us, O reduce us to that happy government; and let not the *eagernesse* of a Reformation be a meanes to want men to be *Reformed*, or *matter* for a Reformation: Remember, O remember that great *Reformer* Christ Jesus; He was against all bloodshed, but his *own*; for that *blood* sake follow his Example: Or, if the way must needs be made by *blood*, let it light rather a little, upon *many* Generations, then all upon *one*; the ruine whereof will deny us another *Generation*: Let not the children of your Mother starve in the *land of bread*, and let not the foundations of your naturall kingdome be longer dabled in *unnaturall blood*. Turne, O turne your eyes upon her breaches, and let not strangers Lord it in her Gates. For the mercies of that God which hath been mercifull to you, be mercifull to *millions* of Christians, whose lives depend upon your *Care*; be mercifull to *millions* of children, that know not their right hands from their left; be mercifull to generations unborn; to whom, when deep Records shall bring the *Chronicles* of your Actions, ages to come may magnifie your *Merits*: For his sake that is *Prince of peace*, as you desire to meet peace upon your *Death beds*, let this Sea of blood already spilt be thought *sufficient*: For the whole body of England's sake, who have *trusted* their power into your hands, that have cast all their welfares on your wisdomes; for their sakes that venture their lives and fortunes upon your providence; for your owne sakes; for your tender wives' and deare children's sakes; for the God of *mercie's* sake, as you love mercy; for Christ Jesus, the God of *peace* his sake, as you prize the peace of a Good Conscience, harken to, and ensue *peace*, whilst there is a *possibility* of peace.

Darken not that Religion with the *black storms* of contention, you professe to *glorifie*: Lessen not the glory of that Church, by *partiality*, which you have promised to *beautifie*: Draggie not that Gospel in the *sinks* of bloud, which you have protested, to *magnifie*: The sinnes of *Nineveh* were not too great for *God's* compassion, and shall the offences of poore England be too great for *yours*? *Nineveh* cryed mightily to heaven, and they were spared; and shall the miseries of *three Kingdomes* be hollowed in your cares, and not heard? Well, if Ruine by a *forreigne power* come (which the God of heaven and earth forbid) think not with your selves that you shall scape the *Fury* more then all the rest: But if you altogether stop your cares, at such a time as this, then shall Enlargement and Deliverance *arise* to England from another *place*, but you and your houses shall be destroyed; And who knows whether you are sent to this employment, for such a time as this?

O thou that art the great preserver of mankind, to thee, to thee we turne the *voice* of our complaint: Thou, thou art *gracious*, and *plentifull* in Compassion, but in man there is no *help*, nor *mercy* in the sons of men. Thou

art my *portion* O God, and I will *trust* in thee, although thou kill me. I will not trust in my *bow*, it is not my *shield* that can save me, but it is *thou* alone, O God, that canst deliver us. Deliver us O God from the *evil* men, preserve us from the *cruell* men, which imagine evill in their hearts, and make warre *continually*. Have mercy, O Lord, have mercy upon us, for we have *suffered* too much contempt. Heare the mourning of the *Prisoners*, and deliver the children from *death*. They have *con-sulted* together in heart, and have made a *league* against thee. We are a reproach to our *neighbours*, even a scorne and derision to them that are *round about us*. O God, how long shall the Adversary *reproach* thee. Shall the enemy *blaspheme* thy Name for ever? Remember the children of *Edom*, O Lord in the day of *Ierusalem*, which said, *Rase it, rase it*, to the foundations thereof. Let thy Priests be clothed with *righteousnesse*, and let thy Saints *rejoyce*. Lord how long wilt thou *hide thy selfe*? for ever? Shall thy wrath burne like fire? Wilt thou be angry with us for ever? Wilt thou *prolong* thy wrath from generation to generation? Behold, O God, our Shield; and look upon the face of thine *Anointed*. Let thine hand be upon the *man of thy right hand*, whom thou hast made so *strong* for thyself. Give thy *Judgements* to the King, and thy *righteousnesse* to the King's sonne; that peace may be in his dayes, and let his enemies lick the dust: Clothe thy enemies with *shame*, but upon his head let his Crowne *flourish*. How long shall the wicked, O Lord, how long shall the wicked *triumph*? They prate and speak *fiercely*, and the workers of iniquity *vauunt* themselves. They *smite downe* thy people, O Lord, and trouble thine Inheritance. They slay the *widow* and the *stranger*, and murder the *fatherlesse*. O house of *Aaron* trust in the Lord, for he is our *help* and our *shield*; He will blesse the house of *Israel*, and he will blesse the house of *Aaron*. Praise ye the Lord, ye house of *Israel*, praise ye the Lord ye house of *Aaron*, praise ye the Lord ye house of *Levi*: Ye that feare the Lord, praise the Lord.

PSAL. 122. 6, 7, 8, 9.

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

Because of the house of the Lord our God, I will seek thy good.

Hier. sup. Epist. ad Rom.

Quisquis corpus suum affligit, & concordiam deserit, laudat Deum quidem in Tympano, sed non laudat in Choro.

THE END.

Hest. 13.

14.

Lam. 3. 24.

Job 13. 15.



THE
WHIPPER
WHIPT.
BEING
A REPLY
Upon a scandalous Pamphlet,
CALLED
THE WHIP:
Abusing that Excellent Work of
CORNELIUS BURGESS,
D^r in DIVINITY, one of the
Assembly of DIVINES,
ENTITULED
The Fire of the Sanctuary
 Newly discovered.
Incerti Authoris.
Qui Mockat, Mockabitur.



Imprinted, M. DC. XLIV.



T O T H E
SACRED MAJESTY
O F
KING CHARLES,

My most deare and dread *Soveraigne*.

SIR,

BE pleased to cast a gracious eye upon this Book, and at your leasure (if Your Royall employments lend you any) to peruse it.

In Your Three Kingdoms, You have three sorts of people: The first, confident and faithfull; The second, diffident and fearfull; The third, indifferent and doubtfull.

The first are with You in their Persons, Purses, (or desires) and good wishes.

The second are with You neither in their Purses, nor good wishes, nor (with their desires) in their Persons.

The third are with You in their good wishes, but neither in their Persons, nor Purses, nor Desires.

In this Booke, these three sorts are represented in three Persons, and presented to the view of Your Sacred Majesty.

You shall find them as busie with their Penns as the Armyes are with their Pistols: How they behave themselves, let the People judge: I appeale to Cesar. Your Majestie's honour, safety and prosperity, The Church's Truth, Vnity, and Vniformity, Your Kingdome's Peace, Plenty and Felicity, is the continued object of his Devotion, who is

SIR,

Your Majestie's

Most Loyall Subject,

The Replyer.



THE WHIPPER WHIPT.

Here came, by chance, to my un-enquiring hand, a Pamphlet called *The Whip*; whose Pharisaical Author pretended a transcendent Zeale to my first eye; but, after a leaf's perusal, I found his flame so extremely hot, that his Religion seemed (for want of due stirring) burnt too; and so much tasted of the Brasse, that no Orthodox palate could relish it, nor a well-grounded Conscience digest it: The namelesse Author had an *Vtopian* spirit; and the Government he best affected, was *Anarchie*: He was a *Salamander*; his very dwelling was in Fire: His Heart was a sink of *Ignorance*; his Spleen, a spring of *Gall*; a *Shemei*, a *Rabshekah*: his mouth ran bitterness and malice; and his Pen flow'd venime, and *Rebellion*.

The object of this fiery Pamphlet, was the orthodox and most excellent work of Doctor *Cornelius Burges*, a man of singular parts; and, at this time, a worthy Member of the *Synod*, or *Assembly of Divines*; entituled, *The Fire of the Sanctuary newly discovered, or A Compleat Tract of Zeale*, and printed by *George Miller* and *Richard Badger*, anno 1625, which, this Pamphleter's unlearned Pen hath so poorely answered, so impiously malign'd, so maliciously calumniated, that I have thought good to cast away some Inke upon him, (not in vindication of the Doctor, whose Conscience, enlightned by the Scriptures, needs no *Champion*) but to rectifie the abused vulgar; who, by the help of such Pneumaticall Fantasticks, have turned their leaden apprehensions into Quick-silverd Zeale, which hath swallowed up and devoured their duty to their betters, their faire demeanour to their equalls, and their charity to all Relations.

This unworthy Pamphleter, in the Progresse of his more unworthy work, against this worthy Member, uses that method, which *Beelzebub* the prince of Flies prescribes him; who, like a Fly, buzzes through his whole Larder, blowing here and there; but leaving such

fruitfull corruption, that in short time, his whole store, nay (if possible) the very *Bread of life*, moulded by the hand of heaven, which hee hath set apart in his margent, would grow unsavoury.

He begins at the *Dedication* Epistle, repeating the Doctor's words, then poysoning them with his owne Calumnies; whereunto, if your Patience (equall Readers) will admit me, by the name of a *Replyer*; you shall have all woven together in one *Loom*: Wherein I purpose not to load your eares with those his frivolous *preambles* and *impertinences*, which would swell this Pamphlet beyond your Patience; but, suddenly to rush into the List.

D. Burges *Dedication* Title

To the Right Honourable, WILLIAM
Earle of PEMBROKE, &c.

Calumniator.

Popery, and Superstition at the first dash! Dedication is a meer Popish Ceremony, begun by the Antichristian Hierarchy, derived from deo and dicatio, which is a vow-ing to God: It was first used when Steeplehouses, or Meeting-places were built, which Papists call Churches, dedicating them to God; or to those they honoured as much, Saints, whereof some of them are now roring in hell; under which pretence, they juggled holynesse into them, more then into Barnes or Stables: Now this Book the Doctor dedicates to the Earle of Pembroke, whereby he secretly acknowledges him either a God, or a Saint; If a God, he blasphemes; if a Saint, he lyes, for he was a Courtier, and preferd the King before the Elect, whereas Saints imitate God, and should be no Respecters of persons; in whose eyes, Kings and Subjects are alike.

Replyer.

When *Ignorance* hath shot forth her shady leaves, how quickly *Impiety* buds! and, then, how suddenly *Rebellion* blossoms! *Ignorance* first taught thee a false *Etimologie* of a word; then, *Impiety* suggests a slight estimation of a *Church*; and then, *Rebellion* insinuates a disreputation of a *King*. Now, one lash more at schoole, would have helpt all this, by curing that *Ignorance*, and letting you know, that *Dedication* is derived from *De*, (here taken *perfective*) and *dicatio*, (which is an offering or a presentation) which two words, joyned, carry the sense of a full or totall *presentation* of this Book to whom he presented it. Now *Cal.* where's the *Blasphemie*? or where's the *Lye*? Let them even both returne to the base mouth from whence they came; And that one lash more which might have cured thy *Ignorance*, in time, might save *Gregory* some labour; and thee, some paines, in an undedicated *Meeting-place*.

D. Burges in the Epistle Dedicatory.

It (*via. this Treatise*) speaks of Fire; But such, as was made to warme, and not to burne anything, unlesse stubble.

Cal.

I knew what temper your fire (your zeale) had, (like warme Master Doctor) apt to receive warmth or flame according to the times.

Rep.

It is the devill's custome to leave out halfe the Text: Let mee supply your defect, *Cal.* To warme solid hearts; Not to burne any thing but such stubble as you, and then the sentence is perfect.

D. Burges.

Here is no ground for an Utopian spirit, to mould a new Common-wealth; no warrant for Sedition to touch the Lord's Anointed, so much as with her tongue; No occasion administred to *Ishmael* to scoffe at *Isaac*; no *Salamanders* lodge themselves here.

Cal.

An Utopian spirit is a word of your owne coyning, whereof I confesse my ingenious ignorance. But I perceive, this opinion which you pin upon Pembroke's sleeve, admits rather of an old Popish Government, then of the moulding of a New, by an holy Reformation: It makes such an Idol of your King (whom you falsly tearme the Lord's Anointed) that it brands that hand with the aspersion of Sedition; and that tongue, with the guilt of Impiety, that touches him; whereas Kings are but men, and wicked Kings but Beasts, in Gods eye, and the righteous have Gods power, and may touch them; nay,

and scourge them too; But, I feare, your Zeal burnes now onely to light your Doctorship to a Deanery; What you meane by Salamanders I know not.

Repl.

You professe *Ignorance, Cal.* in the beginning and ending of your learned speech, and discover *Treason* in the whole Body; The first *Ignorance* you professe, is, of an *Utopian spirit*, wherein I thus informe you: It is a *fanaticall spirit*, even your owne spirit, by which you pray *Nonsense* by the houre, preach *Treason* by the halfe-day, and ejaculate *blasphemies* every minute. Your last ignorance is, of the *Salamanders*; wherein I thus instruct you. They are the *ferie spirits* that dwell within your flaming bosomes, by which ye *murther*, under the pretence of piety; *rob* by way of Religion; and fling *dirt* in the face of Majesty by colour of zeale: No wonder, *Cal.* those spirits are unknowne to you, when ye know not of what spirit ye are: As for the body of your speech, we leave it to the judgement of *Authoritie*.

D. Burges.

But here's a flame that will lick up all angry wasps, and inflamed tongues that presumptuously and without feare speak evill of dignities, and of things they understand not, railing on all not so free as themselves to foame at the mouth, and to cast their froth on all that are neare, without difference.

Cal.

This your Flame, courtly Master Doctor, lights us to understand, that your saintly Patrone had then some remarkable Living in his Gift; or power, to make you one of the King's Chaplains, in ordinary; strengthened, with the hopes whereof, you thus magnifie dignities, that is Kingship, Lordship, and Bishopship: And I am verily perswaded, if Amaleck or Esau (whom God cursed) were in being, your linsy-woolsy Zeale would endeavour to vindicate them from that Curse; Or if Caiaphas the High Priest were placed in office here, you have a Pensill to paynt his Wall white enough, for Paul to curse.

Repl.

Cal. I feare you are one of those angry wasps the Doctor's Zeal licks up, and his Pen (now above 19 yeares old) discovered your nest, being a faction now in power, and prophesied of above 1500 yeares since; whose malapert, sawcy, and slovenly Tenets were well known to him, to be the *Ivie* of the true Orthodox and *Primitive* Religion, whose ambitious and fiery spirits, (hating all Government both in Church and State, casting their foame and froth in the face of Majesty and *Hierarchie*, without respect of honour or place) his conscience

(enlightned and instructed by the holy Scriptures) hated with a perfect hatred, and used his best meanes to suppress and quench.

D. Burges, in his Preface.

My sharpnesse against some Democraticall Anticereemonians is not meant to weak Consciences, joynd with pious, sober, and peaceable courses.

Cal.

Marke, whilst this sharp Doctor would boast of a vertue called Moderation, he turns Advocate to that detestable sinne of Luke-warmnesse: As if he should have said, My sharpnesse against the enemies of Popery, extends not to them, that are not too active and zealous of God's glory. Doctor, this Fire will hardly make your Pot boile.

Repl.

Mark how this bitter Calumniator acts his owne part to the life; at one breath, both wresting the words, and wronging the person: And how it offends him, (whose glory is to set weak Consciences upon the Rack) to see another, fearfull of offending a weak Conscience: *Cal.* This Zeale will make your pot boyle into the Fire.

D. Burges.

But I speak to such as keep a frantick coyle about Ceremonies, and think they never take their levell right, but when, with every bolt they shoot, they strike a Bishop's Cap sheire off his head, and yet are more fantastical, ignorant, proud, self-will'd, negligent and deceitfull in their particular Callings then many whom they despise and condemne to Hell for carnall men, forsooth, as any observing eye may easily discern.

Cal.

So, Master Doctor; I now call both the Parliament, and the whole Assembly of Divines to witnesse, you are either a Malignant, or a Turnecoate: When you reade this clause, remember your own late Votes, and tell me, what Mettle your Conscience is made of. Tell me now, in sadnes, Doctor, Are they ignorant, proud, self-will'd, negligent, and deceitfull in their Callings, that inveigh against Ceremonies, forsooth? that endeavour to strike off a Bishop's Cap, forsooth? Once again, I say, remember your own Votes and blush: Nay, if, with the Satyre, you can blow hot and cold with one Mouth, you are no Divine for me, forsooth.

Repl.

You triumph *Cal.* too much before the victory, and crow too confidently upon your owne *Dunghill*: I justify the Doctor in what I know: you condemne him, in what you know not: What his *Votes* were, or how, or when made, it matters not to me, but his opinion (de-

clared to all the world) proclaims him no lesse then *Orthodox*: I look upon him as a *Divine*, absolutely; not as an *Assembly-man*, relatively: The Satyre's *hot* breath warmed his fingers, which else had been too cold: The Satyre's *cold* breath cooled his Broth which else had burnt his lips: The first was *Breath*; the last, but *Winde*.

D. Burges.

Touching the Carriage of Zeale towards Princes, my CONSCIENCE witnesseth with me, in the sight of God, that I have spoken nothing, but what in my judgement is the Truth, without sinister or base intents.

Cal.

This Clause stands like a Pander to keep the doore, till you have committed your spirituall Fornication within; and to anticipate your beleaving Reader, whilst you basely flatter Princes; wherein, you have engaged your Conscience, and attested God concerning that your opinion, we shall hereafter understand; which in his due place, you shall not faile to heare of.

Repl.

How like a snarling Cur you gurne before yee bite; *Cal.* as you have acted your first part, in shewing your teeth; so, anon, we shall expect your second part, in clapping your *taile* betwixt your legs, and shamefully running away.

D. Burges.

Nor doe I touch on that, presuming to teach my Betters (but rather as men use to do, when they go for Orders, or a Benefice) to give accompt.

Cal.

Doctor, It is the property of Dogs to haule at Beggars, or Inferiours, who come empty handed; but to fawne upon their Feeders, and wag their flattering tayles at those, from whose well furnisht Trenchers they expect some scraps: No, you presume not to teach your Betters; Tell me, Doctor, who sent you? Whose Embassadour are you? Come you in your own name? It seemes you do: He, in whose Name you should come, knowes no betters: The Truth is Christ sent you; but Antichrist (from whose surrogates you had your Orders) signed your Commission: Christ sent you to Preach, and Antichrist bad you take a Benefice by the way; which (speaking to your Betters) you here craftily insinuate in your Simile: Iesuites beg not, but point yee where the Box stands.

Repl.

Your sawcy Impudence, *Cal.* Votes *Modesty* a vice, and rudenesse, Zeale: Our blessed Saviour sayes, *Give unto Cesar those things that belong unto Cesar; and Saint Paul, Honour to whom Honour belongs, commanding all things to be done decently and in order: Which is too*

neate a Doctrine for your nasty spirits : God, who is no Respector of persons in matter of *Iustice*, commands you not, to disrespect persons, by way of *manners* : Diet for Princes and Pesants require *severall* dressings : When Saint Paul said to that heathen King *Agrippa*, *Beleevest thou the Prophets ? I know thou beleevest* ; have not you blasphemy enough to traduce the Apostle of a *courtly* lye ? I feare, your *Rabseka-spirit* would have lent him courser *language*. And as for the *Benefice* you say the Doctor insinuates in his *Simile*, you might have charitably translated it into two or three *Sequestrations*, and then it had been tolerable.

D. Burges.

And yet I would teach withall : I meane, the boystrous Multitude ; who, ever prefer the rough Channel before the temperate shore, and think no man preaches well in a Prince his Court, but he that is so fierie and rude (plaine as they call it) as with his Thunder shakes the very house : And if he cast no squibs in a Princes face, or preach not like a Privy Councillor, they say he hath no holy Fire in him.

Cal.

How this temporising Doctor still courts a Preferment ! In his last Clause, he Craftily insinuates for a Benefice ; and in this, as grosly for a Court Chaplainship, wherein, he openly discovers how his silken Conscience stands qualified for such employment, being more ready to sowe Pillows under Princes Elbowes, then denounce Judgements against their sins ; declaring himself a profest enemy against the boysterous multitude, who love the rough Channell ; And who are they ? Even those Nathanian spirits that dare tell the King, Thou art the Man ; and professing himself a Friend to such as love the temperate shore ; and who are they ? Even such as flatter Princes into the flames of hell. A fit Doctor to consult and vote in the Assembly.

Repl.

It is one part of the devil's office, *Cal.* to accuse man to man w^{ch} Office, I fear, you rather execute under him, as his *Child*, then usurp from him, as a *Stranger* : God's servants must wear God's *livery*, Meeknes ; They must reprove with wisdom, sobriety, and mildnes ; especially, the sacred persons of Kings : God was more in the *still* voyce then in the *thunder* : Squibs, taunts, and Raylings are none of God's *wayes* ; but love, temperance, and moderation : If your house have a *flaw*, or an unsound *pillow*, will you, straight fire it ; and, not rather prop it, and, by degrees, strengthen it, for after service ? God's fire, (that appeared in the *bush*) gave light ; but, burnt not ; But your Zeales have no patience, demolishing and consuming, even from the *Cedar* that growes in

Lebanon to the *Hyssop* that is upon the wall : If such fire become the Assembly, then take out *Burges*, and put in *Peters*.

D. Burges.

If men dislike a Book in this Age, their Censure is usually, It hath no salt in it : A discourse of this nature should have salt good store, for all sacrifices must be seasoned with salt ; So is this, but intended to season onely, not to fret any, unlesse by accident.

Cal.

But if salt hath lost its savour wherewith shall it be seasoned ? So hath yours, Doctor ; Your Sacrifice then will quickly stinck : You are a very bad Phisition for the soul ; Your kichen Phisick (for you have no other) were good to keepe a healthfull soul in a good state ; But when feavors of lust, dropsies of drunkennesse, plurisies of Blood, faint fits of Lukewarmnesse, &c. accost the soul, your seasoned Brothes will faile : sometimes the disease will require vomits, purges, phlebotomy, cautherising, scarifying, cutting, &c. But, I feare, your end is rather to cure your own defects, then your patients' distempers.

Repl.

I fear, *Cal.* some of the Doctor's salt bath fretted your chapt fingers ; which, perchance, you strive to wash out with your own *vineger*, which so much troubles you : you name some diseases in others, but forget your own, both acute and chronicall, the *cardiaca passio*, the tumour of the spleene, the petulancy of the tongue, the *Cold Fits* of uncharitableness : The first, second, and fourth of these are inward and habituell, and, I feare, incurable ; but for the third, the *Beadel* of Bridewell will be your best Phisitian.

D. Burges.

Thus have you my Apology (if it be one) as a smal skreen to hold between you and the fire, if you think it be too big, or too neare, and that it would heate you too much.

Cal.

Doctor, Your Apology is as needlesse as your work : Your Fire (whereby (I take it) you meane your Zeale newly discovered) is but an Ignis lambens, or as rotten wood, shining in the dark ; Or if it be a true Fire, it is but of Juniper, which rather serves to perfume a prince's chamber, then to warme a Christian's heart ; and so dul, that it requires, rather, a paire of Bellowes, then a Skreene.

Repl.

I hope, *Cal.* It is not such a fire as yours, called *Ignis futuus*, which entices poor soules, (wandering in the

dark,) to breake their necks ; But (as you have excellently, (although against your will) tearmed it) a fire of *Juniper* ; No perfume, sweeter ; no Coales, hotter ; This Juniper fire sends up sweet perfumes of *Comfort* to the broken heart, and contrite spirit ; but threatens the fiercest of God's *Judgements* to the *Rebellious* and impenitent soule.

Here, Reader, be pleased to pause a while, and to understand, our *Calumniator* hath done with the Doctor's *Preface*, intending now to set upon the body of the *work* it self ; wherein, he undertakes not his *Task* progressively, but selectively ; whether, he drives at one subject, collecting what he findes scattered through the whole book ; or whether his wit can onely daunce after a *Pipe* of that nature, I cannot resolve you ; You have it as I found it : This I perceive, by his stragling *Method*, that it was *leape years* in his *Braynes*, as well as in his *Kalendar* ; And so, we begin againe.

The Fire of the Sanctuary uncovered.

D. Burges cap. 3. pag. 39. lin. 13.

It had not been lawfull for *Elijah* to put those Idolaters to the sword, if he had not been able to plead speciall Commission from God, as he did.

Cal.

Take heed Doctor, you run not your selfe out of the Assembly into Ely house : What speciall Commission had our Parliament to do the like ? Yet how many thousand more have perisht by the sword, at their Command ? Are not they wise, and truly religious, and holy Merchants for God's Glory, and blessed Agents for our Kingdome's Reformation ? And would they do such an act, and stand guilty of such a Fratricide, so horrible a slaughter, had they not a Warrant for it ? Come, Doctor, It is wisdom to retract and change a mis-opinion : It is a good bargaine, to change for the better, and get 400. l. per annum. to boot, and God knowes what besides.

Repl.

You ride, *Cal.* upon the surer horse, as the case stands now : Take heed of the King's *plunderers*. The Parliament's Authority is *inscrutable*, and too great a *mystery* for a private man's Capacity ; But if the Doctor's opinion be firmly grounded on the word of God, my Confidence of his Piety is such, that neither feare of *Prisons*, nor hope of *Fortunes*, are able to divert, or to corrupt him : But, *Cal.* it had been better worth your paines, to have refuted his opinion, by the strength of holy Scripture, then pinned your *implicite* faith upon the Authority of men, though never so learned or religious, being the self same *Error*, we cry down, in *Popery*.

D. Burges cap. 3. pag. 40. line 21.

He that being under authority will rather resist then suffer, makes the Cause suffer by his resistance, and so in stead of standing zealously for it, he doth in effect raise forces against it.

Cal.

A high and desperate Malignancy ! A Doctrine most dangerous and damnable ! not onely contrary to the practice of all Churches, that labour for a Reformation, but directly opposite to an Ordinance of Parliament also. If this Doctrine be permitted from the Pen of an Assembly man, without punishment or publique Retraction, our Cause wil carry warme Credit ; and his bosome a strange Conscience : If this Clause be sound, we are at a weekly cost to much purpose ; if unsound, our Assembly hath a sound Member.

Repl.

No question, *Cal.* that Malignant Doctrine hath been the ancient and received *Tenet* of former dayes ; neither do I know any Religion so opposite to it as the Church of *Rome*, which holds it not venial, but meritorious, not onely to resist but also to depose the Authority of the Supreme Magistrate ; But we are better taught by Scripture, and not alone commanded, but also find it frequently exemplified unto us by holy men, to give all passive obedience to the power of our Princes, whether good or bad ; without which God's true Religion would, surely, want that honorable Confirmation of holy *Martirdome*, which formerly it had ; But whether the year 1642 brought new inspirations and revelations with it, or whether the thousand six hundred and forty one yeares before it, slept in the darknes of this point, deluded by false *Translations*, the Doctor (if you repaire to him) no question, can render you a satisfactory accompt.

D. Burges cap. 3. pag. 41. line 20.

Zeale may stand with suffering and fleeing, but not with Resistance, which is *Flat REBELLION* ; And no good Cause calls *Rebellion* to aid.

Cal.

Here's more water from the same Ditch, but a little more stincking, through the addition of this odious word *REBELLION* : What Malignant Devil haunted this Doctor's Pen ? Nay, in those calme dayes, when that base tearme (*REBELLION*) was hardly understood, but in our Prayers Confessive ; Nay, scarce then ; A word, more fit for those that can submit to the inordinate power of a Prince, and crush Religion in a Common-wealth.

Repl.

How now, *Cal.* Does your shoe pinch you there ? Dare you resist who have liberty to *see* ? Can you resist,

and not *rebell*? Can you *do* the Act with a good Conscience, and not *heare* of the Action without impatience? How willingly can a dog *foule* the roome, and how loath to have his nose *rubbed* in it? Did not I tell you, in the *Preface*, (where you shewed your teeth) that you would clap your tayle between your legs anon, and *run* away? He whose enlightned judgement there called his God to witnesse, hath condemned your *Cause*, styled you by the name of *Rebell*, and branded your actions with the style of flat REBELLION: His Conscience, then, had neither Feare to *pinch* it; nor Affection, to *enlarge* it; nor could his Merits aime at any *By-respects* for his maintayning of so known a *truth*, so doubly fortified both by the *law* of God and Nature: REBELLION is a *Trade* the Devil is free of: It is both *Trade* and *Devil* too: No wonder, *Cal.* to see you run so fast; you know who drives you: Nay, he hath driven you so far beyond your senses, that you hold him onely *loyal*, that rebels; and him *rebellious*, onely, that submits.

D. Burges cap. 3. pag. 45. lin. 20.

I think no wise man doubts, that even in the purer times of the old Church in *Israel*, corruptions grew in Ceremonies as well as in the substance of God's worship, and yet pry into the Scriptures never so carefully, we shall not finde any of the most Zealous Saints fall on fire for Ceremonies, which is worth observation.

Cal.

A true Chip of the old block Canterbury, who, after he had familiarized the name of the Altar, in the common care, (not daring to bring in Transubstantiation, with a full Tide) innocently left out those words in his Service book, which onely made the difference betwixt a Sacrifice, and the Sacrament; so that, but one step more, and the work had been fully done. So this our Doctor (not daring to urge Ceremonies too loud, lest the Godly should heare him) sets the peaceable Custome of the former Saints betwixt him and the danger of all good men's Censure. He made the example of the Saints the wall by which his creeping Popery might hold, for feare of falling; who, (had not this blessed Parliament dropt down from heaven, to crush these Superstitions in their Rise) had been, by this, as perfect a Proficient as the worst; had had his high tricks, his low tricks, and perchance, his Merry tricks too, as well as his fellowes.

Repl.

How you wonder at a *spark*e of fire, *Cal.* when just now your eyes dazled at the *flame*! Did not the Doctor, in his *Dedication*, as good as confesse himself an enemy to *Anticeremonians*? did not your self taxe him of rank *Popery*? and yet, what a busines now, you make of his *creeping* Ceremonies? The lyar, *Cal.* and the

malitious, sometimes, are alike forgetfull; But, to the purpose; If you loved the *substance* of Religion more, you would have more lamented that sea of Christian blood, that hath been shed about these *Ceremonies*, then I find you do: We contend, so much, about the shell, that, I feare, we have lost the *Kirnell*: But this know, *Cal.* so long as you traduce your *brother*, and thus abuse your spirituall *father*, neither the love of God, nor the God of love abides in you.

D. Burges cap. 3. pag. 66. line 14.

Again, let such as be Zealous sticklers for Democraticall, or Aristocraticall discipline, consider how ill the Church can be governed by one policy, and the Commonwealth by another.

Cal.

Our Doctor is grown a Machiavilian, and forgets that *Piety* is the best Policy; We, living under a Monarchicall Government in the common-wealth, how he pleads for a Hierarchicall government in the Church? consequently, disallowing Democraticall or Aristocraticall Discipline, which our gracions Parliament is now setting up; But 'tis no wonder to heare him, that hath so Zealously pleaded for the Robes and vanities of the whore to apologize for her government; and by consequent, for the whore herself also!

Repl.

When Ignorance and Folly meet, how malice domineeres? How this government, by Bishops, erected in the Apostles' dayes approved by Polycarpus, Saint Iohn's Disciple, and Irenæus the Disciple of Polycarpus, Ignatius, and all those first Planters of the Gospell; submitted unto by the whole Primitive Church; confirmed by Lucius, the first Christian King in this Island; afterwards, established by so many Acts of Parliament, (as yet unrepealed,) and freely and personally exercised by so many godly and learned Martyrs; how this Government sticks in ignorant *Cal*'s stomach? whose forgetfull malice, would make the Doctor an enemy to the proceedings and designs of Parliament, whose writings were printed so many yeares before this Parliament was dream'd of: As for his pleading for the whore, this know; had the Popish Strumpet found no better friends then he, she had wanted that retrograde Mercy of a *Third part*, when the Protestant Matrone must be content but with a *Fift*.

D. Burges cap. 3. pag. 68. line 20.

It was long since the Zealous Complaint of a Holy Man, that men could no sooner get up their names in the world, and be able readily and confidently to muster up a few places of Scripture, nothing to the purpose,

but they thought themselves sufficient to encounter Moses himself, setting upon him as furiously as Dathan or Abiram ever did : Happy were this age, had it none of that Temper.

Cal.

But has that holy man no name, Doctor ? or, was it your own self ? The man we know not, but his Intentions are apparent ; namely, to conclude none able for the Ministry, but such as have first their Ordination from your popish Bishops, from whose imposition of hands, they presently receive the spirit ; till then, being neither called nor qualified : brave Juggling ! when the laying on of Symonaicall hands must enable a drunkard, or a whore-master, or worse, to preach the sacred Word, and administer the holy Sacraments, who now, by the virtue of this Hocas pocas, hath a capacity to forgive sins, being (though formerly very ignorant) now gifted more or lesse, according to the gift he brings ; where they that are called by the secret working of God's spirit, inwardly enlightened by knowledge, and especial Revelation, and able for Interpretation, (though never gifted with tongues) were not permitted to exercise their ministeriall Function : but imprisoned, persecuted, and pilloried.

Repl.

True, *Cal.* you hit the intention right ; and have so plainly discovered yours too, that every fool may read it ; and (being converted by you) approve it, too : wherein, you intimate, how needlesse, Ordination and Learning are, to qualify a Minister ; and, that any, who finds himself gifted, may execute the Priestly office. Tell me, *Cal.* may any, that hath skill to make a shoe, a hat, or a suite, professe the Trade, till he be made free ? Your *Halls* say, no : Why ? he hath skill in the Mystery, and his Apprentiship is served ! what hinders him, he cannot practice ? His Master must make him free, and he must performe the City Ceremony. And shall the calling of a Minister be undertaken by every unexamined *tagrag* ? Shall every *Cobler, Felt-maker, or Taylour* intrude into that honorable calling, and be judges of their own sufficiency ? and leave their lawfull Trades for unwarrantable Professions, according to their own humerous Fancies ? Our bodyes, *Cal.* expect the help of the most ratiomall and authoris'd Phisitians ; but our soules can be content with every *Emprick*, and accept of every Theologicall Mountibank : As for our Bishops you tearm *Popish*, how many of them have lately forsaken (for their Conscience sake) their *lively-hoods*, and fled from the Popish faction in Ireland, hither, where, instead of charitable reliefe, they are thrasht and tribulated, with another Flayle ?

D. Burges cap. 3. page 70. line 11.

The next way we can possibly take to the best Reformation is by prayers and teares.

Cal.

I see, the Doctor likes to sleep in a whole skin, and far enough off from Resisting to blood : 'Tis true, Prayers and Teares, are said to be the weapons of the Church ; and happy it were if such weapons could prevail : But where Entreaty findes defect, Compulsion must make supply ; If Prayers cannot, Swords may : If Teares may not, Blood must.

Repl.

Let them perish by the sword, that take up the sword : And let them that thirst for blood, guzzle blood untill they burst : David, that fought God's Battailles, commanded by God's own mouth ; nay a man after God's own heart ; yet his hand (that was in blood,) must not build the Temple ; And shal we expect, by blood, a Reformation of the Temple ? The stroake of a Poleaxe is not acceptable, where the noise of a Hammer was not warrantable.

D. Burges cap. 4. page 79. line 4.

When many people are demanded their Reasons of divers opinions, which they stoutly stand unto, is not their answer thus ? Because the contrary is against the word : Being pressed to shew wherein, they reply, We are but ignorant People ; we cannot dispute with you, but so we are taught by Reverend men, if you talk with them they will be able to satisfie you to the full.

Cal.

Do, Doctor, offend those little ones, and despise God's Blossomes : All have not learning to maintaine their Opinions, by Argument, and Sophistry. The battail is not alwayes to the strong, nor the Race to the swift : The perswasion of a Conscience is an able prooffe ; and the opinion of holy men a strong Refuge : Better to stand courageously (though ignorant) in a Good Cause (as some do) then to maintaine Error (as you do) with learned Impiety.

Repl.

Hence it is, *Cal.* your Cause is stronglier defended by the Sword, then by the Pen, whose ignorant Patrons, can better thrash then plead : 'Tis confest, the perswasion of a wel-grounded Conscience is a good proof to the party so perswaded ; but here it sticks, not able to convert a brother. Review those world of Pamphlets, of both sides published, and weigh them ; In those of the one side, you shall have the full consent and Harmony of Scriptures ; strict precepts, commanding ; holy

Examples, confirming ; and all, undenyably prest, and learnedly urged home to every *Conscience* that is not seired ; On those, of the *other side*, what *Wresting* of Scriptures ? What *allegorising* of plaine texts ? What shuffling ? What faulting ? What *obscurity* of stile ? What Rhetoricall *pretermissions* of things materiall ? What pasquills ? What invectives ? What raylings ? What bitterness ? Enough to discover a *Bad Cause*, and to disparage a *Good* : But, *Cal.* your unmaintain'd *Opinions* are pinned upon the *Authority* of men : Say, where's the *Papist*, now ? Is not *Implicite* Beliefe one of our greatest Quarrells with the *Church of Rome*, even unto this day ? Did not our Saviour himself condemne the old Pharisees, for their *Traditions* ? If this be not *blind Zeale*, that Scripture is Apochrypha, which said, *Without knowledge the mind is not good.* *Pro. 19. 2.* No, *Cal.* such Zeale is the mother of all *Sects* and *Heresies*, being guided by the opinion, we conceive, of those *men*, who are subject to *Error*, because but men : I advise such to keep their eares open ; and their mouthes shut.

D. Burges cap. 4. page 82. line 12.

I wish it were no breach of Charity, to compare the stirrs of our Brownists, Anabaptists, and Familists, and all the Rabble of such Schismaticall Sectaries (who may truly be tearm'd Puritanes) with this inconsiderate action of those rude Ephesians, (*Acts 19. 32.*) If there be any difference, it is onely in this, that these mad Martin marre prelates professe in their words that they knew God ; but in their works, they deny him.

Cal.

All that hate Popery and Popish Prelates, are, in our Zealous Doctor's esteeme, Brownists, Anabaptists, and schismaticall Sectaries, which he brands with that (now almost forgotten) stile of Puritanes ; all, far honest men then himself ; whom (comparing them to those rude Ephesians) he makes (according to the King's unworthy Declarations) the Authors of all these Commotions, calling that worthy man Martin marre-prelate, mad, for touching the apple of his eye, the idolatrized Hierarchy. A Malignant of the right stamp, and coyned at the King's own Royall Mint !

Repl.

Once again, good *Cal.* (if it will not too much prejudice the progresse of your *wit*) correct the frailty of your *Memory* ; and remember, the doctor's book, which you so soundly answer, was Printed in the yeare 1625, which was a little before this unhappy *Commotion* ; which, you say, he fathers upon the Brownists and Anabaptists, and schismaticall sectaries, according to His Majestie's *Declaration* : Truly, *Cal.* your malice may rather brand him for a *witch*, then a *Malignant* ; but your discretion may hold him rather for a *Prophet*

then either ; that, so long since, foresaw this : Indeed, in that poynt, he jumps word for word with His Majestie's *Declaration* : and, if the King speake *true*, the Doctor speaks not *falsely* : For what His Majesty writes, now, by way of *history*, our Doctor delivered then, by way of *Prophesie*.

D. Burges cap. 4. pag. 137. line 20.

Such as make a great blaze when prosperity, credit, Peace and Preferment are Bellows to blow it ; but are so carried about as hay in a whirlwind with the blast of Time, that they will be ready to fire that which before they maintained, if the wind turned never so little about, and through fears or hopes, will be of any Religion and temper, that the strongest faction embraceth, resolving to go no further then a faire wind and weather, and a calme tide will carry them ; And if any storme arise, presently to make to the shore, to prevent perill of life and goods ; Such Zealots I say as these never had any Coale from the Altar, to kindle their Sacrifices ; they never knew what it is to aime at the Glory of God.

Cal.

Your Doctrine is good, had it been as well followed ; Say Doctor, who was he, that a little before this Parliament (when our brethren the Scots made their first approach into this kingdom, and whom a little after, the King Injuriously Proclaimed Rebels) in his Sermon at Magnes Church by London-bridge, flew in their faces, vilified them with opprobrious tearms, stiled their designe, Rebellion, proclaimed them Robbers, Ravishers, Traitors, and the disturbers of the Church's Peace, called their Doctrines schismaticall, new fangled, and seditious, brought in to refine us, (with this addition) God will not be beholding to the Divil to sweep His Church ; And not above a month after, at the beginning of this Parliament in another Sermon at the same place, out of this Text, Act. 17. 30. (And the times of this Ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent) took an occasion to eate his words, and contradict everything he formerly delivered ? Who was the cowardly cur then ? according to your own phrase pag. 138, line 3. Who is the Sheep's-heads now according to your own tearme ? pag. 139, line 23. Who turned his Fiddle to the Base of the times ? pag. 147, line 1. Who is guilty of Parasiticall basenes ? pag. 147, line 18. Who is the Whiteliverd Christian to be turned out among dogs and hell-hounds ? pag. 182, line 11. Doctor, now you have told us what he is, the whole parish of Magnes can tell you who it is. Who was it that was so active for the oath Ex Officio, so eager for the two skillings nine pence, so contentious with his parishioners ? The Clergy can witnesse the first, the City can testifie the second, Magnes can attest the last : Yet all this was done by way of zeale.

Repl.

Cal. First your tongue is no slander, Secondly your profession gives you a *Patent* under the broad *Seale* to lie: but to spoyle your jest, if any such man was, *ri èuol xal ool*? True, Saint *Magnes* was the Doctor's Church at that time, and if any slipt into, and abused his pulpit, and himself, no question but the Doctor is as much troubled for it as you are pleased with it: But who ever you taxe (if you play not the Poet) he may, in spite of your bitterness, justify his seeming *Contradiction*, and eate his words as harmelesly as a *Potato pie* in Lent: Whether the Scots were *Rebels* or no, was no matter of *Faith*, but *Opinion*; The object of opinion is *Reason*, and it alters with *Reason*; When His Majesty proclaimed them *Rebels*, (being a matter of fact and *state*,) was it not reason for him to own it? But being pleased, by *pardon* graciously to take off that odious *imputation*, it had been neither reason, manners, nor safety not to approve of it. When a ship hath made a voyage with *one winde* into New-England, will you blame it for returning back with a *quite contrary*? No wise man, *Cal.* will do it, unlesse you, or such as you were in it.

D. Burges cap. 4. pag. 93, line 13.

It is then a cleare case, that a Christian is not bound to reprove, or discourse of Religion to known or suspected scoffers: If he testify in secret to his God, his dislike of such Varlots, avoide needlesse societie, and unnecessary commerce with them, and in his soul, secretly mourne for their dishonouring God, he hath done his duty.

Cal.

By your leave, Doctor, Your zeale here smells a little too much of the Coward: Did your dying Saviour endure the base Scoffes and bitter Taunts of the Jewes, for your sake, and is your Reputation so dainty, not to abide a little jeering for his sake? Will your zeale sell God's honour for the impatience of a Scoffe? Were it your own case, I feare, Your wit would finde spirit enough, either to contemne it, or retort it: But you will away, and complaine to God in a Corner: Mettal to the back! Doctor, He that refuses the vindication of God's honour, denies him; And he that denies him at Court, him will God deny in his Chamber: Can you heare your Sovereigne abused and be silent? perchance (as the case now stands) you can, and make one for company, too, if you feare not his prevayling power. But can you heare your besome friend injuriously reviled, and lend him no Apology, but run away; and whisper in his eare a tedious Complaint? If this you can, you are no friend for me: This (if your zeale belie not your conscience) must serve God's turne, nay more, you have done your duty too.

Repl.

Have you not an inhibition, *Cal.* to cast *Pearles* before *Swine*? Are you more tender of God's glory, or more wise to propogate it, then *David*, who accounted it his duty to keep his mouth close whilst the wicked were before him? *Cal.* your zeale tastes a little too rank of the mother; a *Bellings-gate* zeale, where the *Revenge* is often more sinfull then the *Offence*: Perchance you'd spit in the offender's face: That zeale is a strange *fire*, that produces such moist effects: *Cal.* your Religion is too rhumatick: Sure Saint *Peter* had a good quarrell, to draw his sword, yet the action had too much *rashnesse* in it (as well as blood) to be accepted: Where the party *offending* is not capable of reason, or the party *Vindicating*, hath no capacity of discretion, the action is not *warrantable*: Better to beare the hazzard of some *dishonour*, then to have it *indiscreetly* vindicated.

D. Burges cap. 7. pag. 262, lin. 22.

The supreme and soveraigne Prince, who hath none between him and God, representing the person of God, executing his office, and in this respect, bearing his name, to whom he onely is accountable for all his actions, by way of Summons and command, this person, I say, must in all things, and at all times, be handled with all humility and due respect of that high place he holdeth; so as all may be taught not to despise, but to honour him, the more, by the carriage of those that are, in case of necessity, to treat with him in the name and busines of his God.

Cal.

How now, Doctor? None between him and God; Onely accountable to God for all his Actions? Sure, Doctor, You are now besides your text: Shall whole kingdoms, then, depend upon his extravagant pleasure? So many millions of soules lye open to the tyranny of his arbitrary will? Is he not bound to his own Lawes? not limited by his Coronation oath? May he alter establishd Religion, by the omnipotence of his own vast power, and turn God's Church into a Rout of Infidells; and our Liberties, into a tenure of Villanage? Is this your Zeale for God's glory? The man hath overwhelmed his Judgement in the deep gulph of flattery, and lost himself in his own Principles: Can he represent God's person, that commands what God forbids? Doth he execute God's office, that forbids, what he commands? If this be zeale, or common Religion, let me turne Amalakite, or anything that is not, this. No, no; Doctor (saving your private engagements, and expectations,) Kings are no such persons as our late Idolatry hath made them: The trust of Kingdomes is put upon them; which, so long as they faithfully discharge, they are to be honoured and obeyed; but, once

being violated, their Covenants are broken; and they are no longer Kings; The safety of the people, is the supreme Law; and people were not made for the good of Kings, but Kings, for the good of People.

Repl.

How this Doctor's loyalty, good *Cal.* offends you! If he would *temporize* as you do; abuse and slander *Scripture* for his own liberty as you do; fly in the face of *Majesty*, as you do; endeavour to introduce a new *Government* in Church and State, as you do; *Blaspheme* God and the King as you do, he were then a holy, a *well-affected* man, a Saint, or anything that's good; But now his *Conscience* is directed by the *Scriptures*, his *Judgement* *enlightened* by the *Scriptures*, his words warranted by the *Scriptures*, especially in a Case of such Consequence, Away with him; He is a disaffected person, a Malignant, and what not, that's Bad? But concerning *Kings*, Know, They represent God's *Person*, whether good or bad; If good; they represent him in his *Mercy*; If bad, in his *Judgments*: Christ hath a Rod of *Iron*, as well as a *Golden Scepter*; a *Nebuchadnezzar*, as well as a *Josiah*; a *Nero*, as well as a *Constantine*: We must stoop to *both*: He that submits not to the power of a *bad King*, Kicks against God's *Judgments*; But he that resists, snatches God's *Rod* out of his hand; and, refusing *Correction*, falls into *DAMNATION*: We must submit to the *Higher Powers*. *Rom.* 13. 1. And who are they? *Whether it be to the King, as Supreme, or unto Governments that are sent by HIM.* 1 *Pet.* 2. 13. 14. From whence necessarily this follows; That *Power* which he warrants not, we have no *Warrant to obey*; and, Those *Ordinances* his power signes not, we have no *Commission to observe*; As for your slighting and deposing *Kings*, the *Current* of the *Scriptures* runs strong against you, and all the *examples* of God's children (through the whole book of God) bend another *Course*, They know no deposing of *Kings* but by *death*; no determination of *Passive obedience*, but by *fire*: But whether our *Translation* of the *Scriptures* be the same with former *Ages*; or whether some strange light hath darted *inspirations* into these our later *dayes*, (which the *Apostle* denominated *perillous*) I leave to the learned *Synod*; who, I hope, will at length consult us into a *Religion*, which shall need no future *Alteration*, or that *Alteration* no further *effusion* of *Christian blood*.

D. Burges cap. 7. pag. 272, line 19.

God made a *Law* to all, Not to revile the *Gods*, nor curse the *Ruler* of the *people*; which *Law* prohibiteth not onely *Imprecations*, and seditious *Raylings*, (which is a *hellish impiety*, though it be but in word onely, be the *Prince* never so *impious*) but even all *rude*, *bitter*, and *unseemly speeches*, although in *secret* to himself

alone, much more, in *publique*, or in other places behind his back.

Cal.

What paynes the Man takes to pick out Texts to countenance his Idolatry-royall! True, Kings are called Gods: But what follows? They shall dye like men: Concerning which dying not a word; because it is so opposite to a Living, which is the onely Butt he cymes at: But marke the Doctrine his Court-ship raises from his well-chosen Text, Though Princes be never so impious, yet to reprove them roundly (which in his language is seditious rayling, rude, bitter, and unseemly speeches) is a hellish impiety; and, in his King-clawing Judgment, must neither be done in publique, nor yet in private. How ready are such Officers to light Princes to the Devil!

Repl.

Cal. If he light *Kings* to the *Devil* by his *point of Doctrine*, you take a *speedy course* to send his subjects after him, by your *use of exhortation*: But mark your own words, you first intimate that he makes him a *God*; then, conclude, He lights him to the *Devil*: You that can so suddenly make *Contraries* meet, reconcile the *King* and his *two Houses*: The *issue* then of all, is this; You say, He makes the *King* a *God*, by *flattering Idolatry*; and I say, you make his subjects, *Devils*, by your *flat Rebellion*: *Calvin*, whom you confide in, tels you, That *Princes* (though most wicked in their *Government*) yet in respect of the *dignity* of their places, their name and *Credit* must be spared; But see a greater then *Calvin*; *Elihu*, the moderator betwixt *Job* and his miserable *Comforters* (*Job* 34. 18) saith, *Is it fit then to say to a King, Thou art wicked? and to Princes, yee are ungodly? Behold, a greater then Elihu, Solomon* (whom yee blasphemously lesse *Credit* then either, for his *partiality*, being a *King*) sayes *Eccles.* 8. 4. *Where the word of a King is, there is power, and who shall say unto him, What dost thou?*

D. Burges cap. 7. pag. 274, line 19.

God hath engraven so large and fayre a *Character* of His *Imperiall Image* in their foreheads (*vis.* of *Princes*) as must be sacred in the hearts of all, and binde not their hands onely, but tongues also to the good behaviour, and that for ever. Nor is this carriage onely due to good princes, but universally to all.

Cal.

Sacred? a little further: nay, then make him Almighty too: and even, fall down and worship: Make him your graven Image, your Dagon, and hoyst him up for a God; but be sure the Ark be away: Nay, though an Idolater, an Infidell, sacred too: Make him your Bell and Dragon; but you do well to binde his subjects' hands to their good behaviour, for feare some Daniel be among them.

Repl.

How now, *Cal.* Is your fornace so hot? you forget that he is *God's Vicegerent*, you make so bold with; Remember *there be birds of the Ayre*, and *things with wings*; Had you lived in *Nebuchadnezzar's* dayes, you would have sav'd him much *Fuell*, and his Officers some labour: Questionlesse, your fornace had consumed the three passively obedient Children, and been too hot for the fourth to walke in.

D. Burges cap. 7. pag. 277. line 17.

Invectives (though but against an equall, or inferiour) are ever odious, but against a Prince, intolerable.

Cal.

If Invectives be so intolerable, let Princes be so wise as not to give occasion, and deserve them.

Repl.

If all should have according to their deservings: I feare, *Cal.* the *Psalme of Mercy*, would scarce advantage thee.

D. Burges cap. 7. pag. 278. line 6.

An indefinite Reproove of sin in publique is enough; If this serve not to reforme a Prince, forbear; More will make him worse.

Cal.

Kings are past Children, to be whipt on others' backs. The Scripture will shew you some Prophets that feared not to rouse the very persons of Kings, by name; and rattle them soundly, and before their people too: But, Doctor, you have either no Commission, or are afraid to execute it: You flee to Tharshish, when you should go to Nineveh: You whisper softly, lest they should chance to heare yee; and give your Royal Patients no Phisick but Cordials, for feare it work and make their queazy stomachs sick.

Repl.

The actions of Prophets, which had immediate Warrants from heaven, are no presidents for later times; neither durst those courageous Prophets speak before speciall Commission: Did *Eliash* stir to reprove King *Ahab* till God had given him charge to go? 1. *King. 21. 17. 18.* *Amos* prophesied not against King *Amasiah*, till God especially commanded him: Ordinary reproofs must not be copied from extraordinary Embassages; but from their usual Sermons, which in their reproofs, were for the most part, indefinitely uttered to all, in generall; by name, to none. But you, that have fresh Influences of the spirit, may Boanarge it where and when ye please, and play the *Bedlems* in divinity; But remember what is said to those that exceede their Commissions, *Who hath required these things at your hands?*

D. Burges cap. 7. page 280. line 18.

What shall they answer unto God, who being but private persons discontented, shall take upon them *Shimei*-like, to revile and traduce their Sovereigne behind his back, and presume to make every Taverne and Alebench a Tribunall, whereat to accuse, arraigne and condemne the sacred and dreadfull person of the Lord's Annoynted (whom they ought not to mention without a holy Reverence) and to censure all his Actions, before their Companions as confidently as if he were the vassal, and they the Monarch: Hath not former experience told us, this is the high way to all Treasons and Rebellions?

Cal.

When Princes offend their God in suffering, or partaking with Idolaters, shall subjects be afraid to offend them? Shall God's name be abused and torne in pieces with their execrable oaths and blasphemies, and shall their dainty names be held so precious, as not to be spoken of; or (as our Doctor saies) not mentioned without a holy Reverence? Shall God's most sacred and just Commands be despised and slighted by them, and shall their prophane Injunctions not be unperformed, without presumption? their unlawfull Commands not violated without Rebellion? Weigh these things with the balance of the Sanctuary, and you shall finde, that you either want true Zeale; or your Zeale a right object.

Repl.

Cal. review your owne Argument; and you will (with the help of some reasonable discretion) find it (*TEKEL*) weighed in the *Balances*, wanting in weight; In case, thy Prince should offend his God, in wounding and tearing his holy Name by oathes and *Blasphemies*; Put case, he should juttle God's sacred *Lawes* out of the Land; violate them in his countermands: prophane his Temples with *Idolatry*, or *Barbarisme*; will this warrant thee to dishonour him, whom God hath commanded thee to serve? to rebell against him to whom God hath commanded thee to be subject? to disobey him, whom God hath commanded thee to honour? Because he offends his God, wilt thou aggravate the offence, in offending him? and rebell against God, in rebelling against him? Weigh these things well; and let thy own conscience (if not brib'd with partiality) be thy Judge. Thinkest thou this rabble of rebellious and seditious *Rakeshames*, that style themselves by the name of *Mercuries*, *Scouts*, *Weekly Intelligencers*, &c. but, indeed, a pack of *Alebench Whistlers*, *decayed Captaines*, and *masterlesse Journeymen*, that want more *haire* then vices; and for *Thirty* pieces of Silver, betray the Lord's Anointed; for halfe a Crown a week, fly in the face of God's Vicegerent; and, under a pretence of Reformation,

sell themselves to all wickednesse ; that, like *Sampson's* Foxes, joyne tayle to tayle, and carry fire-brands about to set the gallantest *Kingdome* in the world on a light flame : thinkest thou that these are pleasing to the God of Peace ? Thinkest thou, these brazenfac'd *Monsters*, with their meditated *lies*, malicious *scandals*, printed (and shamefully permitted) in their seditious *Pamphlets*, are pleasing to the God of Truth ? Thinkest thou, these undecent and preposterous actions, tending to the *confusion* of well-establish'd Lawes, and to the *disturbment* of a long settled Government, are pleasing to the God of Order ? Thinkest thou, that they, and their *Abettors* will passe unpunisht ? No ; *Cal.* If our King faile in his duty to God ; and we, in ours to him ; God will keep us still divided in our affections so, that we shall joyne in nothing, but in drawing down *Judgements* upon the whole land ; which, without *Accommodation* (the King alwayes *living* in his Royall Posterity, and the Parliament *never dying*) will perpetuate us in *blood*, till the utter *Ruine* both of Church and State.

D. Burges cap. 7. page 282. line 16.

If good People should discern some Errors, (and those not small) in Princes, the best Patterne they can propound themselves is, that of *Samuel* (1. *Sam.* 15. 35.) mourning and praying for *Saul*, not for *Forme* onely but heartily and fervently indeed ; and the worst they can pitch upon (unless they proceede to open Treason) is that of common *News-mongers* and seditious spirits, who cannot make a *Meale*, spend a *Fire*, drink a *Pint*, or drive away one hower, without some pragmaticall discourse, and censure of Princes, and their State-Affaires.

Cal.

Nay Good Doctor ; we have had many Samuels (or as good) that have fasted and prayed, at least these twenty moneths, That God would be pleased to turne the King's heart, and bring him back to his Parliament, but God hath stopt his eares against us, and will not be moved. And, since God hath made his pleasure so openly known through the whole Land (nay through the world too) that his Majestie's heart is fully resolved and knit to Popery and Superstition ; shall we subjects (whom it so much concernes) be afraid to communicate the businesse to one another ? Your conscience, Doctor, is grown a great Royalist ; but your tender Zeale of your Prince's honour will hardly stop our mouthes or close our eares ; Our Case is so, that our discourse of him and States-matters too, cannot be too pragmaticall (as you call it) We must, now, take advantage of those his faults, which our Fasts, Prayers, and Petitions could not redresse ; And, since his cruell Course of life, and soild behaviour will not be a perfect white, we must die it into a sadder colour ;

and these his Crimes, which our teares cannot wash fairer, (for the comfort of ourselves and Children) our reports (for the countenance of the Cause) must make fouler, for the exasperating of our Confederates, and encouragement of our souldiers ; so, that by this christian Stratageme, through, the enterchange of newes (which you condemne) we may facilitate our own designs.

Repl.

Cal. Your christian stratageme is but the modest tearme of a *devilish project*, or, in plainer English, a peece of *errant knavery* ; wherein the father of your contrivements receives much *glory* ; and the God of Truth, no lesse *dishonour* : Read that *statute* which God made, *Levit.* 19. 16. *Thou shalt not go up and down as a Talebearer among thy people* ; where, in the end of the verse, he signes it with *I am the Lord*. The *falsenes* of the Tale doubles the sinne ; the *basenes* of the end trebles it ; the *person* damnified (being a King) makes it, quadruple ; the person *venting* it, being subjects, makes it terrible ; but the *place* where it is commonly vented (being *Pulpits*) makes it horrible ; and by the ministers of the Gospel too ; and in the *name* of the God of truth too ; almost impardonably *damnable* : Now, *Cal.* Tell me how you like your *Christian stratagemes* ; No wonder, if your *Samuels* were not heard : Tis well for you, God's Eares were closed against their prayers : Had he not been deafe in *Mercy* ; and mercifull to *admiration* ; and admirable in *patience* ; they, surely, had been heard in *Judgement*, to the terrible example of such unparalleled *Presumption*. How often have your solemn *Petitions* set *dayes* apart, for the expedition of your *Martiall* attempts in a *Pitcht field*, or for the *raising* of a *Siege* ? How often have your solemnities been shewed in plentiful *thanksgivings* for the blood of those thousands, whose soules (without infinite mercy) you cannot but conceive, in one day, dropt into the flames of Hell ! What Bells ? What Bonfires ? What triumphs ? And yet for the successe of your oft-propounded, and (sometimes) accepted *Treaties* of Peace, what one blessed *hower* hath been sequestred ? What Church doore hath been opened ? Which makes me feare (and not without just Cause) your *Fastings* and *Prayers* have been rather to *Contention*, then to *Unity* ; and that they have rather been attractive for *Judgements*, then for mercies, upon this blood-bedabbled Kingdom.

D. Burges cap. 7. pag. 284. lin. 1.

As for such as will not take out this Lesson, let their eyes, their tongues, their teares, their sighs, their coates, their prayers be what they will be, their Carriage savoureth not of Zeale for God, which thus casteth dirt and Myre upon the face of his Vicegerent, and tendeth to

the taking away the life of his life in his subjects' hearts, in which all good Princes desire as much to live, as to enjoy their Crownes; And if it be not lawfull thus to smite at their Persons, with the tongue onely, shall that be thought Zeale for God, which seeks their deposition from that Crown, which once a just free and absolute Title of Inheritance hath set upon their heads?

Cal.

Doctor, you are very confident of your own learning, and definitive Judgment, to tie every man's Zeale to your Rules: and it seemes you are more tender in flinging Dirt (as you learne it) in your Sovereigne's face, then in preserving his soule from the flames of Hell: Neither do I conceive it a thing so heynous, to take his Subjects' hearts from him, as to unite them in the superstitious Bonds of Popery: And as for your deposing him from the Crown (which you falsely call his absolute Inheritance) if he break the Covenants, whereby the Crown is set upon his head, he dissolves his own Authority, and our Obedience; and himself is become his own deposer.

Repl.

Cal. It is not the Doctor that prescribes Rules to another's Zeale, but the holy Scriptures, from whence he draws his infallible principles, and Conclusions; And whereas you censure him for more prizing the cleanness of his Sovereigne's face, then the well-fare of his soul, your malice wrongs him in your hop-frog confutation; wherein, you make a wilfull preterition of that poynt, whereof you censure his neglect, in the wrong place. And whereas, you turne Deposition upon the default of Princes, know, kingdoms are neither Copyholds, nor Leases; subject, either to forfeiture, or Reentry: Kings have, from God, their power of reigning; from Man, the Ceremony of Coronation: To God they must give account, (not man) on whose pleasure their Titles absolutely depend.

D. Burges cap. 7. pag. 288, line 4.

In fine, David thought him (*vis.* that slew Saul) worthy of no Reward but death; and of this, so worthy, that instantly he gave order for his execution, with this sharp sentence uttered, Thy Blood be upon thine own head, for thine own mouth hath testified against thee, saying, *I have slain the Lord's Anointed*; A memorable example, and an Argument unanswerable against all King-killers, and deposers of absolute Princes, absolutely annoynted by just title, as here with us.

Cal.

Here, reverend Doctor, Your Simile limps: First, David was a Prophet; and (knowing the Crown so neare his head) spared that life, which he knew so neare u

Period; not willing to dabble his Conscience in such needlesse blood: Secondly, (being confident himself was the next successor) commanded present Execution, to terrify his new Subjects from the like presumption: Thirdly, (Though you deny it) our Kings hold not their Crownes by such an absolute Title, as those of Judah and Jerusalem.

Repl.

Is the Doctor's Simile lame, *Cal.* Sure, 'twas your ill usage made it so: But say, was David a Prophet? Had he speciall Revelations? then, doubtlesse, his wayes and actions were the best presidents for us, to follow: But was he a Prophet? Then, sure, he knew it a heynous sin, to take away the life of God's Vicegerent (though an Idolater) Had he speciall Revelations? then, questionlesse, he knew death a just Reward for killing the Lord's Anointed (though a wicked King.) But did this Prophet's heart smite him, for cutting off his Sovereigne's skirt? then, sure, God will not let him go unsmitten, that takes his Crown from off his head, or power, from his hand: But, *Cal.* how truth will be confessed by your unwilling lips! which intimate, the Prophet's conscience had been dabbled in blood, had the deed been done, and his subjects guilty of presumption, that should do the like: And, whereas you deny our Kings so absolute a power, or title as the Kings of former times, you should have done to better purpose, to shew, who limited it, and when; for your own single assertion is not Classical.

D. Burges cap. 7, page 290, line 2.

Authority is ever one of Envie's eye-sores: Subjection a yooke, that Humane Nature loathes. Although Inferiours cannot help it, nor durst complaine, Liberty, Liberty is every man's desire, though most men's ruine.

Cal.

When Authoritie is put into a Right hand, Subjection is no Burthen to a good heart: But when Tyrannie usurps the Throne of a Monarchie, then the people may suspend Obedience, and cast off the yoke of their Subjection: We that are received into the liberty of the sons of God, and made heires of an everlasting kingdome, have too much priviledge to be enslav'd to men, or made vassals to perpetual bondage: If desire of holy Liberty be our labour here, eternall Sovereignty shall be our Reward hereafter.

Repl.

He that gives Authority, knowes not where to place it: The people were pleased with goodly Saul; God was pleased to choose little David: Tell me, did the burthen-threatening hand of Rehoboam, the son of Solomon, the king of Israel and Judah; or Ieroboam (the

rebellious subject of *Rehoboam* who made *Israel* to sin, deserve the *Scepter*? By your marks, neither; In God's wisdom, both; The one, to crush the liberty of the too proud subject; The other, to exercise the consciences of his chosen people: In both, to work his secret pleasure. But *Guild-hall* hath wiser counsel; and your Conventicling wives are fitter Judges for the setting up, or pulling downe of *Kings*; for regulating the power of the good, or limiting the prerogatives of the bad: But, 'twere fitting, first, to correct *S. Paul's* Epistles, or to vote *S. Peter's* works APOCRYPHA; who, both, instruct us to submit to the Authority of kings, good or bad; But, indeed, the Liberty of the Subject had been a *strong* plea, had not His Majesty spoiled their jest, and granted all **Petitions*; and the *Badge* of slavery had been unanswerable, had not our glorious Saviour honoured and worne it upon his seamlesse *Garment*: The God of glory endured what we despise; and shewed that example, we scorn to follow.

D. Burges cap. 7. pag. 307, line 14.

For my part I am so farre from taking away Prayer from preaching, that I could wish not onely more preaching in some places, but more Prayer also in other places; and I meane, onely that Prayer which is allowed too: In performance whereof (if the fault be not in them who undertake it) much more good will be done, then will be acknowledged by some, who magnifie preaching rather then adorne it; Yea, I will adde, more then by some men's preaching, admired by so many.

Cal.

It is very much, Doctor, you durst so openly wish more preaching in those daies, when your dumb-dog-Bishops silenced so many; and most of all, themselves; Nay, you are not ashamed to wish more Prayer too: What a Lot is this, among so many Sodomites! But after all this, Lot was drunk: Our Doctor, being afraid to be thought too righteous, put in one hearbe that spoiled his whole pot of Porrage: I meane, (sayes he) that Prayer which onely was allowed: And what Prayer was that? even that English Masse book, which, (God be thanked) the sacred pietie of Souldiers, and the holy boldnesse of Inferiour Christians, hath most blessedly taken away. This is that Prayer, our Doctor desires onely should be used; This is that Prayer book, our preaching Doctor deifies, and prefers before some men's preaching, (and who were they, in those Episcopal daies, who knowes not?) admired by so many. This is that Prayer-book, that Prelacie which this temporising Doctor hath now entred into Covenant (in the presence of Almighty God) to suppress.

Repl.

It seems, *Cal.* this Book of *Common-Prayer* is your maine quarrell here; and Bishops, by the *Bye*. Tell

me, who composed that *Book*? In whose *Reigne* was it composed? and what *Authority* confirmed it? Were not those blessed Martyrs the *composers*? they, who gave their bodies to the flame, in the defence of the true *Protestant* Religion, and in defiance of that superstition, whereof you say it is a *Relique*? Dare you vye piety with those Martyrs, that are so daynty of your *passive obedience*? They composed it; You defie it: Was not this detestable book composed in that pious Saint's dayes *Ed. 6.* of holy memory, when the Protestant *Broome* swept cleanest? and when the cruelty of that bloody *Religion* was but newly out of breath, and fresh in Memory? This blessed *Saint* allowed it: You despise it: Was not this book, ye so revile, confirmed by *Act* of Parliament (in those dayes) the *Members* whereof were chosen among those that were (excepting the blessed Martyrs) the greatest *sufferers* under the tyranny of that barbarous *Religion*, whereof you say, it savours? The Authority of this great *Council* confirmed it: You condemne it: Did not the *Phoenix* of the world, and of her Sexe Queen *Elizabeth*, of everlasting Memory, (in whose dayes God so smiled upon this kingdom) and that *Monument* of learning and wisdom, King *James*, of never dying memory in all their *Parliaments*, establish it? Yet, you revile it: Did not your self, in your oath of *Allegiance*, swear to maintaine the King in his established *government*, in Church and Common-wealth? Yet, in this particular, you violate it. Ponder all this, *Cal.* and, then, reviewe your own words, and if you blush not, you are brazen-fac'd.

D. Burges cap. 7. pag. 309, line 21.

If they can pick out some bold-fac'd mercenary Emprick, that by the help of a *Polyanthea*, or some English Treatise, can make a shift, five or six times a week, with his tongne, and teeth, to throw over the Pulpit a pack of stolne wares, which sometimes the judicious hearer knowes by the mark, and sends it home to the right owner againe.

Pag. 310. line 15.

Or if the man hath been drinking, feasting, or riding, that so no time is left to him to search so far as a naked Commentary, Postel, or some Catechisme, yet adventures on the sacred businesse of preaching, carrying to the Pulpit a bold face, instead of savory provision, and thinks it sufficient, that the people hear Thunder, though they see no Raine, and that loudnesse will serve, for once, instead of matter; because (if he be earnest) silly women, and some ninnyes more will count him a very zealous Preacher, and impute his want of matter to his wisdom and desire of edifying, not to his want of study, or ability, and say, *He preaches to the Conscience: He stands not upon deep learning: He reproveth sin boldly, that is*

1. Triennial Parliam.
2. Star chamber.
3. High Commission.
4. Ship money.
5. Coat and Conduct money.
6. Monopolies.
7. Forrests.
8. Tunnage and Pound.
9. Regulate the Clerk of the market.
10. Knighthood money.
11. For the continuance of this Parl.

to say, other men's, therefore they love him : not theirs, otherwise, they would abhor him.

Cal.

And such a deale of Trumpery, that my pen tyres before it come to the tedious Journie's end of his invective speech ; wherein, I have so much charity left to excuse him ; in that, he personates some Ministers, whom his malice conceives no better then fooles ; Who, indeed, though they make no flourish, quate no Fathers, repeate no sentences of Greek and Latine, and preach not themselves (as our learned Dr. doth) yet edifie the simpler sort of people more in two howers, then he with his neate Oration and quaint stile doth in five Sermons, ushered in by his Popish Lettany. These are those men who (in his last clause, he covertly saith) are admired by too many, and whose preaching lesse edifies then the superstitious Common-prayer book : Doctor, leave your gibeing, and presume not too much upon your learning and wit, which God hath given you, as a sharp knife to cut your own Throat, And deride not those whose Defects of learning are so bountiffully supplied with Inspirations and Revelations of the spirit.

Repl.

Take heed, good *Cal.*, you merit not the Honour to be called the *Dunce's Advocate* : These are the men, that carry their *Provaunt* Sermons up and down the Country, and in their people-pleasing *Lectures*, cry up *Liberty*, and prate down *Government* ; cry up the *Spirit*, and beate down *Learning* ; cry up *Sedition*, and preach down *Authority*. But tell me, *Cal.* where were all these Edifiers, these inspyred *Pneumasticks*, when the daring pens of *Fisher*, *Campion*, *Harding*, and other learned *Hereticks* breathed forth their threatnings against the true *Protestant Church* ? when as the hot-mouthed Challenges of *Rome's Goliaths* thundred in our English *Host*, where, where were all those long-winded Lecturers ? Which of them took up the *Sling* ? What one amongst them threw down his *Gauntlet* ? Who among so many, struck one blow in the just defence of the true *Reformed Religion* ? Or tell me, without blushing, where are they that did it ? These, that bravely rusht into the *Lists*, defied the *Enemy*, grappled with him ; nay, laid him on his back ; tore the *Crown* from the bold *Strumpet's* head, and snatcht the *Cup* of poysen from her trembling hand, what *Palme*, or what *Reward* have they, I shame to tell : These, like undaunted *Champions* endured the *Brunt*, in dust and sweate, and stoutly undertook the *Cause* ; whilst they, like *Trouts*, all day betook them to their *Holds*, and now, in the dark night of *Ignorance*, prey upon the *Church's Ruine* : They fish in *Waters*, which themselves have troubled. These, these are they, that lead silly women *Captive*, and creeping into *Widowes'*

houses devoure them under a pretence of long Prayer ; Learning's Shame, Religion's Mountebanks, the vulgar's Idols, and the Bane of this our (late glorious) now miserable Kingdom.

D. Burges cap. 7. pag. 319. line 22.

God made a Law, that every word of an Accusation should be establisht by two or three witnesses : This Law is revivd by the Apostle in the Gospel, and applyed to the Case of Ministers. Against an Elder receive not an Accusation, but under two or three witnesses. 1. Tim. 5. 19. By an Elder, meaning a Minister, as Saint Ambrose, Epiphanius and others rightly do expound it.

Pag. 129. line 9.

It were therefore a most uncharitable, and unchristian Course upon a bare Accusation of an Enemy, to condemne a Minister, before himself be heard, and a competent number of Witnesses of worth produced against him.

Cal.

How now Doctor, doth your Guilt begin to call for more witnesses ? Are you tormented before your time ? The Law (you speake on) would in these dayes, be needlesse : Our Ministers' faults are now writ in their foreheads, and as apparent as the Sun at noone, whose lewd and looser Conversations, are impudent Confessions, and visibly manifest, enough without farther Witnesses : Our Crime-discovering Century, is both Witnesses and Jury, and the pious Composer thereof, a most sufficient Judge : But some there be so craftily vitious, that they can keep their words and Actions from the eyes and eares of Men : For such, I hold a reasonable Presumption, Evidence enough ; Others there be, whose vices want no Witnesses, but, perchance, their Witnesses, (as the too partiall world expounds it) want worth and Credit. Some measure worth by a visible Estate ; some, by unimpeachable honesty of body, or behaviour ; others, by a religious demeanour according to establishd constitutions ; whereas, for my part, If a poor handicrafts man, or whose Infirmary denies him a through-pac'd honesty, or whose piety is a little zealously refractory to establishd discipline ; nay, be he a convicted Anabaptist, or Blasphemer, or what not ? (in case it be for the Cause) that brings an Accusation, or appears a Witsnesse against a Malignant Minister, I question not, but such a Witsnesse may be valuable.

Repl.

The Law denies it, *Cal.* But now the Law's asleep, all actions are arbitrarie : But the ground of that Law was very just ; for, as Theodoret in 1. Tim. 5. sayes. Because Ministers touch sinners to the quick, it exas-

perates many against them; in respect whereof, their Accusations require many witnesses. *Eutichianus* an ancient Bishop, about the yeare 276. after Christ, (if Bishops retain any credit more then a Turk) *Ep. 8. Episc. Syrril.* admonishes, to weigh well the Accusation of a Minister, because the faithfull execution of his Office gaines him many enemies. He also proceedeth to disenable all *Heretiques*, all suspected of Heresie, *excommunicate persons*, *Malefactors*, *Theeves*, *Sacrilegious*, *Adulterers*, that seek to *Witches* or *Conjurers*, and all other Infamous persons. In the 3. Council of *Laterane* (*Vide Append. Concil. Lat. 3. par. 50. cap. 69.*) it was decreed, That upon an *unproved* accusation of a Clerick, his owne single oath should free him. It was agreed in the 7. Council of *Carthage*, that all *servants*, *Stage players*, *uncleane persons*, *wanderers*, all that came *uncalled*, all under 14. yeares of age, and all that the Accuser brings from home with him, shall be rejected, as *Witnesses* against a Minister. Another Decree of *Analectus*, denies the Accuser to be a witness, or the witnesses to be such as are *revengefull*, and must be cleare of all suspicion. In a Synod at Rome, about *Constantine's* time it was decreed, No *Deacon* should be condemned under 44. able witnesses: Such tender care was, alwayes, had of the accusation of a Minister. But now, *Cal.* your *Tenets* can (in favour to your new fashiond pieties) qualifie *secret* whoremasters, *open* blasphemers, and such as your *selfe*; nay, one single Accuser (and a sorry one too) will doe the feat.

D. Burges cap. 7. pag. 232. line 20.

But what? is every tatling Basket-maker, or Butcher, or mincing Shree a fit Judge of a (Minister's) doctrine, and meet to reprove and confute him for it? Is that Zeal, which catches at pieces of sentences, and then runnes away; and gives out, that he preaches a false doctrine, contradictions, or Invectives, to shame him to his flock?

Cal.

Doctor, if some of your Coat (I name no bodie) were as tender of your Lives, as ye are of your Doctrines, you would have fairer reports: But your bent is to bring the vulgar to beleve your words without Examination; and then, you'd preach them into what Religion ye list. Could you but once work them to Implicite faith, the Kingdome of Antichrist were more then halfe set up: The horse that winces, is galled somewhere, or we account it the trick of a Jade, that feares riding. God hath commanded all to search the Scriptures; and will ye take Pett if we examine the Doctrine you raise from thence? Did our Saviour storme, when the Sadduces reproved his words? How often were his Doctrines traduced, as false? How often was his Authority

questioned? nay more, denied? Yet he reviled them not. Doctor, stroke downe your stomach; The closer you follow Christ, the cheerfuller your flock will follow you: But know, in things so neare concerning us, our monthes shall be as wide as the faults, be they of Potentates, Generals, or Princes: and if they do not what our Conscience tels us in their duties, they shall not faile to heare ont.

Repl.

Cal. I think Ignorance hath given thy tongue a *Bribe*, thou playest her *Advocate* so well: Both of their lives and doctrines, Ministers must give account to God, and his subordinate *Authoritie*; and not to you: *Cal.* you forget the Calling of a Minister: He is your spirituall *Father*. *Cham* was cursed, for discovering his father's nakednesse. Put case, your Minister should shew his nakednesse in some Error; either, of life, or doctrine; it were more modest piety for you to cover it with your *silence*, or to recover it by your *prayers*, then to upbraide Him with it. Had you searcht the Scriptures as you ought, you would as well have condemned the *saucines* of the Sadduces, as the *mildnes* of our Saviour, whose high *Authority* needed no Credit among men; but our poor Ministers (whom the least breath of a *Mechanick's* mouth, is able (now) to ruine, and vndoe both wives and children, without compassion) have reason to be moved with such affronts: But, *Cal.* perchance you vindicate your own naturall father, whilst you revenge your self upon your spirituall; from whence, ariseth this doctrine? *You have more love to the flesh, then to the spirit: No question, Cal.* your saucynesse is universall, and feares not to be exercised upon the Sword, as well as *Keyes*; Your Prince hath found it; Your Generall hath found it; whose slow designs cannot agree with the Constitutions of your too fiery spirits, your discontents have found unbridled tongues, to propogate your liberties, although by blood; But the Synod, (whose consultations are to settle peace in our distemperd Church) can go their own paces, without petition or complaint, from whence, ariseth this doctrine; *You love your own safeties above the glory of God.*

D. Burges cap. 7. page 335. line 21.

I wright this, to clip the wings of those *Batts*, and *Reremice*, that are ready to fly in the Minister's face upon all occasions, with false accusations, saucy Reproofs, and proud Censures of his Ministry, desiring to be teachers of Law, understanding neither what they say, nor whereof they affirme.

Cal.

Doctor, you still harp upon the same string: But do these Batts, these Reremice trouble you? Then walke

lesse in the Dark ; (You know my meaning) But you now pick a Quarrell against your forenamed Reprovers, That they desire to be teachers of the Law, understanding neither what they say, nor what they affirme. How your Orthodox nose swells at that ! If ye would be oftner in your Pulpits, there would be the lesse roome for them : But tell me, Doctor ; If a Smith or a Tinker should happen to be gifted, and strike the Nail of edification into the spirituall foot of an unregenerate brother, and thereby save his soule, would it trouble you, because the Smith was not called ? Would it grieve you, because the Tinker had no Ordination from a Bitesheepe ? If a good deed be done, true piety will never blame the hand that did it.

Repl.

Cal. You have twice together, out of your *sinec* of bitterness belched out your naucious malice upon the Dr. in these dark words, (*I meane no body, and You know my meaning*) which like the *flatus hypochondriacus* (fuming from your spleene, the *Receptacle* of all base humors) troubles and distracts your head. But, in His Name I defye both them and thee : And as for your *Tub-preachers*, you so much defend, I perceive by your *Metaphor*, they edify the cleane contrary way ; Concerning whom, this onely. When the great *Block* of Religion is removed, then such *Buggs* appeare : Rebellion, like an *Easterne-wind* brings in such *vermine* : When *Ieroboam* rebelled against his lawfull *Soveraigne*, and dispossessed him of the Crown of *Israel*, he made priests of the *lowest* of the people, which were not of the house of *Levi*. 1. *King*. 12. 31. And this became *sin* unto the house of *Ieroboam*, even to cut it off, and to destroy it from off the face of the earth. 1. *King*. 13. 34. But your *Tubbists* have learning enough, and understanding too, sufficient for an Auditory composed of such as you, whom Ignorance cannot injure.

D. Burges, cap. 7. page 360, line 11.

If he that seemes religious, will yet be idle, false, undutifull, and stubborne, raile at Ceremonies, Bishops, and Common-Prayer, disdain to be corrected, and maintaine his fault ; that man or woman will never have any true Religion in him, till with a Cudgel all these Counterfits be beaten off.

Cal.

As our Doctor hath, formerly, in his severall Clauses and Chops of Zeale set down the particular Items of his ill-affected and malignant opinions ; so in this last, he hath comprehended all in a Summa Totalis : And, to conclude, marke one thing, right worthy to be observed ; and then, farewell ; He that hath buss'd so long about the

Roome, like a Flesh-Fly, hath now discover'd himself to be a Hornet with a sting in his Tayle : He hath, at length, turn'd the weapons of the Church into a Cudgell ; and changed the peace of the Gospel into Club-law.

Repl.

Cal. If the Doctor's *Inventory* please thee not, the fault lies in thy own Ignorance, that knowest not how to prize such *Jewels*. Grains are fitter for Grill, then *Pearles* : Our Doctor, whom you revile, is neither *Fly*, nor *Hornet*, but a painfull *Bee* ; who, though he carry a sting in his Tayle for such turbulent spirits as you, yet he hath likewise honey in his Bag, for such as shall deserve it. Thinke not his *Zeale* cruell, because, it mentions a *Cudgell* ; A Cudgell draws no blood, as your encouraged *Swords* have done : If Instruction will not do, *Correction* must ; but *Love*, in both ; If *Saint Paul* cannot perswade *subjection to higher powers*, Nor *Solomon* obedience to *Sacred Majesty*, *Paul's Rod* is for the stubborne heart, and *Solomon's Scourge* for the foole's back.

HEB. 6. 4, 5, 6.

It is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the holy Spirit,

And have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come ;

If they shall fall away, to renew them again unto Repentance : seeing they crucifie to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame.

To the Readers.

NOW the businesse is ended. If you look upon this skirmish with a generall eye, you will see nothing but (as in a Battail) smook and confusion : But if you mark every one's particular behaviour, you will easily distinguish betwixt a rash fierie spirit, and a truly valiant. In the *Doctor*, you shall find a *David*, fighting God's defensive *Battailes*, without sinister respects, or private passion : In *Cal.* you shal see the son of *Nimshi*, marching furiously, and hewing downe the *Priests* of *Baal*, yet neverthelesse a great worshipper of *Calves* : In the *Replyer*, you may behold *Jonathan* comming a *Reserve* to *David*, though perchance shooting his arrowes sometimes wide, and sometimes open : It lyes in you, Readers, now, to judge, and give the *Palme*. For the Doctor's part and mine (would *Cal.* durst make the third) we both resigne our shares : Let Truth be crowned with the Victory, and the God of Truth, with Glory.

F I N I S.



NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.



NOTE.

In the Glossarial Index fuller illustrations will be found of some of the words in these Notes and Illustrations ; also words not herein annotated.—G.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

I. ENCHYRIDION.—pp. 1-48.

Page 4. EPISTLE-DEDICATORY, 'Charles, Prince of Wales.' See Memorial-Introduction on his relations to the 'royal family' and on his unselfish 'loyalty': l. 1, '*Princes wants them*' = collective nominative, but perhaps accidental, as 'want' (singular) occurs in next line: l. 6, '*unfeign'd*'—note spelling: l. 7, '*Rudiments*' = germs: l. 10, '*The forwardness of whose Spring*,' etc.—even! this was later, Charles II. See close of 'To the Reader.'

TO THE READER, l. 4, '*Conservatives*' = preservatives: l. 6, '*disabiolutes*'—see Glossarial Index s.v.: l. 12, '*Pamphleting*' = pamphleteering: *ibid.* '*pasquells*' = satirical pamphlets—Nash, Breton, etc., were still remembered.

CENTURY I.—pp. 9-17.

Cap. i., l. 5, '*complies*'—see Glossarial Index s.v.
 .. viii., l. 2, '*confen'd*'—see *ibid.*
 .. ix., l. 3, '*Alley*' = ally.
 .. x., l. 2, '*number* . . . weigh'—query original of the saying 'Votes are to be weighed not numbered'—with application to a successful majority when the minority are in the right.
 .. xii., l. 5, '*objects*' = casts up, taunts with.
 .. xvi., l. 1, '*designes* . . . requires'—again a collective noun as nominative—see on page 4, l. 1: ll. 2-3, '*convenients* . . . *inconvenients*'—now 'conveniences,' 'inconveniences,' which are found in II. Observations, ob. 3, l. 5 (p. 53): l. 4, '*bewray*.' On this Rev. T. L. O. Davies, in his 'Bible English' (1875), observes—'Many . . . regard "bewray" as another form of "betray," or at all events as identical in meaning; and indeed the words are sometimes so used, but they come from different roots. "Bewray" is to accuse, and so to show or declare, but the idea of treachery is not of necessity implied in it. "The ointment . . . bewrayeth itself" (Proverbs xxvii. 16). "Thy speech bewrayeth thee" (Matt. xvi. 73). The distinction between the two words is well marked in the following sentence from a sermon by Thomas

Adams (ii. 238), a divine who lived at the time that our version was made. "Well may he be hurt . . . and die, that will not bewray his disease, lest he betray his credit" (p. 13). See Eastwood and Wright's 'Bible Word-book' (1866) for admirable examples, etc.

Cap. xviii., l. 6, '*accosted*.' So Twelfth Night, iii. 2, 'them have accosted.'
 .. xxii., l. 2, '*Theorically*' = theoretically. So 'Theorick' in All's Well, iv. 3, 'Theorick of war': Henry v., i. 1, 'thy theorick,' etc.
 .. xxiv., l. 5, '*hervers*' = carvers: in 'Observations' *in loco* 'Karvera.'
 .. xxv., l. 2, '*silfare*'—a good word worth reviving as over-against 'welfare.'
 .. xxix., l. 6, '*reduc'd*'—so Henry v., v. 2, '*reduce* into our former favour,' *et alibi*.
 .. xxxii., l. 2, '*felicifies*'—see Glossarial Index s.v.
 .. xxxvi., l. 10, '*Lewis the thirteenth* . . . Milan'—see *ibid.*
 .. xxxvii., l. 2, '*Iulips*' = medicines: l. 3, '*breathe*'—see Glossarial Index s.v.
 .. xli., l. 3, '*unthrif*' = spendthrift. So c. xciii., l. 5.
 .. xliv., l. 4, '*it*' = scandals, as a collective plural; but in 'Observations' *in loco* it is 'Scandal.'
 .. xlvii., ll. 2, 3, '*Manufacture*'—note the singular for our 'manufactures.'
 .. liii., l. 7, '*Cominallty*'—now spelled 'commonalty': and so *in loco* in 'Observations.'
 .. liv., l. 2, '*collation*' = bestowment, presentation.
 .. lix., l. 6, '*harsh*': '*harsh Jew*' (Mer. of Venice, iv. 1), 'Clarence so harsh' (3 Henry vi., v. 1).
 .. lxxiv., l. 2, '*his* . . . *designes undiscoverable to his enemy*'—our own illustrious Wellington acted rigidly and avowedly on this maxim. He rarely or never confided his 'plans' of campaign or battle to any one. Cf. c. lxxxiii. In 'Observations' *in loco* it is 'undiscoverable.'
 .. lxxviii., l. 6, '*difficilitate*'—see Glossarial Index.
 .. lxxxi., l. 7, '*Rest*'—a term of the game primero. See Nares s.v. for a full note.
 .. lxxxviii., l. 3, '*dead lift*'—see Glossarial Index s.v.: l. 7, '*Fore-games*'—*ibid.*

- Cap. xciii., l. 6, '*cravens*' = becomes a craven or coward.
 .. c., l. 3, '*eye*' = challenge: l. 17, '*dispossessions*' —another useful word worth reviving, as antithetic to 'possession.'

CENTURY II.—pp. 18-28.

Epistle-dedicatory to '*Mrs. Elizabeth Ussher*.' See Memorial-Introduction on Quarles's secretaryship to the renowned Archbishop Ussher.

- Cap. viii., l. 1, '*Thy ignorance*,' etc.—a variant and rectification of the lying apophthegm, 'Ignorance is the mother of devotion.'
 .. xviii., l. 1, '*Clique-ports*'—the well-known 'ports' of England so-called, often thus applied: l. 4, '*common sense*.' There is a curious use of this word 'common' in the phrase 'common sense,' which is now taken almost universally to mean such sense as men of the most ordinary intellect may be supposed to be endowed with, but Archbishop Trench (*Select Gloss.* p. 42) has pointed out that it is a technical term, derived from the Greek metaphysicians, meaning an inward *sense*, which is the *common* bond of all the outward senses; as if the latter merely acted as channels to convey information to the 'common sense.'

Thus comyn wytte worketh wonderly,
 Upon the V gates whyche are receptatyve
 Of every thyng for to take inwardly,
 By the comyn wytte to be affymatyve
 Or by decernynge to be negatyve;
 The comyn wytte, the first of wyttes all,
 Is to decerne all thynges in generall.

Hawes, *Pastime of Pleasure*, cap. 24.
 (Eastwood and Wright, as before.)

The text excellently illustrates this.

- Cap. xxvi., l. 2, '*multiloquious*' = talkative.
 '*Multiloquy* shews ignorance; what needs
 So many words when thou dost see the deeds.'
 Owen's Epigr. 1677 (translation).
 .. xxviii., l. 4, '*Practice to make Him thy last thought*,' etc. So the Scottish proverb, 'Let Prayer be the gouden [golden] key to lock at night [night] and open in the mornin' [morning].'
 .. xxxii., l. 3, '*Sea-marke*'—see Gloss. Index s.v.
 .. xxxv., l. 1, '*Anthology*' = self-knowledge.
 .. xl., l. 5, '*occasional*' = give occasion for, or bring about.
 .. xlv., l. 5, '*exceptions*' = carping.
 .. lii., l. 1, '*consecrate*' = devote.
 .. liv., l. 5, '*prove*' = stand proof or test.
 .. lx., l. 5, '*seen two Sunnes*.' I recently heard of a godly Quaker who had been grievously wronged by a (so-called) friend, and who had

allowed himself to be roused into anger, sending this written message, 'I forgive thee, it will soon be sunset.'

- Cap. lrv., l. 4, '*by the great*' = all at once.
 .. xc., l. 2, '*five words cost Zacharias*.' See St. Luke i. 20.
 .. xcii., l. 2, '*fondly*' = foolishly.
 .. xciv., l. 4, '*Travell*' = travail.
 .. xcvi., l. 6, '*disrewards*' = leaves unrewarded.
 .. c., l. 6, '*momentary*.' See 'Momentary' in Glossarial Index.

CENTURY III.—pp. 29-38.

- Cap. ii., l. 13, '*Dayry*' = Diary—commonly kept at the period, e.g. of household expenses.
 .. v., l. 4, '*Wash*' = waste liquor of a kitchen: l. 5, '*Wort*' = new beer.
 .. vii., l. 3, '*exull*' = exile. So xiv., l. 3.
 .. viii., l. 4, '*Cognisance*' = badge.
 .. x., l. 7, '*humorous*' = given to 'humours,' changeable. An old Scotch domestic once replied to her short-tempered Master when he pleaded that he was never sullen, but that his anger was soon over. 'Yes, Sir, but it's soon on again, on and aff [off] as quick as powther' [gunpowder].
 .. xv., l. 4, '*Tally*' = notched stick for marking 'scores.'
 .. xxi., l. 6, '*Spittle*'—see Glossarial Index s.v.
 .. xxxii., l. 2, '*a word unspoken*' etc. So the Scottish proverb, 'A word unspoken I'm the master of; spoken, it's the master of me.'
 .. xxxv., l. 1, '*instable*' = unstable.
 .. xlv., l. 2, '*Make-sport*.' I have read pathetic words of Thomas Hood on the hard necessity of his puns and 'sport' while his heart ached.
 .. lv., '*In thy Discourse*,' etc. This has been summarised in our Sunday-School rhyme:—

If you your lips, would keep from alips,
 Five things observe with care:
 To whom you speak, of whom you speak,
 And how, and when, and where.

- .. lrvii., l. 2, '*punctuality*' (cf. Cent. iv. xlv.) = exactness: l. 3, '*morosity*' = moroseness.
 .. lrx., l. 4, '*decline Paradoxes*,' etc. The most memorable historic example of the 'peril' of Paradoxes is saintly Herbert Palmer's famous little volume, which as being his could have only one 'evangelical' meaning, but having been long mis-assigned to Lord Bacon have brought all manner of calumny and mis-construction on him. Leopold Von Ranke acknowledged, when he read my book, 'Lord Bacon not the Author of the Paradoxes,' that he must re-write his chapters on Bacon in his

'History'—so necessary to his (mis)-conception of Bacon was *his* authorship. So with numerous others.

CENTURY IV.—pp. 39-48.

- Cap. vii., 'Let the words,' etc.,—pity our 'Women's Rights Association' do not practise this!
- .. xi., l. 4, 'Peacock's feathers with his feet'—usually 'with his voice,' and the swan, his 'white plumage with his black feet.'
- .. xvi., l. 6, 'Lacques' = lackeys.
- .. xix., l. 1, 'Impe' = graft or insert.
- .. xxvii., l. 4, 'the dead Sea that swallows all Virtues,' i.e. as the Dead Sea does the Jordan.
- .. xlii., l. 2, 'Feare nothing but Infamy.' A merchant-prince, utterly disgusted with one of his clerks whom he overheard order 'a pair of gloves' to be sent home, personally delivered them, and next morning expressed a hope that that 'stupendous parcel' had been duly received, which he (his Master) had delivered—adding, 'Be ashamed, Sir, of nothing but sin.' It was the turning-point in the young man's career. Now, when tempted to self-display or to give needless trouble, he recalls his admirable Master's words, 'Be ashamed, Sir, of nothing but sin.'
- .. li., l. 3, 'passive Obedience'—historical words.
- .. lxxi., l. 4, 'plausible'—see Glossarial Index s.v.
- .. lxxviii., l. 6, 'bad' = faded or worn.
- .. lxxx., l. 1, 'falling of a Salt,' etc.,—folk-lore not yet defunct.
- .. lxxxvii., ll. 8, 9, 'Paul's Crosse' . . . 'Paul's Church-yard'—see Glossarial Index s.v.
- .. lxxxviii., l. 1, 'handsell' = use for first time.
- .. lxxxix., l. 3, 'Popularity'—note spelling.
- .. lxxxviii., l. 6, 'uncurious' = incurious—another 'un' where we have 'in'.
- .. xcix., l. 1, 'the April of his understanding'—see Glossarial Index for illustrations: l. 29, 'Debauchnes' = debauchery, licentiousness.

II. OBSERVATIONS, etc.,—pp. 49-61.

- * * These 'Observations' consist mainly of gleanings from 'Enchyridion' on these subjects of 'Peace and Warre.' See Memorial-Introduction.
- Epistle-dedicatory—see Memorial-Introduction on these 'fair Ladies': l. 11, 'Mollitions'—see Glossarial Index.
- Observ. 3, l. 1, 'felicitates.' See Enchyridion, Cent. i. c. xxxii.
- .. 7, l. 6, 'holds a wolfe by the eares'—a proverbial saying.
- .. 17, l. 1, 'make haste leisurely' = Festina lente.
- .. 27, l. 2, 'demeane' = bear himself—in graciousness.

III. JUDGEMENT AND MERCY.—PART I.—Pp. 63-99.

- The Preface, l. 9, 'inconsistent' = inconsistent.
- Page 69, *The Sensuall Man's Solace*, l. 5, place hyphen 'melancholy-charming': l. 12, 'still' = distill.
- .. 70, *His Prayer*, col. 2, l. 18, 'inebriate'—a Crawshawelian word.
- .. 71, *His Soliloquie*, col. 2, l. 9, 'determines' = ends.
- .. 72, *The Oppressor's Plea*, l. 9, 'thirty' = 30 per cent. or usury: l. 10, 'Thrum Caps'—see Glossarial Index s.v.: l. 13, 'as a howling dog at midnight'—folk-lore, still potential.
- .. 73, *The Drunkard's Iubile*, col. 2, l. 19, 'Round'—see Glossarial Index for a full note: l. 28, 'sonnes of Phadus' = poets.
- .. 74, col. 1, l. 10, 'My Constitution.' Burns said sadly of his boon-companions, 'They must have a slice of my constitution.'
- .. 75, *The Swearer's Apologic*, col. 1, l. 13, 'Nabal's'—of course an intentional blunder for 'Naboth': l. 30, 'exuberous' = exuberant?
- .. 76, col. 1, l. 5, 'a Crosse'—which was painted on the doors of plague-infected houses: *His Prayer*, l. 2, 'Archangels'—a common 'vulgar error'—only one 'Archangel': *The Procrastinator's Remoras* = delays. See Glossarial Index, vide 'Remora.'
- .. 79, *The Ignorant*, etc., col. 2, l. 15, 'Schollard' = scholar—still in vulgar use: l. 21, 'Quill-coms' = quilllets, but see Glossarial Index s.v.: l. 27, 'Goe away like a Lambe'—a phrase common still in Lancashire, though why the 'Lambe' should be chosen it is hard to say,—it kicks out in dying: l. 29, 'ingrant'—intentional mis-spelling.
- .. 80, col. 1, l. 1, 'sartification' = certification: 'His Award,' l. 2, 'woundly'—see Glossarial Index s.v., 'His Prayer,' col. 2, l. 5, 'painefull' = painstaking.
- .. 81, 'The sloathfull man's slumber,' col. 1, l. 5, 'beuoying.' See note on 'Enchyridion,' Cent. i. xvi. l. 4: l. 27, 'Dounne' = down: *Ibid.* 'droyling' = toiling, drudging.
- .. 82, col. 1, l. 8, 'meets'—query misprint for 'means?' *The proud man*, etc., col. 2, l. 20, 'craven'd.' See note on Enchyridion, Cent. i. xciii.: l. 23, 'baffold' = baffle: l. 33, 'like Caesar, admit no equall'—see Shakespeare's Julius Caesar.
- .. 83, col. 1, l. 6, 'vie' = challenge, as before.
- .. 84, *The covetous*, etc., col. 1, l. 8, 'Angelico'—see Glossarial Index s.v.: l. 22, 'vaile' = stoop, uncover: col. 2, l. 1, 'gentile' = genteel, or qu. 'gentle' = refined?
- .. 85, col. 1, l. 7, 'booke'—probably a misprint for 'booke' from 'mibble.'

- Page 87, *The worldly man's Verdour*, col. 1.—see Glossarial Index s.v. : l. 21, 'figge' = jig?
- „ 88, *The Lascivious*, etc., col. 2, l. 4, 'mollicious'—see Glossarial Index s.v.
- „ 91, *The censorious*, etc., col. 2, l. 27, 'Steeple-house'—the special object of George Fox's abhorrence. I have asked in vain, Why?
- „ 92, col. 1, top, 'Commination' = denunciation : *His Soliloquie*, l. 4, 'theefe in his candle'—folk-lore, a black smut or piece of the burned wick that gutters and wastes the candle : col. 2, l. 8, 'blancht' = whitened.
- „ 93, col. 2, l. 5, 'Mercuries' = the newspapers so named : *His Flames*, col. 2, l. 1, 'rounds' = hearkens into, whispers privately.
- „ 94, *The Revengeful*, etc., col. 2, l. 8, 'three thousand' = Samson : l. 9, 'younger brother's blood' = Abel's to Cain : l. 18, 'carreire' = career, course : l. 23, 'Andirons' = hand-irons : but here = anvil.
- „ 97, *His Soliloquie*, col. 1, l. 5, 'nuss'd' = nursed delicately.
- „ 98, col. 1, l. 5, 'squire' = square : l. 19, 'scot-free' = without payment. See Glossarial Index s.v.

PART II. pp. 101-133.

- Page 107, *The forgetfull*, etc., col. 2, l. 7, 'sowltry'—note spelling.
- „ 109, col. 1, l. 24, 'despisable' = despicable : l. 29, 'gravelled'—see Glossarial Index s.v.
- „ 113, *The Humble*, etc., col. 1, l. 18, 'flower'—note spelling of 'flour.'
- „ 115, col. 2, l. 3 from bottom, 'uberous' = fruitful, copious.
- „ 117, *The Mourner's*, etc., l. 2, 'absonant' = contrary to reason : (in music,) unmusical.
- „ 126, *His Soliloquie*, col. 1, l. 7, 'Butter.' See Judges v. 25, etc.
- „ 129, *His Soliloquie*, col. 1, l. 1, 'unsensible' = insensible.
- „ 130, col. 1, l. 6, 'stroy' = destroy.
- „ 133, col. 1, l. 27, 'intention' = eager stretched-gaze.

IV.—PROFEST ROYALIST, pp. 135-177.

1. *The Loyall Convert*, p. 139, col. 1, ll. 20-1, 'taking occasion,' etc. See Memorial-Introduction on this : col. 2, l. 4 (from bottom), 'Inquest' = inquiry, search : p. 141, col. 1, last line, 'faile' = failure : p. 142, col. 1, l. 2, 'surrepted' = snatched away : l. 14, 'Edgehill,' etc. See Memorial-Introduction on these and other historical allusions : col. 2, l. 13, 'unexpedient' = inexpedient—it is well to note the passing of 'un' into 'in' : p. 144, col. 1, l. 5, 'unconquerable War' = War that cannot succeed or have good issue? l. 20 (from bottom), 'Hotham,' 'Hampden,' etc.—see Memorial-Introduction : col. 2, l. 25, 'profest' = avowed—a Royalist lie : ll. 11-6 from bottom—'Nor doe I,' etc.—a remarkable admission. See Memorial-Introduction : p. 146, col. 1, l. 19, 'effeminaries'—probable misprint for 'effeminancies' : l. 23, 'president' = precedent. See Memorial-Introduction : col. 2, l. 9 (from bottom) 'punctually' = exactly.

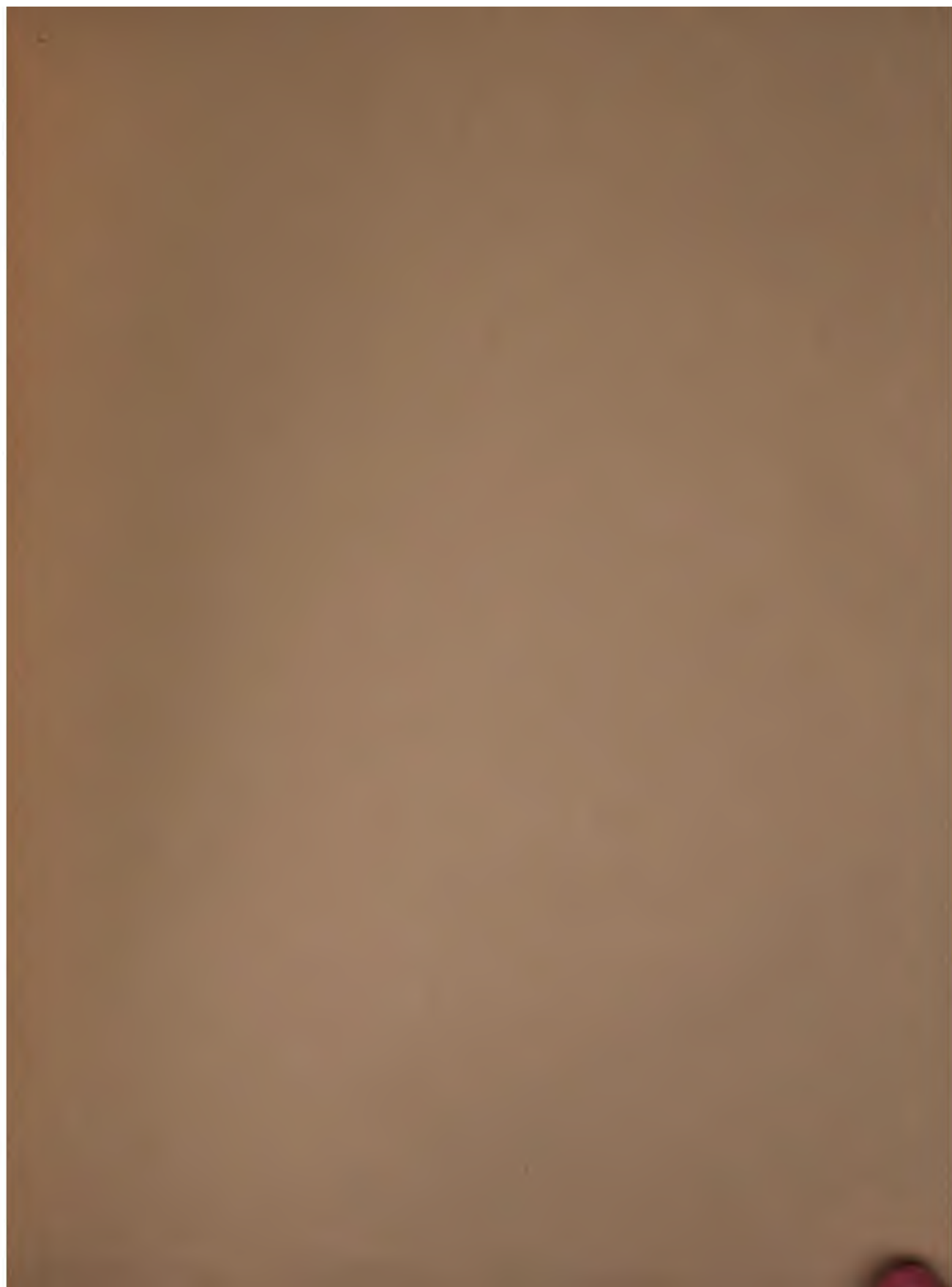
2. *The New Distemper*, p. 151, col. 1, l. 15, 'wind-mill fancies'—a contemporary portrait of the venerable JOHN GOODWIN represents him with a 'windmill' on his head : p. 152, col. 2, l. 4, 'weekly Lecturers.' See Memorial-Introduction on this stupid libel of as godly a set of men as ever lived : p. 153, col. 1, l. 1, 'Tetter' = cutaneous disease : p. 154, col. 2, l. 9, 'Lagers'—see Glossarial Index s.v. : p. 156, col. 1, l. 10, 'a Century.' The allusion is to the famous book entitled a 'Century of scandalous Ministers,' etc. See Memorial-Introduction : l. 26, 'salik'—see Glossarial Index s.v.

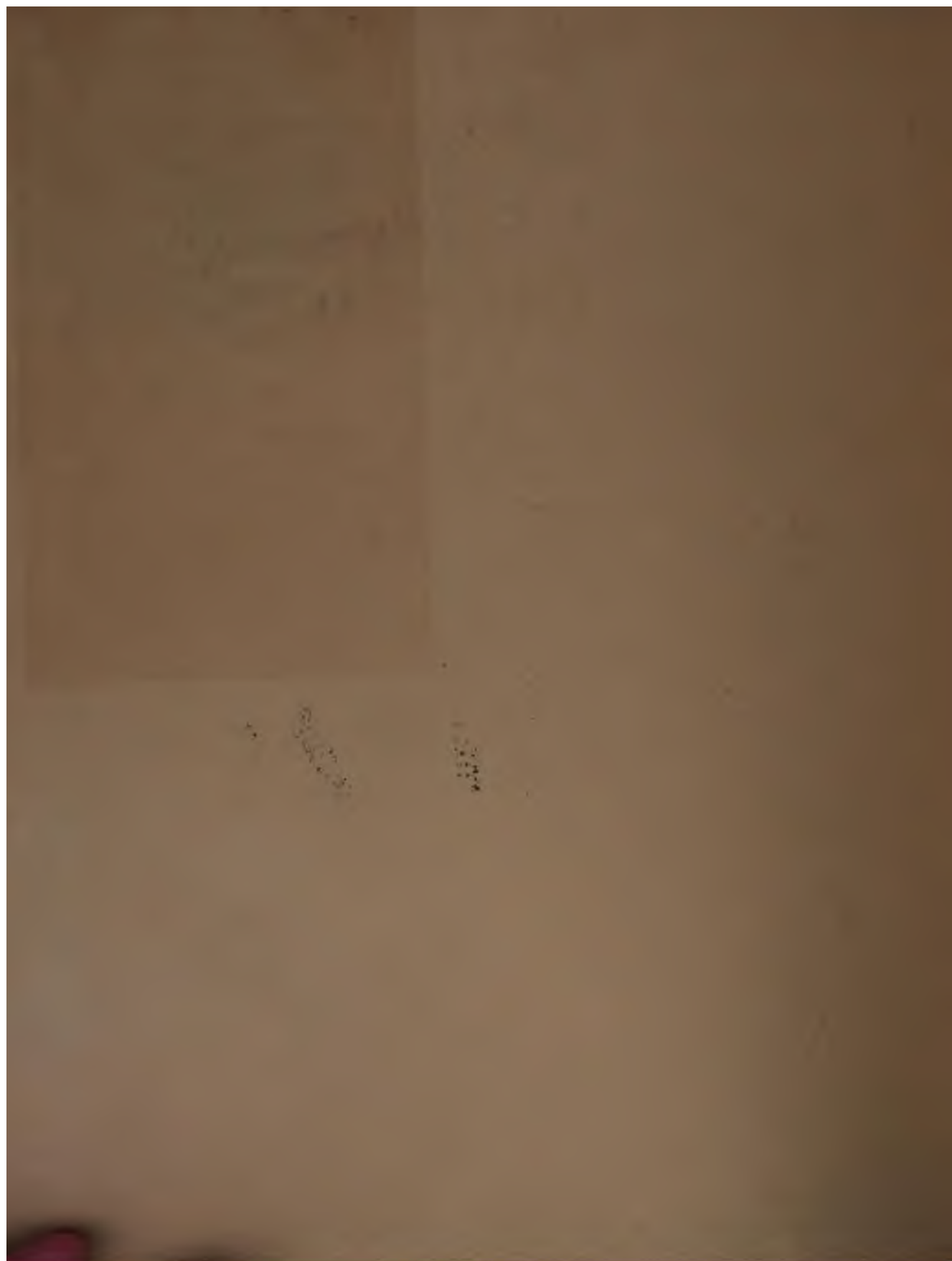
3. *Whipper Whipt*, p. 161, col. 1, l. 27, 'Pneumaticall' = airy, empty-headed : p. 163, col. 1, l. 24, 'coyle' = disturbance, noise : l. 27, 'sheire' = sheer : col. 2, l. 21, 'gurne' = grin : p. 168, col. 2, l. 2, 'jumps'—see Glossarial Index s.v. : p. 169, col. 2, l. 6, 'Bellings-gate' = Billingsgate : p. 172, col. 1, l. 9, 'undecent' = indecent—note 'un' as before : p. 175, col. 1, l. 26, 'Provaunt' = provender ; but see Nares s.v. for a full Note : p. 176, col. 2, l. 8 (from bottom), 'Reremice' = flitter-mouse—a variety of the bat. See Nares s.v. : p. 177, col. 1, l. 12, 'Bitesheep'—a pun I suppose on 'Bishop.' A. B. G.

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